



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

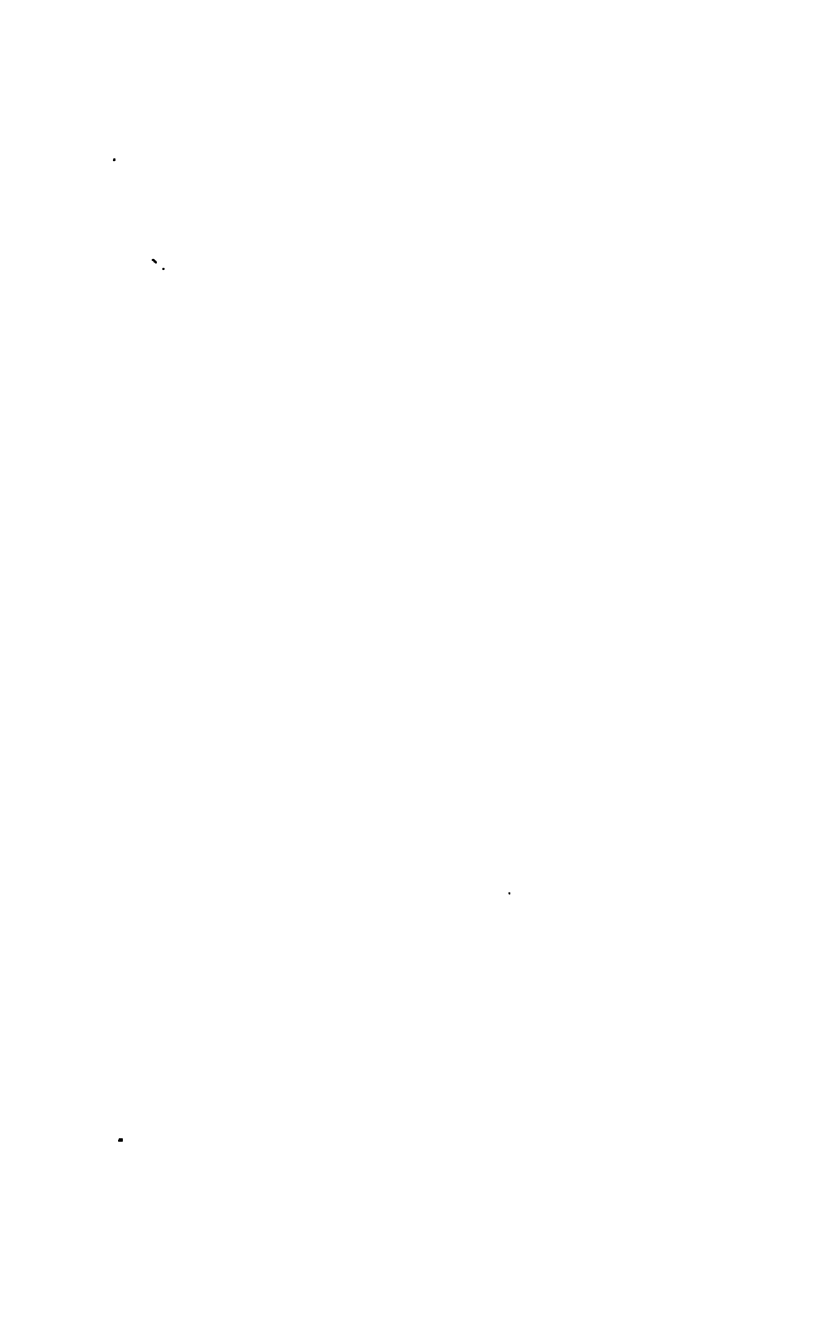
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

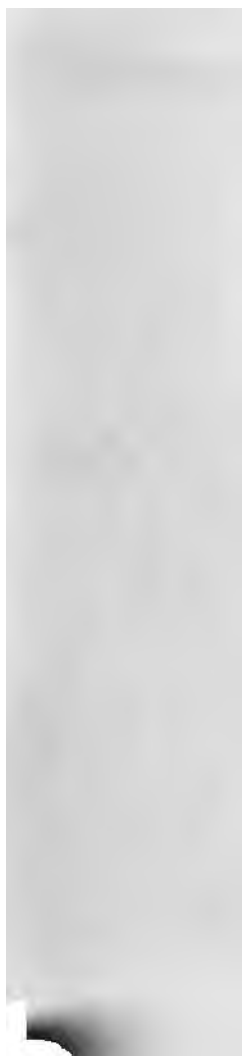


3 3433 06823323 2



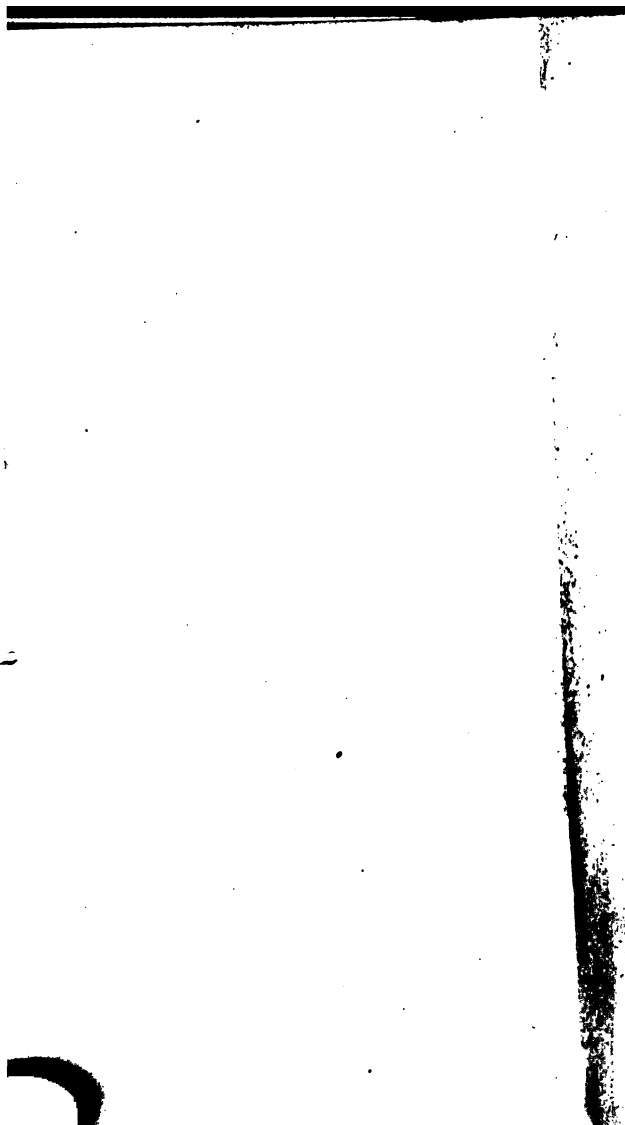






29.

V.1.1
1.1





CISTERCIAN SAINTS OF ENGLAND



STEPHEN, ABBOT.



THE CISTERCIAN SAINTS

OF

ENGLAND.

St. Stephen, Abbot.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
JAMES TOOVEY, 192, PICCADILLY.

1845.

NOY WAY
LUBA
WASSU

LONDON :

*Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were printed with the view of forming one of a series of Lives of English Saints, according to a prospectus which appeared in the course of last autumn, but which has since, for private reasons, been superseded. As it is not the only work undertaken in pursuance of the plan then in contemplation, it is probable, that, should it meet with success, other Lives, now partly written, will be published in a similar form by their respective authors on their own responsibility.

The Author wishes me to notice that since his Life of St. Stephen has been in type, he has discovered that he has partly gone over the same ground as the learned Mr. Maitland in his Papers on the Dark Ages. In consequence, as might have been expected, the same facts in many instances occur in both.

LITTLEMORE,
January, 1844.

J. H. N.
PUBLISHED
BY A. B.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. Stephen in his Youth	1
II. Stephen at Molesme	12
III. Molesme degenerates	19
IV. Removal from Molesme	29
V. Arrival at Citeaux	35
VI. Stephen as Prior	42
VII. Cistercian Usages.....	51
VIII. The Times of Alberic	70
IX. The Death of Alberic	77
X. Stephen as Abbot	81
XI. Stephen in Times of Want	89
XII. The Mortality at Citeaux	95
XIII. The Arrival of Novices	103
XIV. Citeaux edifies the World.....	116
XV. A Day at Citeaux.....	120
XVI. Stephen and Bernard	142
XVII. Stephen creates an Order	150
XVIII. Abbot Suger	163
XIX. Troubles in the Church	174
XX. Death of Stephen	183



LIFE OF
St. Stephen Harding,

ABBOT OF CITEAUX, AB. 1066—1134,

And founder of the Cistercian Order.

CHAPTER I.

ST. STEPHEN IN YOUTH.

HOLY men of old who have written the lives of Saints, universally begin by professing their unworthiness to be the historians of the marvellous deeds which the Holy Spirit has wrought in the Church. What then should we say, who in these miserable times, from the bosom of our quiet homes, or in the midst of our literary ease, venture to celebrate the glories of the Saints? We have much that is amiable and domestic amongst us, but Saints, the genuine creation of the cross, with their supernatural virtues, are now to us a matter of history. Nay, we cannot give up all for Christ, if we would; and while other portions of the Church can suffer for His sake, we must find our cross in sitting still, to watch in patience the struggle which is going on about us. Yet while we wait for better days, we may comfort ourselves with the contemplation of what her sons once were, and admire their virtues, though we have not the power, even though we had the will, to imitate them. The English character has an earnest-

ness and reality about it, capable of appreciating and of following out the most perfect way. Not only was the whole island once covered with fair monasteries, but it sent forth into foreign lands men who became the light of foreign monastic orders. Thus the Saint, whose life we have undertaken to write, was one of the first founders of the Cistercian order, and the spiritual father of St. Bernard. Little as is known of the early years of St. Stephen, all his historians especially dwell on one fact, that he was an Englishman. The date and place of his birth, and the names of his parents, are alike unknown; but his name, Harding, seems to show that he was of Saxon blood, and he is said to have been of noble birth; it also seems probable that he was born rather before than after the Norman conquest. His earthly parentage, and all that he had given up for Christ's sake, is forgotten; and he first appears as a boy, brought up from his earliest years¹ in the monastery of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. The rule of St. Benedict² allows parents to offer up children under fourteen years of age at God's altar, to serve Him to the end of their days in the cloister. In those lawless times, when temptations to acts of violence and rapine and reckless profligacy were so great, holy parents thought that they could not better protect the purity of their children than by placing them at once under the shadow of a monastery. Just as they had already in their name taken the solemn vows of baptism at the font, so they brought their children into the church of the convent, led them up into the sanctuary, and wrapping their hands in the linen cloth which covered the altar, gave them up solemnly to the service of God. At the same time, they took an oath *never to endow them with any of their goods; they then*

¹ *William of Malmesbury, Gest. Reg. Angl. lib. iv.*

² C. 51

left them with perfect security in the keeping of the superior, to follow their Lord with a light step, unencumbered by worldly possessions. The discipline to which St. Stephen was thus subjected from his earliest years, was of the most careful kind. No prince could be brought up with greater care in a king's palace, than were these children offered up in the monastery, whether they were noble or low-born. The greatest pains were taken that the sight and even the knowledge of evil should be kept from them; they were instructed in reading, writing, and religious learning, but above all in music and psalmody. But the greater portion of their time was spent in the services of the Church, in which various constitutions of the order appoint them a principal part. Stephen thus spent his childhood, like Samuel, in the courts of the Lord's house, amidst the beauty and variety of the ceremonies with which the peaceful round of monastic life was diversified. About a hundred years before his time, St. Dunstan had roused anew the spirit of the Benedictines in England, which had in many places fallen into decay; and according to his constitutions the monastery of Sherborne was governed. In every part of his minute rules for the order of divine service, the part of the children brought up in the convent appears foremost; and there is a joyousness, and at the same time a sort of homeliness in some of them, which shows how much he consulted the English character. All the uproarious merriment of the nation he tames down by turning it into something ecclesiastical. Bell-ringing, for instance, is ever occurring in his rule, and in one place it directs that at mass, nocturns, and vespers, from the Feast of the Innocents till the Circumcision, all the bells should be rung, as was the custom in England; "for the honest and godly customs

of this country, which we have learnt from the wont of our ancestors, we have determined by no means to reject, but in every case to confirm them³." Processions also from church to church, when the weather was fine, were frequent; and these were often headed by the children of the monastery. Thus on Palm Sunday the whole community quitted the convent walls, and walked in procession, clad in albs, to some neighbouring church, with the children at their head. On arriving at their destination, the palms were blessed and the young choristers entoned the antiphons, and all quitted the church with palms in their hands. On returning to the church, the procession stopped before the porch, and the children, who walked first, chanted the *Gloria Laus*, after which, as the response *Ingreddiente Domino* was raised by the cantor, the doors of the church were thrown open, and the whole line moved in to hear Mass. Such scenes as these must have sunk deep into a mind like Stephen's, and he might have lived and died in the peaceful monastery of Sherborne. But God had other designs for His servant, and in his youth he quitted the convent for the sake of finishing his studies. From the words of St. Benedict's rule, it seems to have been intended that children received into a monastery should be considered as having taken the vows through their parents, and as dedicated to God until their life's end. Monastic discipline was not then considered so dreadful as it is now thought to have been; nor was this world looked upon as so very sweet that it was an act of madness to quit it for God's service. Rather, they were thought happy, to whom God had given the grace of a monastic vocation, and they surely were called by Him to the happy seclusion of the cloister, who were placed there by their

³ Reg. Conc. c. 3.

parents' will; just as now we find that the wish of a father and mother decide on the profession or state of life of their child. Besides, monastic vows are in one sense only the completion of the vows of baptism; and it was not thought unnatural that those who, while the child was perfectly unconscious, placed him in the awful contact with the world unseen, implied by baptism, should also put him in the way of best fulfilling the vows to which they themselves had bound him in his infancy. This was probably St. Benedict's view; but before Stephen's time, custom had in some cases relaxed the rule. St. Benedict seems not to have contemplated the case of a monk's ever leaving his monastery, except when despatched on the business of the convent. Each religious house was to be perfect in itself, and to contain, if possible, all the necessary arts of life, so that its inmates need very rarely go beyond its walls. Least of all does he seem to have thought that a monk could quit the cloister for the acquisition of learning; the end of monastic life was to follow Christ in perfect poverty and obedience; monks tilled the ground with their own hands, and wrought their food out of the hard soil by the sweat of their brow; they were therefore in very many cases what we should call rude and ignorant men, unskilled in worldly learning, though well versed in the science of divine contemplation. The natural force of circumstances, however, made the cloister the rallying-point of learning, and monks often quitted their own convents in order to perfect themselves in the sciences⁴.

⁴ Instances will be found in Mabillon, *Tract. de Studiis monasticis*, c. 16. In the Cistercian order Otto of Frisingen was sent to Paris after his profession, and that from Morimond, a monastery founded by and under the control of St. Stephen. Manriquez, 1127. 2. V. also the case of St. Wilfrid; Bede, *Eccl. Hist.* v. 20.

The active mind of Stephen longed for more than the poor monastery of Sherborne could afford him. He first travelled into Scotland, which at that time was the general refuge of all of Saxon race from the power of the Conqueror. It was governed by Malcolm III., who in 1070 married Margaret, a daughter of the English blood royal, and the grand-niece of St. Edward the Confessor. Her gentle virtues smoothed the rough manners of the nation, and the holy austerity of her life gave her such an ascendancy over them, that she banished many horrid customs which Christianity had as yet failed in uprooting. It was probably the peace which her holiness shed around her in Scotland which attracted Stephen thither; it formed a favourable contrast to the distracted state of England, which was suffering from the effects of the Conquest, and where a Saxon monastery could not be safe from the aggressions of their Norman lord. From Scotland he bent his steps to Paris.

Up to this time Stephen's life had been one of tranquillity, spent in the peace of a monastery or in the acquisition of learning. But he seems now to be entering on the rougher portion of his career; he had not yet found out his vocation, and with that untiring energy, of which his after-life showed so many proofs, was looking out for it. He was the disciple of a crucified Lord, and his brethren all through the world were fighting; how then could he rest in peace? He left Paris and undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, at that time a journey of great danger and difficulty, when the roads were not smoothed by all the contrivances of modern travelling. Forests had not been cleared nor mountains cut through; and the towns and villages were far distant from each other, so that the poor pilgrims had often to depend on the hospitality of the monks and religious houses to find

food and a night's rest after a long day's journey on foot or on horseback. A heavy rain was a most serious inconvenience, for it converted the road into a deep mass of mud⁵, flooded the rivers and broke down the bridges. Another great danger was the bands of robbers who infested the forests, and the frequent wars which devastated the lands. The castle of a lawless baron or an encounter with any of the numerous bands of soldiers which crossed the country in every direction in war time, was a most serious obstacle to the defenceless traveller; no religious character could protect him, for we find that monasteries were burnt and churches pillaged with as little scruple as if the combatants were heathen Normans instead of Christians. On one occasion all the bishops and abbots of France were attacked on their way from the council of Pisa, by some petty lord; some thrown from their mules, some detained prisoners, and all rifled and plundered, notwithstanding their sacred character. A lonely pilgrim like Stephen would not be likely to find much mercy at such hands: undeterred by the dangers of the way, he set out with but one companion, a clerk, whose name is unknown. Rome was the bourn to which the heart of all Englishmen naturally turned at that day across the wide tract of land and sea which separated them. Stephen had the thoughts of many illustrious examples before him to cheer him on his way; many a Saxon king had laid aside his crown and gone to assume the monastic habit at Rome. The venerable Bede, in relating one of these events, says, that it was only what many of the English, noble and low-born, clerks and laymen, men and women, vied with each other in doing⁶; and their enthusiastic feelings are

⁵ *Petrus Ven.* Ep. 6, 46.

⁶ Bede, *Eccles. Hist.* v. 7.

recorded in that saying which occurs so strangely in Bede's Collectanea⁷, or Common-place Book, "When the Coliseum falls, Rome shall fall; when Rome falls, the world shall fall." England had never forgotten, that whatever Rome might be to the rest of the world, it was her mother church; from the earliest times there was an English school in Rome, and some Saxon king, tradition said Ina, had built a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which belonged to the English, and where Saxon pilgrims who died at Rome were buried. Stephen was therefore as much at home in St. Peter's when once he got to Rome, as he would have been in Westminster Abbey; recollections of his native kings would meet him wherever he went: there he might see the place where Alfred, when a boy of seven years old, was anointed king by Leo IV.; and in "the street of the Saxons," where the English pilgrims lived, stood St. Mary's church, in which was the tomb of Burrhed, the last of the Mercian princes. Stephen, on his way to Rome, never forgot that he was a monk; it was no idle curiosity which led him so far over the sea and across the Alps. It was to imitate to the letter the life of Him who came down from heaven to be a poor man, and who had not where to lay His head; he thus courted cold and hunger and nakedness, that he might follow step by step the Virgin Lamb, as a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. In these times, an Englishman in quitting his country finds, instead of the one home everywhere, altars at which he can only kneel as an alien, and travelling is therefore to us generally a source of dissipation. Stephen, however, found brethren wherever he went, from the parish church and the wayside chapel to the cathedral of the metropolitan city.

⁷ Bede, ed. Col. tom. iii. 483.

Still the bustle of moving from place to place, and a perpetual change of scene, are apt under the best circumstances to distract the mind from that state of habitual devotion in which it ought to rest. Good habits are very hard to gain, but very easy to lose ; and nothing is so likely to destroy them as a mode of life in which every turn of the road develops something new. To guard against this danger, our pilgrims set themselves a rule, which none but the most ardent devotion could conceive. Throughout the whole of their long journey, whether they were in a crowded city, in the wilds of a forest, or clambering up the Alps, they recited together daily the whole of the Psalter. At the same time it is expressly said that they did not neglect the works of mercy which God gave them an opportunity of doing. Thus they went on their way chanting the praises of God, and walking with a joyful heart over the thorns and briers which obstructed their path ; doing good as they went to their fellow-pilgrims, and to all sufferers, of whom in those times of violence there was no lack. The road which they travelled was not an unfrequented one ; and they might have found much to distract their attention if they had chosen to detach their minds from their holy occupation. They not only met the lowly pilgrim who, like themselves, had left his home out of devotion ; but many a bishop and abbot, too often with a lordly train, hastening to have his cause judged at Rome, would overtake and pass them by ; or else they would meet the young clerk, high in hopes, going to seek his fortune as an adventurer at the Roman court⁸. Many a more congenial companion, however, travelled the same way ;

⁸ V. Hildebertus, Ep. 3, 24, for a specimen of a letter of recommendation to the papal court.

their alternate chanting of the Psalms was at least not so singular as to be ostentatious ; at each of the hours, the monk was bound to descend from his horse, pulled off his gloves and his cowl, and, falling on his knees, made the sign of the cross ; then, after saying the *Pater Noster*, *Deus in adjutorium*, and *Gloria Patri*, he mounted his horse and finished the office on horseback^o. English monks especially, when they travelled, said the usual night hours during the day, so that other voices besides those of our pilgrims were heard chanting in the open air, as they journeyed to Rome. There were pilgrims of another sort, who, unlike Stephen and his companion, had undertaken the journey to expiate some dreadful crime ; some even walked with small and cutting chains of iron round their bodies¹, in hopes of obtaining absolution from the successor of St. Peter.

There was then many an object, both good and bad, to arrest the attention of our pilgrims on the way, and to call for their sympathy. The road to Rome was an indication of what the city was itself ; it was the head of the Catholic Church, and, like the Church, had both a heavenly and an earthly aspect. In one sense it was Christ's kingdom, holding in its hands His interests, and dispensing His mysteries ; in another sense it was an earthly kingdom, with earthly interests and intrigues, the rich, powerful, and intellectual thronging its gates and endeavouring to gain the honours and the wealth which it had to dispense : and then again through this motley scene, it was Christ's kingdom working, and bringing good out of the selfishness and the avarice of men, to the wonder of the angels who look on. It was in this twofold point of view that Rome was looked upon in

^o *Statuta Lanfranci*, c. 15.

¹ Ducange, *Peregrinatio*.

Stephen's time ; thus, on the one hand, William of Malmesbury², a contemporary writer, speaks in bitter terms of the Romans, as "the laziest of men, bartering justice for gold, selling the rule of the canons for a price ;" and in the next page he goes on to enumerate with enthusiasm its heavenly treasures, the bodies of numberless martyrs, who rested in its bosom. If ever there was a turbulent seditious populace, it was that of Rome ; its nobles, fierce and bloody tyrants ; its cardinals, too often purpled princes ; but then too it was the principal treasure-house of Christ's blessings on earth, the centre of Catholic communion, and the rallying-point of all that was good ; and if sometimes the side of injustice, amidst the multiplicity of causes which flowed into it, triumphed, still there was a mighty energy in its good, which at length brought good out of evil ; and at all events there was ever room for the poor pilgrim to kneel at the tomb of the Apostles, from whence he went back on his way rejoicing. This was Stephen's object in going to Rome ; he thought that his prayers would be most likely to be heard if he knelt near that body the very shadow of which healed the sick, and which was often so close to our most blessed Lord ; and again at the tomb which contained that precious body which gave virtue to handkerchiefs and aprons, and which bore the marks of the Lord Jesus, and by its sufferings had filled up what was behindhand of the afflictions of our Lord for His Church's sake. How Stephen's prayers were answered, we shall soon see.

² Lib. iv. Gest. Reg. Angl.

CHAPTER II.

STEPHEN AT MOLESME.

STEPHEN was returning from his pilgrimage with his faithful companion, probably on his way back to Sherborne, when God conducted his steps to the place which was to be the scene of his labours. As he was travelling through a dark forest in the diocese of Langres in Burgundy³, he came to a poor monastery situated on the side of a sloping hill, on the right bank of the little river Leignes. It could hardly be called a monastery, for it was a collection of huts, built by the monks themselves, of the boughs of trees, which they had cut down with their own hands, surrounding a small wooden oratory. Around this little knot of huts, more like an encampment than a settled dwelling, was an open space in the forest, which the monks had cleared, and which had been given them by a neighbouring baron. The brethren had no means of subsistence but the produce of this piece of ground, which they tilled with their own hands, and they were as much dependent upon it as the poorest serf who gained his own livelihood by the sweat of his brow; yet amongst this poor brotherhood were men of noble birth and of high intellectual attainments. The monastery had only been established a short time, and was struggling with all the difficulties which beset an infant community. Its history is a curious one, as showing how the reckless fury of the times was

³ As late as Martenne's time, the road to Molesme was so intricate, that he and his companions lost their way in the wood, and *only arrived at the convent-gate very late at night.* Voy. Litt. *part i. p. 185.*

beaten down by an element of good even more energetic than the evil which it had to encounter. Two brothers of noble birth were one day riding through a solitary place in a forest not far from Molesme, called the forest of Colan ; both were armed, for they were riding to take part in a tournament,—a species of festivity, which, with all its pageantry, its flutter of pennons and glittering of armour, was soon after condemned in strong terms by the Church⁴. They were both worldly men, whose only object was honour, in the pursuit of which they feared neither God nor man. As they were journeying on, the devil, aided by the solitude and darkness of the place, suggested horrid thoughts to each of them—of murdering the other in order to obtain his inheritance, and it cost them a struggle to put the temptation down. Shortly afterwards, on returning from the tournament, they passed through the same place. The wicked thoughts which had attacked them in that spot rose to the mind of each, and each trembled secretly at the dreadful power which Satan possessed over his mind. Without revealing to each other their fears, they both hastened to the hut of a holy priest, who lived a hermit's life in the depths of the forest and separately confessed their sin. They then revealed to each other the dreadful thoughts which had crossed their minds, and recognizing that they could not serve God and Mammon, but must either be like devils in wickedness, or saints in holiness, they agreed to quit the world with all its honours, and to live in the forest under the direction of the holy hermit. The world soon heard of the conversion of these noble youths, who had quitted everything that it holds dear, to embrace a voluntary poverty, and to live a life of painful disci-

⁴ *St. Bern. Ep. 376. Conc. Lat. ii. Canon 14.*

pline ; and a few others were induced to follow their example. At first they lived the life rather of hermits than of cœnobites ; afterwards, as their number increased to seven, they determined on adopting the rule of St. Benedict, and looked around them for some one to instruct them in it. They turned their eyes on Robert, then Abbot of St. Michel de Tonnere, a monastery near the town of Tonnere, on the borders of Champagne and Burgundy. Robert, however, was at that time unable to leave his post, and the hermits of Colan were disappointed in their hopes of obtaining him. Not long after, however, he was compelled to leave St. Michel by the incorrigibly bad lives of the monks, and to return to Celle near Troyes, his original monastery, from whence he was soon elected Prior of St. Aigulphus. At this place the hermits again sought him, and this time they applied to Rome for an order from the pope, commanding him to undertake the direction of them. Alexander II., the then reigning pontiff, pleased with their persevering zeal, granted their request, and Robert quitted St. Aigulphus to preside over this infant community. Under his guidance they gained frequent accessions to the brotherhood ; and when at last their numbers amounted to thirteen, St. Robert saw fit to remove their habitation from the forest of Colan to Molesme. The new monastery was founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on Sunday, the 20th of December, A.D. 1075. It was here that Stephen found the community, and he at once felt that he had reached the end of his wanderings. The place certainly had nothing tempting to common eyes. It is easy to conceive a person falling in love with what may be called the romance of monastic life : splendid architecture, a beautiful ceremonial, *and, above all, religious peace and an absence of worldly*

cares, are the legitimate compensations for all that monks give up for Christ's sake. But at Molesme even these attractions were wanting. The monks, like St. Paul, worked with their own hands to get their daily bread ; and so poor were they, that even this was often lacking, and they were obliged at times to live wholly on vegetables. They were visibly dependent on God's providence for their daily bread ; and seeking first the kingdom of God, they trusted that their scanty food and raiment would be added to them. It was their poverty which attracted Stephen ; these few men serving God in the wild of the forest were the very realization of the new order of things which was brought in by the cross of Christ, by which weakness was made strength and suffering sanctified to bring joy. They were the salt of the earth, preserving it from corruption by their supernatural virtues, and averting the anger of God from the sinful world. Here he found St. Benedict's rule carried out to the letter without any of the relaxations which had crept in through the lapse of time, and this we know from every one of Stephen's subsequent actions was the state of life at which he aimed in his own person, and which he tried to establish in others. This probably was the object of his prayers at St. Peter's tomb, and now they were answered, for he had thus lighted unexpectedly upon a place where he could follow after that perfection, which he had already conceived in his heart⁵.

In thus quitting his original monastery and entering another, he was in no way violating his rule, for St. Benedict expressly allows an abbot to receive a monk of any distant monastery which was unknown to him ;

⁵ Manriquez, *Ann. Cist. Introd. c. 2*, conjectures that he made a vow at Rome to embrace a more perfect mode of life.

that is, as it is interpreted, he excludes monasteries which are so near as to admit of intercourse. But there was another difficulty, which it cost Stephen a painful struggle with himself to overcome. The devil often gathers all his powers to give battle to great saints, when they are on the eve of doing some action which is to be the turning-point of their lives ; and so it was with Stephen. He felt a most bitter pang at parting from the clerk who had been the faithful companion of his pilgrimage. His affectionate heart, which from his early consecration to God's service at Sherborne, could hardly have known the love of father, mother, brethren, or sisters, had, it seems, fixed itself so firmly on his friend, that now it was with great difficulty that he could tear himself away. He, however, vanquished in the struggle, and remained behind at Molesme, while his friend passed on. For this one friend whom he gave up, he at once found two others, in Robert and Alberic, the abbot and prior of Molesme. Both of them were his companions in the more arduous struggles of his after-life ; both have been, with him, held up by the Church to the veneration of the faithful, among the Saints ; and it was their joint work which he was afterwards left on earth to complete. When, however, Stephen joined them at Molesme, they were but simple monks unknown to the world. Robert, the spiritual father of both Alberic and Stephen, was of one of the noblest families of Champagne ; he had been a monk from a very early age, and had been distinguished for his adherence to the strict rule of St. Benedict ; he had quitted the government of the abbey of St. Michel, as we have said above, and retired into a private station because of the incorrigible laxity of the monks. Alberic *was one of the original seven hermits of Colan ; he is*

described in the early history of Citeaux, as "a man of learning, well skilled in things both divine and human, a lover of the rule and of the brethren⁶." These two walked hand in hand with Stephen, in all the trials in which they soon found themselves involved. The monastery at times suffered from actual want; from the loneliness of the spot and the fewness of visitors, they were quite forgotten by the world, and the alms of the faithful were turned into other channels. They continued however in cheerful faith, winning their livelihood out of the hard ground, and feeling sure that God would not desert them; and, indeed, they found that their faith was not misplaced. One day, as they were about to sit down to a scanty meal, after the hard labour of the day, the Bishop of Troyes arrived at the monastery with a considerable retinue. The poor monks felt ashamed that they could so miserably supply the needs of their illustrious visitor, but cheerfully divided with him their hard-won meal. The bishop went away from the monastery, wondering at the fervent piety of its inmates. For a long time nothing came of this visit, and the monks had probably forgotten it. Meanwhile the resources of the community became daily more straitened, till at last there were hardly provisions enough left to serve them for a few days. The brethren applied to St. Robert, and informed him of the state of the case. He bade them quietly trust in God, who would not leave his servants to perish in the solitude to which they had retired to serve Him. He ordered some of them to go to Troyes, which was much nearer to them than their own episcopal city of Langres, and bade them buy food, though he well knew that he had no money to give

⁶ Exord. Parv. Cist. c. 9.

them. The exact conformity of their lives to the very letter of Scripture, made them look upon it as a solace and a counsel in the minutest points, in a way of which we have no conception; thus the words of Isaiah rose to St. Robert's mind, "Ye who have no money, hasten, come, and buy⁷." Encouraged by the faith of their abbot, the monks set out on their apparently hopeless journey. So long had the good brethren kept away from the world, that they forgot the singularity of their appearance. They were therefore surprised on entering the city that their naked feet, coarse habit, and features so worn with toil and watching, that the fervent spirit seemed to shine through the flesh, attracted general attention. The news flew hastily round, till it reached the Bishop's palace. He ordered them to be brought to his presence, and as soon as they entered recognized his hosts of Molesme. He received them with joy, took off their tattered habits, and sent them back with his blessing, and a waggon loaded with clothes and bread for their poor brethren at home. We may fancy the joy of the community when they saw their messengers return, not empty-handed as they went, but laden with the blessings which God had given them, as it were with His own hand, to reward their faith. This seems to have been nearly the last of their struggles with poverty, "for," says the monk who has written St. Robert's life⁸, "from that day forth there never was wanting to them a man to supply them with all that was necessary for food and clothing. And as they endured with the greatest constancy in God's service, many continually were added to their number, fugitives from the world, who leaving their earthly burdens, placed their necks under the yoke of the Lord."

⁷ *Isa. lv. Vulg.*

⁸ *V. Bollandists, April 29.*

CHAPTER III.

MOLESME DEGENERATES.

community of Molesme seemed now to be in a fair way of becoming the head of a new and flourishing continuation of the Benedictine order. It might even have been so, had Cluny, for many abbots prayed St. Robert to send them some of his monks, by way of introducing into their own monasteries the reform of Molesme. It had not become what Cîteaux was afterwards, had not the folly of the monks frustrated the designs of God. The various steps by which the change was effected in the convent, are not marked in the scanty annals of the

The brethren appear at first in the story as men in perfection, and a little farther on are represented as degenerate. The change, however, took place not from an increase of numbers and of wealth in the community; it does not, therefore, at all follow that the whole monks degenerated; it was rather the second generation who broke in upon the strictness of the first. It must be remembered, that strong expressions were used, and rightly, about the corruption of monks, without implying the existence of gross impurity. A convent may degenerate into a lax and formal way of performing its duties, or it may be ruined by internal dissensions, without falling into vicious excesses. The common commencement of corruption was a violation of the rule of poverty, and this seems to have been the case at Molesme. The wealth which had accrued from the bounty of the faithful, had done away

with the necessity of manual labour, and they refused to obey their abbot, who wished to keep it up as a portion of the discipline enjoined by the rule. Again, they insisted on keeping possession of parochial tithes, and they assumed habits of a richer and warmer sort than the rule allowed. They grounded their arguments on the general practice of monasteries about them, though it was opposed to the rule which they professed to follow. From the general state of monasticism at the period, it was quite evident that these dispensations, though sanctioned by precedent, and in themselves not incompatible with strictness of life, led in most cases in the end to laxity. On these grounds St. Robert opposed these innovations; and his opposition led to further resistance from the monks; they had first begun by despising the poverty of Christ, and they ended by disobeying their abbot. Poverty and obedience are the very soul of monasticism, and a convent which has once transgressed these two portions of the vow, is in a state next to hopeless. St. Robert saw that his presence only irritated his refractory children, and he determined on leaving them, as St. Benedict and other saints had set him the example of doing, and retired to a place called Aurum, the habitation of certain hermits⁹. This was a severe trial to Stephen; he had come to Molesme, because there he could serve Christ better than anywhere else, and he had for a time rejoiced in being able to follow the steps of his Divine Master. But he had gradually seen his brethren become worse and worse, till at last through their misconduct he was now abandoned by his spiritual guide. It is true, he did

⁹ Mabillon, Ann. Ben. 69. 73, identifies this with a place called *Hauz*, where three hermits are said to have lived, and which was, in his time, a farm belonging to the monastery of Molesme.

not himself follow the laxity which he saw around him, but this, though it might set his own conscience at rest, could not restore the peace of the brotherhood. The very object of the cœnobitic life is, that all should obey the same rule, and do the same things, so that the zeal of one may kindle the other. The bond of charity was now broken, and the convent was in effect ruined. To add to his trial, he now found that a great portion of the charge of this unruly community was on his hands, for Alberic, who as prior naturally took the government of the abbey in the absence of the abbot, invested him with a portion of his authority. He therefore set about his hopeless task; but how far he succeeded we may guess, from the treatment which the monks inflicted on his colleague. They seized on Alberic, who still endeavoured to carry out Robert's principles, beat him severely, and thrust him into a dungeon. On his release, Alberic determined to quit the monastery, and he was followed by Stephen and one or two other monks. Thus was Stephen cast upon the world, deprived of all the guides which Providence had put into his way; so true is it, that we must not set our hearts, in this world, even on the good which God allows us to work. Good is to be loved, not because it is ours, but because it is to God's glory; when He wills that it should perish, we must not murmur, but keep our hearts still fixed upon Him, ready to do His will.

Stephen was now, it may be said, his own master; the authorities of his convent, by abandoning it, had released him from his vow of obedience. He, however, did not choose for himself an easy lot; he again sought the desert, and retired with Alberic and the other monks to a solitary place called Vivicus, now Vivier,

near Landreville, about four leagues from Moleme¹. God, however, did not leave His servant in this solitude. After he had been there for some time, gathering strength by prayer and fasting for the work which he was soon called upon to perform, it pleased Him to call him back from his retreat, to his old monastery. The monks soon discovered that the flower of the community was gone, and that they could not govern themselves without Robert. It is probable that they were not thoroughly bad ; they did not wish to give up the strict abstinence enjoined by the rule ; it was rather the poverty which scandalized them ; they did not like the coarse habit and the hard manual labour, and wished to be like their neighbours. They therefore began to long for Robert's return, and knew not how to win him back from his retreat, after once driving him away by their misconduct, and then grossly ill-treating their prior in his absence. They at last determined to apply to the holy see, and succeeded in obtaining an order commanding Robert to resume the command of the monastery. The holy see appears to have been the great court of appeal of Christendom ; monks good and bad, bearded hermits, and mitred abbots, all brought their causes to Rome ; and if he could not afford to travel in any other way, the poor brother trudged manfully across the Alps with his wallet on his back to obtain justice from the papal court. The jurisdiction of bishops over abbots was ill-defined, as may be seen by the independent way in which superiors left their monasteries, without apparently consulting their bishop. None, therefore, but a power, which held its seat at a distance from

¹ Mabillon, Ann. Ben. 66. 100.

the scene of action, and could not be accused of selfish views, was able to step in when ordinary authority failed. A mandate from Rome Robert could not refuse to obey, and he again put himself at the head of the refractory monks. Stephen and Alberic, with the other monks who had retired to Vivier, followed the example of their abbot, and the whole brotherhood was again united within the cloister of Molesme. The monks who had before rebelled, had either grown wiser, or been frightened into submission, and were ready to obey their abbot; on the other hand, Robert had learned to deal more gently with them now that they were disposed to be submissive. The command of the pope had rendered it impossible to quit them a second time, without permission from Rome itself, or from a legate; so that it was clearly his duty to manage their unruly spirits as best he could, and by concession in some particulars to win them to keep the more essential portions of the rule. The monastery began again to flourish, and new convents were even placed under the jurisdiction of the abbot, and filled by monks of his choosing, who were to model the new community according to the reform introduced by him.

Though, however, the harmony of the convent was thus restored, and external decency preserved, yet it was far from being a place where those who aspired after perfection could rest in peace; the charm of holy poverty was gone, and many of the brethren of Molesme in secret regretted the changes which had taken place. The convent had ceased to be to them what it had been before; the alms of the faithful had enriched it, and they regretted the wooden huts and oratory, and the poverty which had obliged them to work in the heat and in the cold, as is the appointed lot of poor men. The fore-

most of their party was Stephen. Every morning the rule of St. Benedict was read in chapter, and he mourned in secret over the many departures from its holy dictates, of which the convent was guilty. To the generality of the world many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of perfection ; but to monks who have sworn to quit the world, they are precepts of obligation. In token of this, a monk in some convents was buried in his habit, with the rule of St. Benedict in his hand, to show that by that rule he was to stand or fall at the last day. For a long time, however, Stephen and his companions made no formal complaint, but bore their sorrows in silence. Much might be said against taking any steps to remedy the state of things which they saw around them. It was not by their fault that they transgressed their rule ; besides this, peace had but lately been restored to the monastery, and it was an invidious thing again to disturb the consciences of their brethren, which had so lately been set at rest. Again, each of them might think that the feelings which actuated him were merely the effect of his own restlessness, in which case it would be a far greater merit to obey in silence, than to afflict their bodies with fasting, and to walk about in coarse garments.

Gradually, however, by comparing his views with those of his neighbour, each man found that he was not singular in thus feeling acutely the misery of their situation. Stephen is said to have been the first to break the subject to Alberic² ; his abhorrence of the dispensations and indulgences which the other monks claimed,

² Cum verbum innovandæ religionis in eadem domo motum fuisset, ipse Stephanus primus inter primos ferventissimo studio laboravit ac modis omnibus institit ut locus et ordo Cisterciensis institueretur.

—*Exord. Mag.*

may appear to be merely the restless feelings of one accustomed to live in the wild solitudes of nature, but they derive a meaning from the state of monasticism in his time. St. Benedict had in his rule left a power with the superior of altering or tempering the rule according to the circumstances of the convent. The natural course of things had led abbots to take advantage of this provision, and their alterations had in time considerably changed the monastic state. It does not at all follow that any one was to blame in this. An abbot was at first the superior of a few poor brethren, who worked for their own livelihood amongst the rocks of some wilderness, or in some hidden valley, and who only differed from common labourers in their singing psalms day and night, in their fasting every day, and praying every hour ; but the case was widely different when the same abbot was ruler over two or three hundred monks, and when the bounty of the faithful had made him the steward of the poor, by giving him wide lands and fair manors. The abbot became a temporal lord, with vassals under his command ; he had, moreover, to sit in councils, ecclesiastical and civil, besides going to Rome on the business of the abbey, and making a progress to visit his estates. Again, my lord abbot, leading a solemn service with music and chanting under the canopy of his carved stall, or blessing the people from the altar with a jewelled mitre on his head, and a ring on his finger, was a very different person from the poor lord of a few acres in a desert, ruling over a few monks with a wooden staff like a shepherd's crook. Another change in monasteries was their application to learned purposes : St. Benedict's rule implies that many of the monks did not know how to read, and

learnt the Psalter and divine office by heart³; but monasteries, naturally, became the chief seats of learning, and often contained two schools, one within the cloister for the novices, the other without it, for secular pupils. This involved a library and an establishment for copying manuscripts, so that manual labour might, in process of time, with propriety give place to literary labours. None of these changes involved a violation of the rule; the abbot often wore a hair shirt under his splendid vestments, and slept upon a hard mattress of straw, stretched by the side of the magnificent state bed in his chamber. He was often really poor amidst the great wealth of the abbey, because the whole of the revenues which could be spared from the convent were given to the poor. In this way Cluny, in St. Hugh's time, seems to have been a wonderful and stately seminary, from which proceeded the great men of the age, rulers of churches, and even of the world, through their sanctity of life. Still with its magnificent church, and great revenues, it was not what it was before, the poor and simple religious house. It would be absurd to depreciate it on this account; as well might one precious stone be blamed for not being another; still it was a fact that it was changed; there were dispensations from manual labour, and pittances in the refectory, and a stud of horses for the abbot and for the prior, even for each dean to ride away when he would, to visit his charge. Innocent as all this was, when such an abbot as St. Hugh governed Cluny, still it was a dangerous state; a dispensing power is necessarily beside the law; its limits are undefined, for it quits the broad line of

³ Reg. St. Ben. c. 8. 57, 58, with Calmet's Comment.

fact and precedent, and introduces moral questions, in which it is always difficult to determine the precise point where good begins to mix with evil. Thus the very next abbot to St. Hugh ruined Cluny for a time, and in Stephen's time very many monasteries were in a miserable state, on account of the laxity introduced by abbots under the name of dispensations. Stephen lived during the whole of the long struggle between the popes and the secular power; and we shall see proofs in the subsequent actions of his life, that in the state of perplexity and confusion which ensued during that most momentous contest, pomp and luxury had power to invade even the cloister. Many were the innovations introduced under the name of dispensations, till hardly a vestige of the monastic character remained. Simony again brought with it intercourse with princes, pride, and luxury. We must not, therefore, wonder at Stephen's hatred of the very name of dispensation.

Furthermore, we must recollect that Stephen had been a dweller in the wilderness and forest; he aspired to the highest Christian perfection, so that he would not have been contented even with Cluny. Though a man of learning, he wished to become foolish for Christ's sake; he wished to be perfectly destitute, and to depend for his daily bread, and his coarse habit, on God's providence. No record remains of any action or saying of his against the stately order of Cluny, but his vocation lay another way. God had kindled a divine love in his heart, and it was fire in his bones, and would not let him rest till he had accomplished the work which he was sent on earth to perform. God's saints are His workmanship, and the same Almighty goodness which has made the lilies, and also given its own *beauty to the rose*, which has created flowers, pre-

cious stones, and animals, each with a different glory, has also in the creation of His grace variously moulded the souls of his saints. Stephen's lot was to be of those who, by their utter destitution of human helps, most of all illustrate the new order of things, which our blessed Lady celebrated in the Magnificat. Out of weakness he was to be made strong; with his perfect poverty, his coarse and tattered garment, his body bowed down by labour and mortification, he was to bring in an order of men into the Church, who beat down pomp and luxury, intellect and power. His wooden staff was more powerful than the sceptre of kings, and his fragile frame was the centre, around which the whole of the saintly prelates of the Church, who fought against luxury and simony in the Church, clustered and arranged their battle; the pre-eminence which God gave to His saint in after-life, is a full vindication of his conduct in these his first years, when he was a poor despised monk, treated by his brethren as an enthusiast and fanatic.

CHAPTER IV.

REMOVAL FROM MOLESME.

Many chronicles of the time give but few particulars of the history of Molesme at this period ; all that is known is, that the war of dispensations continued some time at Molesme, and that the greater part of the brethren continued to scoff at Stephen's scruples. Stephen's energetic words had, however, made a great impression on many of the community, so that the number of those who longed for a more perfect way began to multiply, and no means a despicable part of the monastery. When then that God had touched the hearts of so many brethren, Stephen determined on attempting a removal out of which afterwards sprung the order of the Cistercians. He conceived the idea of a new monastery, governed according to the very letter of the rule of St. Benedict. The scheme was in many respects a new one : in the first place, it involved leaving the world, and retiring again to the desert or the forest ; in fact beginning the world afresh, and exposing the monks naked and destitute to all the hardships which attend an infant community. These, however, were hardships which he had already overcome, and which he thought would teach him to treat as light afflictions. There was another point of view in which he was taking a risk in his new undertaking. We are far too ready to look upon the middle ages as times to which the rules of prudence will not apply. It is quite true that, when all is over, we can look back and wonder

at the superhuman deeds which faith then achieved; but we forget, that we now consider them as they are lit up by the glory which a successful result has thrown upon them. Many a man, whom we now revere as a saint, was looked upon in his day as a fanatic. Stephen had then to consider the chances of success, just as we should do now; he must have bethought himself, whether his scheme was likely to *answer*, in modern phraseology. The difference between him and one of us is simply, that he had the faith to throw himself on a great principle, in spite of the chances of its not answering. There was a great chance that the opinion of even good men would condemn him; he was leading a number of monks into the desert, and that from Molesme, a regular, and, in many respects, a flourishing community. In returning to the letter of the rule of St. Benedict, he was going back from the twelfth century to the sixth, a leap almost as wide as it would be in the nineteenth to go back to the twelfth. He was moreover passing over the great precedent of Cluny, then, as has been before intimated, in the height of its splendour. On the other hand, the voice of his conscience was loud within him, bidding him embrace the most perfect way: and the sad state of a great many monasteries, which had fallen into disorder from the use of dispensations, was an external voice, hardly less loud, warning him to avoid the rock on which they had split. His first care was to ascertain the will of his superiors; he therefore and his companions applied to Robert, and stated their difficulties. Their faith in thus throwing themselves on the will of their abbot was rewarded, for he cordially entered into their schemes. With a joyful heart, they then consulted with their *abbot on the best mode of effecting what they wished,*

feeling now sure that God was with them in the course which they intended to pursue.

They were obliged to proceed warily, for the monks of Molesme, however unwilling themselves to follow the rule of St. Benedict in all its strictness, were still too well aware of the lustre which Robert, Alberic, and Stephen cast upon the convent, to bear to part with them easily. They did not therefore even apply to their own bishop of Langres, but went straight to Hugh, archbishop of Lyons and legate of the Holy See in France. It was early in the year 1098 that Abbot Robert set out from Molesme on his way to Lyons, accompanied by Stephen, and five other monks, Alberic, Odo, John, Lætaldus, and Peter. The prelate to whom they applied was one of the most distinguished adherents of St. Gregory VII. and had even expectations of succeeding to the popedom on his death. He was a great friend of St. Anselm, and at the time that our abbot came to Lyons with his companions, the illustrious exile had sought and obtained shelter there. Hugh was therefore a man to appreciate their difficulties. He entered into their scheme, and on their return to Molesme, sent them a letter authorizing them to quit Molesme; this document, as it distinctly states the object for which they wished to leave their monastery, shall be here subjoined at length.

“Hugo, Bishop of Lyons and legate of the Apostolic See, to Robert, Abbot of Molesme, and to the brethren with him, who desire to serve God according to the rule of St. Benedict. Be it known to all, who rejoice in the advance of our Holy Mother the Church, that you, with certain men, your sons, brethren of the convent of Molesme, have stood in our presence at Lyons, and declared that ye wished to adhere to the rule of the

blessed Benedict, which ye had up to this time kept in the said monastery in a lukewarm and negligent way, henceforth more strictly and more perfectly. Which thing, because it is evident that from many preventing causes ye cannot fulfil in the aforesaid place, we, consulting the salvation of both parties, that is, both of those who go away and those who stay, have thought it best that ye should retire to some other place, which the bounty of God shall point out to you, and there serve the Lord to your souls' greater health and quiet. To you therefore who were then present, Abbot Robert, and brethren Alberic, Odo, John, Stephen, Læaldus, and Peter, yea and to all whom according to rule and by common counsel ye have determined to unite to yourselves, we both then gave advice to keep this holy design, and therein now bid you persevere, and through apostolic authority and by the setting of our seal confirm it for ever."

On receiving this letter, Robert solemnly gave back into the hands of the brethren who remained the vows which they had taken of obedience to himself, at the same time giving them liberty to elect a successor. Twenty-one brethren, gathered together by Stephen's energetic words, determined to take advantage of the archbishop's permission and to follow him into the desert; the others had not the courage to take this bold step. A convent is a little world in itself, and has its mixed characters and tempers, just like the world; the mass of the community in such a convent as Molesme probably consisted of men who followed the leading of others, and contented themselves with arriving at a certain standard of holiness, without rising much above or falling much below it. Let no one suppose that all is smooth in a convent life; it has temptations of its own, temptations *to rising only just in time for matins, to a love of such*

case as the cloister will allow, to talking vain words at recreation time, to a low standard of devotion ; temptations at which those who live in the world, exposed to imminent danger of mortal sin, may smile ; and yet real, because they argue habitual sloth. Those then who were contented with this low state of religion, and yet were incapable of open acts of disobedience and breaches of conventual discipline, would be able to appreciate the high character of Robert and Stephen, though they could not follow them. Such men would be painfully startled at finding that they must lose brethren beside whom they had knelt at vigils, and to whose fervour in singing God's praises they had been accustomed to look ; a flame whereat to kindle their own coldness. The disobedient and rebellious, on the other hand, who considered the fervour of the saints to be a reproach on their own evil tempers, were glad to be left to themselves without the restraint which the presence of the strict party imposed upon them. It was therefore with various motions that the monks of Molesme saw their brethren set out on their expedition. As for the little band itself who thus left their convent for the wilderness, nothing could be more dreary than the prospect before them. They were in every respect adventurers, and none ever set out in quest of adventures across sea or land in a more destitute condition than did these twenty-one brethren. Robert took with him the ecclesiastical vestments and vessels necessary for celebrating the holy mysteries, and also a large breviary for the ordering of the divine office. Except this, they had nothing : no accounts are left us of their march ; one that they left the convent gates, not knowing whither they were going, and *that they sought the wildest and most rugged paths, and at last arrived at Citeaux, where a voice from*

heaven bade them rest. Another account says, that they had already pitched upon Citeaux, before they left Molesme, as being the most lonely and uncultivated spot that they could find. Either story gives a sufficiently dreary account of their march, for a journey, undertaken with the prospect of arriving at such a place as Citeaux is then described to have been, is no less appalling than one of which the end was altogether unknown. But however naked they appeared to the eye of the world, the heavenly enthusiasm which prompted them to enter on such a course was enough to buoy them up under their difficulties. At all events, even this nakedness was more welcome to Stephen, and such as he, than the miserable uncertainty which had hung over him ever since the degeneracy of Molesme. His conscience had been hurt by his inability to keep the rule, according to which he had sworn to live ; and no suffering can be so dreadful as a state of doubt, whether we are in the place in which God would have us be. Stephen was now sure that he was right ; God had blessed his endeavours after a more perfect way, by turning the heart of his abbot, and of the legate of the Holy See : and now his path was clear before him. He had entered in at the strait gate, and now had only to pursue the way, into which God had directed his feet. There are moments when holy men feel that their crown is won ; such must have been Stephen's thought as he left the gates of Molesme. His Saviour had with his own hand put the cross upon his shoulders, and he had now, with the same Saviour's help, only to carry it with a stout heart to his grave.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL AT CITEAUX.

TRAVELLERS are often struck with the picturesque situations of ancient abbeys. The fact is, that those parts which are now the most beautiful, were in former times the wildest and most solitary. Little nooks, which are even now so lonely that the relentless hand of civilization has left them in their primitive beauty, must have been mere wildernesses, far from human habitation, in ages when so much of the earth was uncultivated. Besides which, rocks and mountains may be very picturesque to look at, and yet very uncomfortable as dwelling-places ; and many a stream, the banks of which are now visited for the sake of a beautiful ruin, at the time when the monastery was built flowed through pathless wilds and uninhabited forests. So it was with Citeaux ; at the time when Stephen and his companions first came to dwell there, it was a very different place from what it was when the stately abbey was built, which contained the tombs of all the dukes of Burgundy. Citeaux was the name of a spot situated in the midst of a wild wood, in the diocese of Châlons and the province of Burgundy. It was only tenanted by wild beasts, who found shelter in the thickets with which the place was overgrown, and into which no one ever cared to penetrate. A small stream ran through it which took its rise from a fountain, about a league from Dijon, called Sans-fonds, because it was so deep that no one had ever found the bottom. This stream had also a strange

peculiarity connected with it, that in the time of rain it was languid and shallow, but when the heat had dried up all other rivers, it ran merrily along in a copious stream, as if it defied the power of the sun. The industry of the monks in after-ages collected its waters into three noble ponds, filled with fish ; but at the time of which we write, it was ever overflowing its banks, so that the place is said to have derived its name from an old word expressive of the flags and bulrushes which the marshy soil produced in abundance. On the borders of the wood were several scattered cottages, where dwelt the peasants who cultivated the estate of the viscount of Beaune, to whom the place belonged ; and there was also a rude and small church, for the use of this rustic population. The lord of Beaune gave them leave to take possession of this most unpromising tenement, and they forthwith began to clear away the briars and the sedge, and to cut down the trees, so as to leave an open space for their habitation. They then rudely put together the trunks of the trees which they had felled, and constructed the monastery, such as it was. The rudeness of their dwelling, however, raised for them a most unexpected friend. Odo, the then duke of Burgundy, had been originally one of the wildest of the iron nobles who infested the land. A few months, however, before their arrival at Citeaux, the majestic looks and bearing of our own Anselm had cowed the ducal robber, who had set out in full armour to seize upon what he conceived to be the rich coffers of Canterbury, as the saint passed through his dominions. The eye of the archbishop seems to have converted him, for from that moment he became an altered man. Hearing from the archbishop of Lyons that a number of holy men had come *to build a monastery in his territory*, he inquired about

them. So miserable, however, was their dwelling-place, that fearing lest they should die from the roughnesses which they had to bear in this barren and dreary spot, he sent workmen to assist them in rearing their monastery. At length all was ready for their reception, and they chose the 21st of March, 1098, for the solemn inauguration of the new abbey. A double festivity in that year fell on that day; it was not only Palm Sunday, but also the feast of St. Benedict. They canonically elected Robert as their abbot, and he received the pastoral staff at the hands of Walter, bishop of Châlons, who thus regularly erected the monastery into an abbey, under the name of *Novum Monasterium*, or New Minster, in honour of St. Mary, to whom, from this first wooden edifice, all churches of the order were afterwards dedicated. The brethren then one by one vowed to pay him obedience according to a form preserved in the *Exordium Parvum*. "That profession which I made in thy presence at the monastery of Molesme, that same profession and stability I confirm before God and his saints in thy hands, that I will keep it in this place called New Minster, in obedience to thee and to thy successors to be regularly substituted in thy room." Odo of Burgundy and Rainaldus of Beaune had before given them the allodium, or freehold estate on which the monastery was built; the serfs also who tilled the ground were given over to them, as well as the church in which they used to worship. It is characteristic of these first Cistercian fathers, that they refused to receive this church from the viscount of Beaune, as an appendage to the estate, nor would they have anything to do with it, unless it were given up entirely into their hands, by his abandoning his rights in a separate act; for "the abbot and the rest of the brethren thought it by no

means right to receive the church from his hands, because he was a layman⁴." This took place in the very heat of the contest about investitures, and thus at the very outset of their order, the Cistercians chose their side in the momentous contest, though they could as yet but show it in a small way. A few days before that Palm Sunday, St. Anselm, whom they had left at Lyons, had set out on his way to Rome, and on that very Sunday, while Citeaux was being solemnly founded, the same saint had left his train at a small town on the road to Italy, and had gone with two monks to an unknown monastery, to celebrate the feast of St. Benedict. The simple brethren did not know who he was, and bade him beware in his journey, because the lord archbishop of Canterbury had, as was reported, been stopped on his way to Rome, by the perils of the road. Anselm and the monks of Citeaux were at the same moment, in different parts of the world, fighting the same cause, and yet neither party knew what the other was about;

⁴ Gall. Christ. tom. iv. Instr. p. 232. It is quite evident that this act of the Cistercians was meant for a protest against lay usurpation, but its precise bearing is not so easy to discover. It seems that the Church property had in some way become a portion of the allodium or freehold estate which had come to Rainaldus through his wife. This appears from the phrase *tenere ecclesiam*, which is of the same cast as *redimere*, *recipere ecclesiam*, where *ecclesia* means the property belonging to a church. What the Cistercians here did, i. e. receiving back ecclesiastical property from a layman, (*suscipere ecclesiam de manu laici*), was afterwards forbidden by the third Lateran Council and the Council of London in 1200, unless the bishop consented to the arrangement. Though these canons were not passed at this time, our Cistercians felt the difficulty and refused to receive the church as a portion of the domain. They required Rainaldus to make a formal renunciation of the Church property by a separate act. V. Van Espen, Jus Eccl., pt. ii. sect. 4. tit. 2. c. 5.

but true monks everywhere have a sort of instinct of what is the good and the right side ; they have no earthly interests to dim their vision of what is God's cause, and we may trust a monk for being ever in his place—for the Church against the world.

The officers of the New Monastery, thus quietly established, were now appointed ; Alberic returned to his old situation which he held at Molesme, that of prior ; Stephen was made sub-prior. In this peaceable state everything remained for a year under Robert's guidance, but he was not destined to see the full fruit of his labours. The monks of Molesme again found that they could not do without him. It required a firm hand to rule those refractory spirits who had once broken loose, and could only be kept in order by an authority which they respected. The secession also of such men as Robert, Alberic, and Stephen, from the convent had brought it into disrepute, and this could only be done away by regaining their abbot. The authority of the archbishop of Lyons, however, who had countenanced Robert's departure for Citeaux, rendered it a difficult matter to win him back. The only authority to which they could appeal was Rome, and to Rome they went, nothing daunted by the length of the way. A council was celebrated at Rome in the third week after Easter, 1099 ; it was convened by Urban II. for the condemnation of investitures, and for devising means for carrying on the crusade. Thither the monks repaired, and represented to the pope the widowed state of the church of Molesme, deprived of its first abbot and pastor. Urban seems to have suspected them : he describes in his letter to Hugh, archbishop of Lyons, the great clamour with which they entered into the council, and seems rather to have yielded *to their importunity, against his own judgment.* He did

not directly command Robert to return to Molesme, but he bade Hugh do his best to bring him back if it could be done ; and at all events he orders him to take care that the inhabitants of the wilderness of Citeaux (as he calls it) should be left in peace, and that the monks of Molesme be made to keep their rule. The legate held a consultation on the subject at a place near Lyons, called Pierre encise, and determined that the only way to restore peace, both to Molesme and to the New Monastery, was to give up Robert to Molesme, and to forbid the two convents to have any further communication with each other, except such as St. Benedict enjoins on houses, between which there is no connection but the common profession of religion. Gaufridus, the abbot who had been elected in the room of Robert, was willing to yield the government of the abbey, and nothing now remained but that Robert himself should quit Citeaux, and return to the post which he had so often quitted and resumed. He again gave up his own will to obey his superiors, and returned to the bishop of Châlons the pastoral staff, which he had a year and a few months before received from his hands. He then freed the monks of Citeaux from the obedience which they owed to him, and went back to his old charge at Molesme. He was indeed a perfect pattern of obedience, and suffered himself to be bandied about from one convent to another as the will of his superiors directed ; notwithstanding his aspirations for a more perfect way, he abandoned them at the command of God, knowing that no sufferings are acceptable to God, if not undertaken according to His will in charity. Doubtless he merited more in God's sight by giving up his brethren at Citeaux for his refractory subjects at Molesme, than he could have done by the most austere *life*. *His* obedience was rewarded, for Molesme ap-

pears to have flourished under his rule, if we may judge from the fact that several monasteries were founded from it. One nunnery, that of Juilly, in which St. Bernard's sister afterwards took the vows, owed its origin to St. Robert. It is probable that he still assisted Stephen and Alberic with his counsel, but his direct connection with Citeaux ceased with his last departure for Molesme. He died about the year 1110, and was canonized by Pope Honorius III.

CHAPTER VI.

STEPHEN AS PRIOR.

ROBERT left nothing behind him at Citeaux, but the vestments and sacred vessels, which he had brought with him ; these were expressly, according to the legate's command, to belong to the New Monastery. The large Breviary also was to remain there till St. John Baptist's day, by which time the brethren were to have it copied out and then to send it to Molesme. This, and the remembrance which they kept of his virtues, was all the vestige which remained of his jurisdiction of Citeaux : he left them as free as if he had never been their abbot, or received their vows. They had therefore now to elect a successor, and their choice fell upon Alberic ; under him Stephen was naturally made prior. These two had worked hand in hand from the first commencement of Molesme, and remained together even when Robert seceded from them ; and now that he had finally left them, the eyes of the whole community were fixed upon them. Stephen had been in a manner the pupil of both, and it seemed as if the virtues of each were necessary to make up the defects of his original character. He had left Sherborne, as we have seen, from a violent thirst for knowledge, and had for some time roamed about the world almost without an object, certainly without a clear knowledge of his vocation. He had first learned obedience under Robert, and the stability of his character had been tried by the troubles which he had encountered at Molesme ; and now he had a further lesson to learn

from Alberic, that of patient prudence. "Alberic," says the Exordium, "when he had received, though much against his will, the pastoral charge, began to bethink himself, as being a man of wondrous prudence, what stormy troubles, coming to shake the house committed to him, might annoy it." And troubles enough there were about him. The post of abbot was at all times one which involved great anxiety, from the absolute powers which were vested in him. It was to him that the strict obedience which formed so large a part of the monastic rule was due, the deepest respect was paid to him, even to bowing the knee, and profound inclinations⁵. The officers of the monastery, from the prior downwards, were removable at his will⁶. At the same time he was to be in an especial way the chief spiritual guide of all the brethren, and to temper the rigour of the rule for the weak, without introducing irregularity into the convent. To him the monks revealed all their sorrows, and recurred for advice; for which there was a place called the auditorium especially set apart. Even here, however, they could not speak without his leave; on their appearance he gave them the benediction; but if after this he kept a stern silence, the brother who applied for license left the auditorium without speaking⁷. At the same time, the regulation of the habits and of the food of the monks was in his hands, so that the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the convent depended in a great measure upon him alone. No stronger proof of the great power of the abbot need be sought, than the fact that most of the later monastic reformations attack at once the power of his

⁵ Usus Cist. Notandum quia quando Monachi osculantur Abbatem, coram eo genua flectent et post osculum profunde inclinent. .i. c. 90.

⁶ Reg. St. Ben. 65.

⁷ Reg. Magist. c. 9.

office, some even making it triennial. They may have done away with some evils, but at the same time they changed the spirit of monasticism, for there can be no perfect obedience where all may be lords in turn. At least so the Cistercians thought, and in their reform (for so it was) the abbot had all the powers which St. Benedict vested in the office. Alberic therefore had full need of the "wondrous prudence" which the old Cistercian history celebrates. The abbot of Cîteaux was not then the magnificent personage who celebrated mass pontifically with the episcopal mitre, ring, and sandals, the lord of five military orders, sitting in a lofty chair, on a level with the bishop, in the parliament of Burgundy^a. Alberic was but the head of a few monks in a marshy desert, where they had to struggle to win a hard subsistence from the barren soil: they were exposed to the oppressions of any baron who might take a fancy to molest them; and, above all, they were treated as enthusiasts and fanatics by the monasteries around them. Their calumnies might at any time alienate the favour of the duke of Burgundy, who as yet had protected them; for the saintly boldness with which they determined to keep the whole rule of St. Benedict, had irritated not only their neighbours of Molesme, but even the German convents had had news of the fanaticism and disobedience of this New Monastery.

It was well for Stephen that he was brought close to Alberic, in these trying times of the Cistercian struggles for existence: his office of prior linked him to the abbot, and gave him an opportunity of watching the calm wisdom with which Alberic warded off these difficulties.

^a Innocent VIII. gave the abbot of Cîteaux the privilege of celebrating pontifically, in a bull dated April 9, 1489; vide also Gall. Christ. 4. 983.

The prior, according to St. Benedict's rule⁹, was to be entirely the abbot's minister; and the Cistercians kept up this first notion of a prior. "Let the prior, within and without, concerning all things and in all things, act according to the will of the abbot." They even gave less authority to the prior than was usual in other rules, as may be seen by comparing Lanfranc's decrees, c. 3, with the *Usus Cisterciensis*. The prior was thus the eye and the hand of the abbot; his office was to take the abbot's place in all the common routine of the convent when the abbot was engaged, and specially to keep up the regularity of the brethren, by giving the signal for labour and for the chapter. He also presided in the refectory, and gave the signal by a small bell, when they were to begin, and when to leave off eating; for the Cistercian abbot, as was prescribed in St. Benedict's rule, always ate with the guests who happened to come to the abbey. Stephen's principal duty, therefore, was to work conjointly with Alberic, and he profited by the office which thus threw him in contact with that holy man.

Alberic's first care was to provide for the safety of his abbey, "that it might for ever remain in quiet, safe from the oppression of all persons, ecclesiastical or secular." It appears from the archbishop of Lyons' letter to Pope Pascal, that "the brethren of the Church of Molesme, and some other neighbouring monks, did not cease to harass and disquiet them, thinking that they themselves were looked upon as vile and despicable by the world, as long as these strange and novel monks were seen to dwell among them." They endeavoured to entice away stragglers from the Cistercian brethren back to Molesme, and even used violence and guile in order to disturb the quiet of the New Monastery. Alberic's only place of refuge

⁹ *Reg. St. Ben.* c. 65. *Usus Cist.* p. i. 111.

was the Holy See ; and at this moment two cardinals, John and Benedict, were in France, for the purpose of devising means to punish Philip, king of France, who had divorced his own wife Bertha, and was living in adultery with Bertrada, wife of Fulke, count of Anjou. The two cardinals held a council at Poitiers, and excommunicated the king ; but amidst the press of business which this involved, they found leisure to attend to the affairs of Cîteaux. It appears that the fame of the saintly inhabitants of this poor monastery had spread all over France, and reached the ears of the legates. The words which the cardinals use in their letter to the Pope might almost seem to imply that they had been in person to Cîteaux : at all events, they must have seen some of the brethren, whose appearance struck them with admiration, and they willingly wrote to the holy father, begging him to take the monastery under his special protection. Alberic assembled the chapter, and with the concurrence of Stephen and the rest of the brethren, two monks, John and Ilbodus, were despatched to Rome, with letters from the cardinal legates, from Hugh, archbishop of Lyons, and from the bishop of Châlons. Pascal had been but a year elected to the papal throne, and was then in the height of his power ; his gracious demeanour and piety had conciliated all about him, and his unanimous election had brought to Rome a peace which it had not known for a long time. The moment therefore which the Cistercians chose was a fortunate one. They found that Pascal was absent from Rome, and they had to follow him as far as Troja in Apulia. The warm expressions of esteem which his letter to Alberic contains, prove that he received the brethren with open arms. Himself a monk of Cluny, and a disciple of St. Hugh, he could well enter *into their troubles* ; and although he afterwards showed

himself so very unable to comprehend the great cause for which his predecessors had fought, yet his character was such as to appreciate the motives which had driven the brethren of Citeaux into the wilderness. He immediately granted the request of the two envoys, and gave them a letter by which he took the New Monastery under the special protection of the Holy See. He calls them "his most dear sons in Christ, whom he longed after very much," and he concludes with a sentence of excommunication against any "archbishop or bishop, emperor or king, count or viscount, judge, or any other person ecclesiastical or civil," who, being aware of the protection granted by the Holy See, should molest the abbey. The letter is dated April 18, 1100. The old Cistercian historian, after giving an account of the protection thus extended by the Holy See, adds with a sort of melancholy feeling, that it was granted and the messengers had returned "before Pope Pascal had been taken captive by the emperor and sinned." This privilege of protection thus obtained from the Holy See was of the utmost consequence to Citeaux. It is evidently not an exemption, that is, it is not meant to exempt the abbot from episcopal jurisdiction, and to subject him immediately to the Holy See, for the canonical obedience to the see of Châlons is expressly mentioned. Its import must be understood from similar documents granted by former sovereign pontiffs. The jurisdiction of monasteries was always a difficulty in the Church; it is generally believed that they were from the first subject to the bishop; so far is this from being the case, that during the first 150 years of their existence, that is, till the council of Chalcedon, monks were no more under the bishop than other laymen. As monachism developed into a system, *the bishops naturally became the ultimate authority to*

which convents were subject. Still it was necessary that the abbot should have an authority next to absolute in the internal management; and according to the rule of St. Benedict, he has the power to excommunicate the monks who transgressed the rule. The bishop only appears as the abbot's assistant in punishing the brethren who were priests¹. Again, he blessed the abbot when he had been chosen by the convent, and it was from him that the abbot's authority was derived². As time went on, bishops encroached upon the convents; they required money for the benediction of the abbot, interfered with the freedom of election, and took upon them the administration of the temporalities. The poor of Christ had no refuge but the Holy See³; and several letters of Pope Gregory the Great are extant, in which he commands bishops to respect the privileges of abbeys, and takes them under the special protection of the chair of St. Peter. In one case he even withdraws the sole jurisdiction over an abbey from the bishop of the diocese, and joins with him a council of six bishops. That great pontiff knew that a monastery should be perfect in itself; the very principle of obedience required it to be subject to one head, and the authority of the bishop was only necessary to constitute that head, that the obedience might be canonical, as also to superintend, not to interfere with, his authority. They were Christ's spiritual army, ready at any time to assert the faith against heresy, however powerful, and setting up the light of heavenly purity when the profligacy of the world had well-nigh cast away religion. In order to do this, they must be a whole within themselves, and cut off from worldly influence, and from interests without the

¹ c. 62.² c. 65.³ *Ep. lib. ix. Inst. 2. lll. lib. xiii. Inst. 6. 8, 9.*

cloister. A bishop in most cases could not be a monk, and therefore could not govern a convent ; he could only come in at certain times as a remedy in cases beyond the rule. Subsequent pontiffs followed St. Gregory in jealously guarding the independence of monasteries ; for instance, John IV.⁴ even granted a formal exemption to two convents, and subjected them immediately to the Holy See. The primitive meaning of such extraordinary privileges was to guard against the encroachments of which bishops had been guilty, and to keep the internal government of the abbey in the hands of the abbot ; they were not, however, intended to separate monks from the canonical obedience due to the bishop. It is true that after the time of which we are writing, they came to be much abused ; and St. Bernard complains of the ambition of abbots, who endeavoured to avoid the authority of their bishop, whilst he approves of the devotion of founders of monasteries, who placed their houses under the protection of Rome. Of this nature was the letter of Pascal to Alberic ; it was not, as we have said, an exemption from episcopal authority, but it was a privilege, by which the defenceless house of Christ's poor ones was taken under the wings of the Apostolic See. Two things were especially commanded by the pope ; one, "that it should be lawful for no person whatever to change the state of their mode of life." This left them full power to live as they pleased according to the strict rule of St. Benedict ; a bishop might do his best to oblige them to keep their rule, if they broke it ; but he could not compel them to observe the same customs as most other convents around them ; to profess the rule of St. Benedict, but in effect to relax it under pretence of dispensations. Again, it left

⁴ *Mabillon, Ann. Ben. tom. i. Appendix, No. 17, 18.*

them free to establish what usages they pleased ; every monastery had many traditionary practices and ceremonies peculiar to itself, in matters which the rule had left open ; and Pascal by this provision exempted the Cistercians from the usages of any other religious house, and left them free to form their own customs. Out of this permission arose the *Usus Cisterciensis*. The other special provision made by the pope was, "that none should receive the monks of your monastery called the New Minster, without a commendation according to the rule." This was in fact a confirmation of the canonical authority committed by the bishop of Châlons to the abbot of Cîteaux by the delivery of the pastoral staff ; it was the act by which he had authority over the monks, so that they could not leave the cloister without his consent. Without vows, and those made to a person vested with authority, monks are a mere collection of individuals, dissolvable at will ; the absence of a canonical vow changes the whole idea of monastic life, and none can hope for God's blessing on the most solemn engagements which they form, unless the power in whose hands they place themselves is the representative of the Church. Otherwise they can never be sure that their obedience is not self-will. These words of Pascal, therefore, are like the recognition of a corporate body by the law ; one Christian may any day that he pleases make a vow that he will live in obedience to another ; but, unless that other is recognized by the Church, the ecclesiastical law cannot take cognizance of the transaction. Such is the explanation of this privilege given by the pope to Cîteaux, which at once raised it above the calumnies of the monks, who felt their own lives to be reproved by the holiness of their neighbours.

CHAPTER VII.

CISTERCIAN USAGES.

ALBERIC, now that he had obtained the sanction of the Holy See, set forward with a bold heart in his strict following of St. Benedict's rule. In the execution of all the reforms which distinguished what afterwards became the order of Citeaux, Stephen as prior was necessarily foremost ; the whole movement indeed was but carrying into effect what he had before conceived at Molesme. The first alteration effected was the cutting off of all superfluity in the monastic habit. The Church in the beginning of the twelfth century had a hard battle to fight with pomp and luxury within the sanctuary itself. Courtly prelates, such as Wolsey in a later age, were not uncommon, and this worldly spirit had invaded even the cloister. A reformation, therefore, such as that effected by Alberic and Stephen at the outset of the century, was of the utmost consequence in deciding the struggle in favour of Christian poverty. They were not as yet conscious of the importance of what they were doing ; they were but a few poor monks, serving God in the midst of a marshy wild, in an obscure corner of Burgundy, and only aimed at securing their own salvation. But they arose in a critical time for Christendom, and just turned the scale as it was wavering. Let us hear *the words of a good old monk, who wrote in another part*

of the world during the first years of Citeaux¹. "How shall I begin to speak? For on all sides is the sacred end of monkish life transgressed, and hardly aught is left us, save that, as our holy father Benedict foretold, by our tonsure and habit we lie to God. We seem almost all of us prone to pride, to contention, scandal, detraction, lying, evil speaking, hurtful accusations, contumacy, wrath, bitterness, despising of others, murmuring, gluttony;" and he winds up all by saying, "we are seduced by a love of costly apparel." Bitter are the complaints that we hear of one monk² clad in rich grey or party-coloured silks, and another ambling by on a mule which cost 200 solidi. What shall we say to the proud abbot with his train of sixty horse, riding forth, not like the father of a monastery, but like an armed castellan? Or to another with his robe of costly fur, and his sideboard of gold and silver plate, though he rode but four leagues from home³? And if the abbot himself was in sober black, his secular attendants rode behind him in gay clothing of scarlet or green, the motley procession arresting the eyes of beholders along the road, whilst it frightened the porter of the poor monastery where they were to put up for the night. It was high time for the Cistercian to step in with his rough woollen stuff, and to return to St. Benedict's rule. Alberic and his brethren rejected all habits that were not mentioned in the rule⁴; they therefore

¹ *Chronicon Vulturense*, Muratori, *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. i. p. 2. 343.

² St. Bernard, *Apol. ad Guil.* 10, 11. ³ *Stat. Pet. Ven.* 40. 70.

⁴ "Rejicientes a se quicquid regula refragabatur, froccos videlicet, et pellicias, staminias et caputia." *Exord. Parv.* 15. — *Staminia* is described by William of Malmesbury as "*illud quod subtiliter textitur laneum, quod nos staminium vocamus.*" *Gest. Reg. Angl. lib. iv. § 336.*

would not wear garments with ample folds, nor garments of fur, shirts, nor hoods separated from the rest of the habit. St. Benedict allows the habit to vary according to the climate; but for countries of a mean temperature, he gives it as his opinion that a garment called cuculla, a tunic, and a scapular are sufficient. At first these were only the common habits worn by the peasants of the country. The stern old Benedictine looked for nothing picturesque; he had made himself poor for his Lord's sake, and he wore the dress of the poor among whom he lived, and with whom he worked in the cold and heat, in the rain and in the sunshine. Ancient pictures are still seen of the monk in his tunic, and scanty scapular, reaching down to his knees, without sleeves, but with holes through which his arms were passed, and with a pointed cowl enveloping his head. Over this, which was his working dress, he wore in the choir, and in the house, the cuculla, which was a large mantle, not unlike a close cope, without sleeves, and enveloping the whole person⁵. There was many a step between this coarse garb, and the ample folds into which it had developed around the noble figure of St. Hugh of Cluny⁶. In the Cluniac order the scapular was called cuculla, and the upper garment was called froccus. Instead of the pointed and almost conical cowl of the primitive Benedictine, their scapular had a fair and ample cowl, and the froccus had long and pendent sleeves two feet in circumference; again, their scapular covered not only the shoulders, but it was also expanded into a covering for the arms, so that it scandalized our simple Cister-

⁵ See the cuculla of St. Remachus, the oldest Benedictine habit, existing in Martenne's time. *Voyage Lit.* ii. 154.

⁶ *Martenne, Voyage Lit.* i. 229.

cians⁷. The froccus which Alberic and Stephen rejected was in fact the same garment as their own cuculla, as worn "with a difference" by the Cluniacs. They reverted as far as they could to St. Benedict's pattern, following the Italian rather than the French monks, for their scapular had the same form as that of Mount Cassino. With all their severity, there is a grace about the Cistercian habit, from the fond associations with which they connected it. In the black scapular worn over the white tunic, broad about the shoulders, then falling in a narrow strip to the feet, they saw the form of our Lord's cross, and thus they loved to bear it about with them even in sleep⁸. Their cuculla was compared by pope Boniface VI. to the six wings of the seraphim, for "it veils the head of the monk as it were with two wings, and the arms as it were with twain, and the body as it were with twain⁹." Another characteristic of the Cistercian habit was its white colour. The scapular, as we have said, was black, and when on a journey, they might ride booted and spurred, with a grey cuculla, so that they were called in Germany grey monks; but their proper habit was white, and much wonder it excited amongst the brethren of other orders.

⁷ That the froccus of the Cluniacs had sleeves, is plain from the answer made by the Cluniac. Martenne, *Theas. Anec. tom. v. p. 1649, 47*. Their *amplum caputium* is mentioned in St. Bernard's letter to Robert, his cousin. For the scapular, see Martenne, *ibid.* p. 1639, 25. The difference between the Cluniac froccus and Cistercian cuculla is said by Peter the Venerable, *Ep. 27*, to consist in that the latter was "*album et curtum*." Again, the cowl was detached from the froccus, as appears from Bernard, Abbot of Cassino, quoted by Mabillon, *Acta Sanct. Ord. Ben. Sæc. v. Preface, p. 44*.

⁸ Martenne, *ibid.* 1650, 48.

⁹ *Ibid.* 1649, 46.

The black monks meeting a white monk on a journey would stop and stare, and point at the stranger, as if he were a traveller in a foreign dress¹. They reproached the Cistercians with wearing a garment fit only for a time of joy, whilst the monastic state was one of penitence². But the white monks answered, that the life of a monk was not only one of penitence, but was like that of the angels, and therefore they wore white garments, to show the spiritual joy of their hearts. And notwithstanding their coarse bread and hard beds, there was a cheerfulness about the Cistercians, which may in a great measure be traced to what we should now call a sympathy with nature. Their life lay out of doors, amongst vineyards and cornfields; their monasteries, as their names testify, were mostly situated in sequestered valleys, and were, by a law of the order, as old as the time of Alberic, never in towns, but in the country. From their constant meditation as they worked, they acquired a habit of joining their recollections of Scripture to natural objects; hence also the love for the Song of Solomon, which is evident in the earlier ascetic writers of the order. We shall see, in the course of this narrative, abundant proof that Stephen's white habit did not hide a gloomy or unfeeling heart.

The reason assigned for the change of colour in the habit is the devotion to St. Mary, observable in the order from the beginning. It was a standing law that all Cistercian monasteries should be "founded and dedicated to the memory of the queen of heaven and earth, holy Mary³;" the hours of the Blessed Virgin were also recited very early after the foundation of

¹ Pet. Ven. Ep. iv. 17.

² Martenne, *Thes. Anec.* tom. v. 1649, 46.

³ *Nom. Cist. Inst. Cap. Gen.* p. i. c. 18.

Citeaux ; and the angelic salutation⁴ was one of the common acts of devotion put into the mouth of even the lay brethren of the order. The immediate cause of the adoption of the white habit is mysterious ; it seems difficult to account how it should all at once appear, without the sanction of any statute of the order, especially as it was opposed to the custom if not to the rule of the primitive Benedictines. A tradition is even current in the order, that Alberic saw the blessed Virgin in a vision putting upon his shoulders the white garment ; and that he changed the tawny colour of St. Mary Magdalene to the joyful colour sacred to the mother of our Lord, in consequence of the consolation which the vision afforded him in the difficulties with which he was then struggling. The vision has not much historical authority, though the tradition of the order, and the strange circumstance of the change of colour itself, are in favour of its truth. The one thing certain is, that it was assumed in honour of the spotless purity of St. Mary, the special patroness of the Cistercians ; and the circumstance that she was chosen to be the peculiar saint of the rising order is in itself characteristic. One would have thought that the austerity of Alberic and Stephen would have led them to choose some martyr or some unbending confessor of the faith ; but they rather raised their minds to her on whom the mind cannot rest without joy, though her own most blessed soul was pierced through with a sword. She was the spotless lily of the valleys in which the King of Heaven deigned to take up His abode ; and the Cistercians thought it well that she should protect by her

⁴ The latter part of the Ave Maria was not added till the sixteenth century. Vide Mabillon, *Acta Sanc. Præf.* vol. v.

prayers their lowly houses, which were hid from the world in secluded vales, and make them also the dwelling-place of her Son.

It was not, however, only in their habit that the Cistercians imitated the primitive monks; they returned also to the scanty diet which St. Benedict prescribes. It was most of all in this particular that the abuse of dispensations crept in, for in this portion of the rule the abbot was especially to exercise his discretion⁵. A few years after the time when the Cistercian reform was effected, the Cluniacs degenerated, after St. Hugh's death under abbot Pontius; not only did they eat meat every day in the week except Friday⁶, but they ransacked earth and air for highly flavoured dainties. They kept huntsmen, who searched the forest through for venison and wild-boars; their falconers brought them the choicest birds, pheasants, partridges, and wood-pigeons. The province under the archbishopric of Lyons seems at that time to have been especially full of monasteries from which religion had disappeared, inhabited by monks, "whose cloister was the whole world, whose god was their belly⁷." Wine, well spiced, and mixed with honey, and meats highly seasoned with pepper, ginger, and cinnamon, were then to be found in the refectory of Cluny⁸, with all kinds of costly spices, brought from beyond the sea, and even from the East. Monks used also to retire to the infirmary under pretence of sickness, in order to eat meat; and strong healthy brethren might be seen walking about with the support of a staff, which was the mark of the infirm. The liberality of the faithful had also augmented the evil, as might be seen from the necrologies

⁵ Reg. St. Ben. 41.

⁶ Pet. Ven. Ep. vi. 15.

⁷ Pet. Ven. Ep. ii. 2.

⁸ St. Bern. Ep. i. 1. Stat. Pet. Ven. 11.

of monasteries, in which certain benefactors were commemorated, who left sums of money to be laid out in pittances or relaxations for the monks on certain days beyond the rule. St. Benedict gives his monks a pound of bread a day, besides two cooked dishes ; and on days when they had more than one meal, a few raw vegetables or fruits for supper. As far as the letter of the rule went, these dishes might be fish, eggs, milk, cream, cheese, roots, and vegetables of all sorts⁹; even fowls were not excluded ; but the custom of the primitive monks of the order had banished all but the plainest vegetables boiled with salt. Cluny, even in its best times, had added to these frugal rules, and it is probably against the Cluniac innovations that Alberic and Stephen's regulations were framed. The Cluniacs divided their messes into two sorts, one called *generale*, which was allowed by the rule, another was *pitantia*, and beyond it. The regular cooks had nothing to do with the pittance, which was always distributed by the cellarer, the theory being that it was benevolently allowed beside the rule ; again, it was never blessed. The general was given separately to each monk ; the pittance was in one dish between two brethren. The common food of the brethren were beans and other vegetables : minute directions are given " that the beans be stirred from the bottom with a spoon," lest they be scorched. Also they are to be boiled with grease ; and one of the cooks, it is especially provided, may taste " the water of the beans, that he may prove if they be well seasoned." On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the general consisted of beans and vegetables ; besides which there was a pittance, which might be four eggs, or cheese.

⁹ Calmet. Com. Lit. ii. 32.

On other days, the general, besides the vegetables, might be fish or five eggs. No one can accuse this diet of excess, and yet it was beyond the rule of St. Benedict; there is even a story to the effect, that St. Peter Damian was shocked at the style of the refectory at Cluny, and especially at their using grease with their vegetables; and that he expressed his dissatisfaction to St. Hugh¹. It is also quite true that amidst the marshy soil and damp woods of Citeaux, and with much more manual labour than was practised by the Cluniacs, Alberic and Stephen succeeded in establishing a much more strict system than that of Cluny. They rejected, says the *Exordium*, "dishes of divers kinds of food in the refectory, grease also, and whatsoever was opposed to the purity of the rule." It is known that they did not eat fish; even eggs seem to have been excluded, and milk was used only at the season of harvest, and that not as a pittance, but as one of the two dishes allowed by the rule². After half a night spent in singing the divine office, in reading and meditation, and a day spent in agricultural labour, they assembled to what was during a great part of the year their single meal, which consisted solely of what St. Benedict allowed, and that procured by the sweat of their brow. Their fare was the convent bread, and two messes of vegetables, boiled, not with the culinary accuracy of Cluny, but in the plainest way. It is instructive to observe the contrast between St. Hugh and Stephen. The abbot of Cluny himself lived a most austere life, but he was also a

¹ *Bibl. Clun.* 461.

² *Vid. Us. Cist.* 84. for the exclusion of fish and eggs, *vid. Inst. Cap. Gen.* 49, *ap. Nomasticon Cisterciense, et Fastredi, Ep. ap. Op. St. Bern. ed. Ben.*

builder of magnificent churches, and of ecclesiastical ornaments³. He also gave dispensations to weaker brethren ; in one case allowing a nobleman, whose dainty flesh had worn from his birth soft silks and foreign furs, to wear for a time a less rough habit than the rest of the brethren ; in another, increasing the daily portion of the younger monks beyond what the rule prescribed⁴. Stephen, on the other hand, was cast in another mould ; he was made, not to bring on the weak, but to lead the strong. All that belonged to earth he looked upon as an encumbrance, even though it was hallowed by consecration on the altar. He loved coarse and scanty food, because it was a partaking of Christ's sufferings ; and he clung to the rough monastic garment, because it was an imitation of Christ's poverty. It was this love of poverty which also induced them to make another regulation, widely differing from the general practice of the monasteries at that time. "And because," it is said, "neither in the rule, nor in the life of St. Benedict, did they read that that doctor of the Church possessed churches, or altars, or oblations, or burial-grounds, or tithes belonging to other men, or bakehouses, or mills, or farms, or serfs—therefore they rejected all these things." They did not by any means intend to do away with the lands or offices of the convent ; on the contrary, they had already accepted a grant of land with the serfs, and all that was upon it, from the Viscount of Beaune, and we may be sure that both mills and bakehouses were already in full operation at Citeaux ; for St. Benedict's rule prescribes "that all necessary things, such as water, a mill, a

³ Vit. S. Hug. ap. Bib. Clun. p. 420.

⁴ Ibid. et p. 432.

garden, a bakehouse, should if possible be contained within the monastery, and that divers arts should be exercised there⁵." Monks were to be their own millers and bakers, farmers and gardeners: and doubtless such strict observers of the rule as the brethren of Cîteaux had already sunk wells and enclosed a garden. Doubtless, too, they had erected a mill, though it may be safely conjectured, that it was not so large as that of Farfa, a convent which was built after the pattern of Cluny, the mill of which was an edifice seventy feet long, and twenty broad, with a tower over it; nor had it adjoining, as at Farfa, a manufactory where goldsmiths and other artificers were at work⁶. At Cluny, the mill was an important place, where specially before Easter and Christmas a servant of the abbey ground the corn of which the altar-breads were to be made, dressed in an alb, and with a veil enveloping his head⁷. The bakehouse, too, was not left without ornament; it was adorned with boughs of walnut-trees⁸; many things connected with household affairs were at Cluny consecrated with rites of an almost oriental beauty, which reminds one of patriarchal times; thus the new bread was specially blessed in the refectory, as were the first-fruits of beans; and again, the first grapes, which were blessed at the altar during mass⁹. Our poor Cistercians were as yet struggling for existence, and the place where they baked their coarse food was not so picturesque as that of Cluny; but they did not mean by the regulations above quoted, to make use of mills and bakehouses out of the precincts of the abbey; and they expressly say, a little farther on, that "they

⁵ C. 66.⁶ Ann. Ben. tom. iv. p. 208.⁷ Udal. iii. 13. ap. D'Achery, Spicil. tom. i.⁸ Calmet. Com. Lit. ii. 428.⁹ Udal. i. 35.

will receive lands far from the dwelling-place of men, vineyards, and fields and woods, and water to make mills, but for their own use." The wood of Citeaux was, therefore, already an active scene, where the monks might be seen working in silence, broken only by the stroke of the spade, or the noise of the water turning the wheels of the mill, or the bell calling them from their labour. The meaning of the above regulation, then, was, that they were not to possess large domains, with wood and water, corn-fields and vineyards, which they did not cultivate themselves, but let out to tenants. Many were the broad lands possessed by the monks of Cluny, with vassals, and servants both men and women. For the use of the three hundred brethren, as well as of the poor and the guests of the abbey, 560 sextarii of wheat, and 500 of rye monthly, were stored up in granaries, from the various farms which were within reach¹. The possessions of the abbey were divided into districts, over each of which was a dean, appointed to take care that it sent in the proper quantity of whatever was required of it². As for those lands, which were too far from Cluny to send thither their produce, the corn and wine which grew there was sold on the spot, and paid to the Camerarius, who procured clothing and all necessaries for the brethren³. Italy, Spain, and England, sent the produce of their lands to clothe the brethren; one province especially, from the Rhone to the Alps and the sea, was appointed to this duty, and sent its treasures to the camera of Cluny. An English manor, given by King Stephen, usually furnished the monks with shoes and

¹ *Dispositio facta a D. Pet. Ven.*, Baluz. Miscel. tom. iii. p. 72.

² *Udal. iii. 5.*

³ *Ib. iii. 11.*

tockings⁴. Such was Cluny, and that not in a time of degeneracy, but under St. Hugh, and afterwards under Peter the Venerable, when the monks fasted and prayed, and rose in the night to sing psalms; when its vast revenues were not misspent, but daily fed a large number of poor. It was a vast kingdom where Christ reigned, where its saints rested in peace, and which raised an age of peace in a world of strife and bloodshed. Happy were the vassals transferred from a secular lord to the rule of the abbot of Cluny; instead of being oppressed and harried two or three times a year, by exactions over and above their rent, and bought and sold like the cattle on the estate, they were treated as brethren and masters⁵. A castle given to the Cluniacs, instead of a den of thieves, became an oratory. If the brethren sold the produce of the estates at a distance from the abbey, their dealings were marked with a fairness and a generosity, which showed that they trafficked not for gain, but for their own support and to feed the poor⁶.

Still, with all this, what our Cistercians said was quite true; Cluny had, we will not say degenerated from, but changed, St. Benedict's institution. The possessors of these wide domains, though they lived a life of more than ordinary strictness, never touching animal food, and mortifying the flesh with watchings and fasts, yet could not be said to be Christ's poor ones, in the same sense as men who had nothing to depend upon but their own manual labour. It may be said that Cluny was an ancient abbey, enriched by the bounty of kings and bishops, and that Cîteaux was but a poor monastery, struggling into existence; but it is also certain, that a

Disp. facta, &c. ubi sup.

⁵ Pet. Ven. Ep. 28.

⁶ Udal. iii. 11.

stricter profession of poverty was the very distinction between Citeaux and other abbeys : if ever, therefore, it became rich, it was because it broke through its original institution, whilst the riches of Cluny were not necessarily a mark of decline, but a legitimate development. The idea of the monastic state in Stephen's mind was quite different from that conceived by Peter the Venerable.

We have purposely put off the first part of Alberic and Stephen's regulation as to the possessions of the convent, because it forms the most striking contrast with the spirit of Cluny. They would not possess any of the property which had originally belonged to the parochial clergy. The Church, about the end of the eleventh century, was endeavouring to win back the tithes and the revenues of livings from the hands of their lay possessors ; but the iron gauntlet of the feudal noble was found to retain as tight a hold as the dead hand of the Church. The tithes had probably first come into the possession of laymen by the gift of the bishops themselves, in times of danger ; the system of feudalism was extended even to Church property, and the parish churches were put as fiefs into laymen's hands, on condition that they would defend the Church. Though they were never meant to be a perpetual gift, yet the nobles who had them in possession would not give them up ; they had won them by their good sword, and keep them they would. Other nobles had simply seized upon the tithes by violence, principally in the lax times of the Carlovingian dynasty ; and the same injustice which had at first robbed the Church, afterwards resisted it. In vain did St. Gregory VII. and Urban II. order the restitution of tithes, the nobles in *very many cases* would not disgorge the spoil. The

supreme pontiffs acted with the greatest moderation in not pronouncing, though they often threatened the sentence of excommunication. In the meanwhile, a middle course was found ; laymen possessing tithes were allowed to give them up to monasteries, or to found religious houses with them, if the consent of the bishop of the diocese was first obtained. In this way tithes first got into the hands of monasteries ; and though this was not the best possible course, as was afterwards proved, yet it was at the time a remedy for a glaring evil. Bishops, who at one time vehemently opposed this transfer, were led to sanction it by the necessity of the case. In other instances, bishops themselves, with the sanction of their chapter, gave parish churches into the hands of abbeys, thinking that they would exercise their patronage with the greatest wisdom. The feeling which induced the Cistercians to rule that their monastery should possess no tithes, was probably rather a zeal for poverty, than a notion that the thing was wrong in itself. A monk, according to the Cistercian idea, was not to administer the holy Sacraments nor to teach, but he was to remain within his cloister, in prayer and contemplation, in poverty and mortification. In the regulation quoted above, tithes and church property in general are classed with mills, and bakehouses and lands ; all come under the same head, as being possessions, and therefore opposed to poverty. Stephen himself, when abbot of Cîteaux, as will be seen by and by, was present at the council of Troyes, where the Templars were allowed to possess tithes, if the bishop consented ; and St. Bernard, his disciple, himself wrote to an archbishop, to exhort him to consent to the gift of tithes, presented by a layman to a monastery⁷. Their argument, therefore, was not that monks, as being lay-

⁷ Ep. 316.

men, cannot under any circumstances possess tithes, but that, as cultivating lands of their own, they do not come under the old distribution of Church property, one-third to the bishop, another to the clergy, and the rest to the poor, who have no means of earning their own living. Their principal reason then was, that monks must till their ground with their own hands, instead of living upon property which belongs to the clergy. Very different were the maxims of Cluny; one bishop alone gave sixty parish churches to different priories of the Clunian order⁸. Exclusive of the parish churches in and about Cluny itself, more than 150 churches were at one time in the gift of the abbot⁹. It is easy from this fact, to frame an idea of the almost pontifical power of the ruler of this vast abbey; and the whole of the affairs of the house were conducted on a scale of corresponding grandeur. It was not in the person of the brethren that this magnificence was seen, at least not in the good times of Cluny, for the price which their habit was to cost was fixed¹, and they were not above menial arts, such as taking their turn in the kitchen as cooks; but the Church and the buildings of the abbey were in a style which befitted its importance. So far, then, were they from giving up tithes and church lands, in order to depend on their own labour for daily bread, that manual labour was very little practised at all. Udalric, the compiler of their customs, says that he must ingenuously confess, that their manual labour was confined to shelling beans, weeding the garden, and sometimes baking bread. Their time was occupied in long and splendid services in the Church, in reading, praying, and meditation, and in the usual routine of the abbey. They were even allowed

⁸ *Pet. Ven. de Miraculis*, l. 23.

⁹ *Bibl. Clun.* col. 1753.

¹ *Udal.* l. 30.

to write after vespers, when all were sitting in the cloister in silence, provided the pen slipped so noiselessly over the parchment, that no sound broke the perfect stillness². How is it possible, says Peter the Venerable, for monks fed on poor vegetable diet, when even that scanty fare is often cut off by fasts, to work like common labourers in the burning heat, in showers of rain and snow, and in the bitter cold? Besides, it was indecent that monks, which are the fine linen of the sanctuary, should be begrimed with dirt, and bent down with rustic labours³. The good part of Mary must not thus yield to that of Martha. And yet Stephen and his companions found it possible to do all this. Their poor worn-out bodies did not sink under their heavy burdens, nor were the garments of their souls less white because they were thus exposed to suffer from the inclemency of the season. It was, indeed, inexplicable, even to their contemporaries, how they thus could live; but the secret lay in the fervency of the spirit, which kept up the lagging flesh and blood; their lives were above nature, and because, for Christ's sake, they gave up church-lands and tithes, in order to be poor, He bore them up, so that they did not faint under their labours. Besides, they were not the less like the lowly Mary sitting at the Lord's feet, because they worked in the fields; suffering is not incompatible with the better part. The order which produced St. Bernard cannot be accused of not being contemplative. While their bodies were bent in agricultural labours their souls were raised to heaven. Again, they had an expedient by which they were enabled to remain within a short distance of the cloister, however scattered their farms might be, and thus no time was lost in journey

² *Udal* 2. 24.

³ *Pet. Ven. Ep.* 1. 23.

to and from the place of their labour, and they could always return to the duties of the choir, and be within the monastery at the times set apart for meditation. Alberic at once felt the difficulty of keeping up the choir service, when the monks might be obliged to sleep in the farm-houses, or, as they were called, granges of the monastery, and he determined on obviating it by turning to account the institution of lay brethren, which had subsisted for a long time in the Benedictine order. It arose from the nature of things, and not by a regular distinction into choir and lay brethren, at the time of the taking of the vow, as it was afterwards to be. Amongst a great number of monks, many could neither read nor write, and had not faculties for learning the choir services; it was natural that these should be employed in the many menial offices which a large monastery would require. Hence arose the institution of lay brethren; it however appears to have taken its most systematic shape at the very beginning of the Cistercian order. Some of them dwelt in the abbey itself, others in the scattered and lonely granges around it; they kept the flocks and herds of the community, and were its tailors, shoemakers, and blacksmiths. Those who were in the granges were excused from the fasts of the order, except in Advent, and on the Fridays from the 14th of September to Lent⁴. Whenever the bell of the abbey rang for a canonical hour they fell on their knees, and in heart joined the brethren who sang the office in the abbey church. There were thus in every Cistercian abbey "two monasteries, one of the lay brethren, another of the clerics⁵." The choir brethren were thus enabled always to work within a short distance of the

⁴ Nomasticon, Inst. Cap. Gen. 1. 14.

⁵ Dial. inter Clun. et Cist. 3. 43.

abbey, and were strictly forbidden to remain a whole night in any of the granges, without pressing necessity. The relations between the choir and lay brethren were of the closest kind ; instead of being treated as slaves, as they were by their feudal lords, these poor children of the soil, and artizans, were looked upon as brothers, and were by a special law of the order to partake in all spiritual advantages as though they were monks, which in fact they were, in all but the name, for they made their vows in the presence of the abbot, like the other brethren. Politicians, who love equality and liberty, may thank the monks for placing on a level the nobleman and the villain, and for ennobling the cultivator of the soil by stooping down to his lowliness, and partaking of his labours. The world may thank Alberic for this scheme, by which the choir brother imparted his spiritual goods to the poor lay brother, who in turn by his labour gave him time for singing the praises of God during the night, and for meditating on his glories continually. The disciples of Alberic and Stephen in after time followed their steps ; and Alanus, one of the greatest of the schoolmen, finished his life in the rough and lowly labours of a lay brother of Citeaux, and was represented in a recumbent figure on his tomb, in their habit, holding a rosary in his hand. There are few more touching pictures in the annals of Citeaux, than the story⁶ of the poor lay brother sitting to watch by night in the lonely grange, thinking of his brethren in the abbey, while they celebrated the feast of the Assumption, and repeating over and over again the angelic salutation with such devotion, that the angels brought news of it to St. Bernard, then preaching on the subject of the feast-day at Clairvaux.

⁶ *Manriquez* in ann. 1129, c. 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIMES OF ALBERIC.

THE customs of Citeaux have been thus minutely contrasted with the customs of other places, that the reader might know with whom he had to do, what Cistercians were, and why they were not Cluniacs, or Carthusians, or simply Benedictines, though they so strictly professed St. Benedict's rule. They are not an order yet, but only a monastery, and that a very poor one ; it was left to Stephen afterwards to constitute them an order ; they were not even yet Cistercians, but only the poor brethren of New Minster in the wood of Citeaux, and we have called them Cistercians by anticipation. Alberic's rules were very well kept by his brethren ; so that the fervour of the monastery began to be noised abroad. Their old patron, the Duke of Burgundy, was astonished at them ; while some other monks put themselves in the way of receiving the alms of the faithful, these brethren hid themselves from the world. It seemed wonderful how they could subsist in such a damp, out-of-the-way hole as that in which they had seated themselves. Nothing was heard of them, except that day and night went their bells, first the bells for matins, then the great bell tolling out for the lay brethren to get up, and all day long for the hours, and for vespers in the evening, and compline at night-fall. *Nobody knew how they lived, except that their white habits were seen in the fields, as they worked ; and yet*

they asked for nothing. There they were, a wonderful fact in the way of all irreligion and wickedness, men, whose faith was not an abstraction, but who evidently believed that Christ had come down from heaven to die, since such was their love for Him, that they chose to be like Him in all things, even in suffering. And there was the prior Stephen, leading them out to work with his sweet smiling face, notwithstanding all this suffering¹. His spirit had continued unbroken through all his trials, and well might he now be joyful in the Lord, since God had so blessed him in them; he had borne the cross when it entered into his soul, and he now tasted the joy which it always brings with it. Truly "wisdom is justified of her children," and so thought Odo of Burgundy, for he loved the poor monks, and the forest of Cîteaux, and he built him near the abbey a lodge, which in after times was still called the palace even in its ruins. At most of the principal festivals he would come there with his court; he would not celebrate them in the cathedral of Châlons, or in the monastery of St. Benignus of Dijon, but he loved better the brethren of the new monastery, for they sang the praises of God so sweetly, and with such joy, that his heart was touched, and caught fire at their devotion. He found, in the same year as Alberic made the above rules, an opportunity of assisting the monks². It will

¹ Guil. Malm. Gest. Reg. lib. iv.

² The Cistercian annalist places this gift in the year 1102, when it could not have happened, for Duke Odo set out for Jerusalem in 1101. The charter preserved in Du Chesne, *Histoire Généalogique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, says, that it was "post biennium," that is, in the third year after the foundation of Cîteaux, in March 1098. It would thus come into the year 1101. This charter also *proves that the author of l'Art de vérifier les Dates is wrong in making him leave Burgundy in 1097.*

be remembered, that only a portion of Citeaux had been given by the Viscount of Beaune ; the rest had been given them by Odo of Burgundy, who agreed to pay the lord of Beaune twenty solidi a year for the hire of the land. The collectors of the revenues of the lord of Beaune, however, found it a much easier matter to get the money from the monks, who would bear patiently to be oppressed, than from the people of the duke of Burgundy. They therefore applied to the monastery for the twenty shillings, instead of applying to the treasury of the duke. The monks paid the demand in silence, though they could ill afford it out of the poor returns which their lands yielded. At length, Odo heard of the exaction, and determined to free them from it for ever, by assigning a portion of his own ground to the lord of Beaune, out of the produce of which he was to help himself to his twenty shillings ; and the viscount, in return, freed the monks for ever from all claims which he himself, or his heirs, might have upon them. This was indeed the last service which the good duke rendered them, for he set out for the Holy Land that very year in which he conferred this benefit on the monastery. Jerusalem had not long been taken by the crusaders, and Christendom was now arming in support of Godfrey's new kingdom, which was hemmed in on all sides by infidels. The crusaders had obtained possession of the holy sepulchre ; but as if to show that the keeping of this precious treasure depended on the good behaviour of Christians, God never permitted them to hold it by a firm tenure. Its honoured guardians had to defend it at the point of the sword ; the harness was hardly ever off their back, and *no crown* could be less easy than that of Jerusalem. *Odo of Burgundy* never reached the Holy Land ; he

died in 1102, almost as soon as he had reached the army of the crusaders. On his death-bed the sweet song of the Cistercian choir rung in his ears, and he desired that his body should not lie in a foreign land, but should be carried across sea and land to be buried at Citeaux. So his followers obeyed his dying request, and brought his remains back to Burgundy. In dying he gave the last proof of affection for the brethren of Citeaux, by wishing to be buried among them. He might have been buried beneath the walls of many a cathedral or abbey church, better befitting the high and puissant duke of Burgundy, but he chose to lie where his faithful monks would watch around his body, and say a prayer for his soul as they passed his tomb. Times were indeed changed with the old wood of Citeaux, which had a few years before been the habitation of wild beasts ; and now the funeral procession of a prince might be seen moving through it ; and it was a strange meeting, that of the banners and coronet, and the armour of the deceased duke, with the white habit of the monks, who had renounced the world and its honours. They had given up pomp and grandeur, and now one of the highest princes in Christendom was come to lie down at their feet, that they by their intervention might assist his soul before the tribunal of Christ. Truly many men would wish to live in a king's court, but most would rather in death be with the monks. It is not known in what part of the first Church of Citeaux Duke Odo was buried ; indeed it is doubtful whether his body did not lie in the cemetery among the monks. In the magnificent Church afterwards built at Citeaux, his tomb was under the porch of the Church, in a place called the Chapel of the Dukes, where his two sons were *buried with him.*

To be the burial-place of the princes of the earth was not, however, enough for Citeaux; and however regular and admirable was his abbey, yet Alberic had one care which pressed upon his soul. It seemed as if the very existence of the convent was likely to pass away with the present generation, for no novices arrived to fill up the ranks of those who died. If matters did not mend, Citeaux would return again to its former possessors, wolves and wild-boars. Alberic's patience was sorely tried; it was not only that their name would perish from the earth, which would be but a light evil, but the failure of Citeaux would be a proof to the world that the monks of Molesme were right, and that St. Benedict's rule could not now be observed to the letter. It was too much for mortal man to bear, it might be said; and God had shown His disapproval of this over-strictness, by depriving the monastery of spiritual children. They passed many a long day in expectation of an increase of numbers, but the monks who joined them were far too few to give hope of the ultimate continuance of the monastery. Alberic however persevered, feeling sure that at all events it was God's will that he should continue in his present position, and he left the future in God's hands. Stephen and he had seen worse days than this, when they were compelled to leave Molesme, and to betake themselves to the solitude of Hauz, and it might please God to reward them with the sight of an increase of their spiritual children before they died. Alberic certainly did die long before Citeaux became what it afterwards was; but our Lord is said to have given him a supernatural intimation that his order would one day flourish beyond his expectations. The vision *is mentioned* by no contemporary writer, but we give it, *because nothing* can be said against the truth of it, in

itself, and because it contains some remarkable circumstances. Considering the influence that Citeaux afterwards had upon the fortune of the Church, there is no improbability in the supposition that our blessed Lord might, in his condescension, be pleased to console the abbot, when his courage was flagging, by extraordinary means. It is said, that one day, the community was surprised by the entrance of a clerk, who offered himself as a novice. The porch of the monastery at which the new-comer knocked was not an inviting one; it was not an imposing archway with a large gate, with bolts and bars; it was a poor door of wicker work, at which hung a huge iron knocker, at the sound of which a porter appeared with his usual salutation of *Deo gratias*, as if he would say, Thanks be to God that He has sent us a stranger to feed and entertain. This time, however, the new-comer seemed to be no stranger; he seemed to recognize the porter, though the monk could not recollect ever to have seen him before. When brought to the abbot, he appeared to know him also, as well as the prior Stephen, and all the brethren. At length he solved the mystery, by relating his history. He was a clerk, who, when a student of the schools of Lyons, saw in a vision a valley, stretched at the foot of a mountain, and on the mountain was a city of surpassing beauty, on which none could gaze without joy, as its radiant towers crowned the eminence on which it was built. The beholder felt a strange and irresistible desire to enter its gates and dwell there. Around the base of the mountain, however, was a broad river, the waters of which flowed about it, and were too deep for the traveller to ford. As he roamed about in quest of a place where he might cross it, he saw upon the bank, twelve or fourteen poor men washing their garments in the stream. Amongst them was one clad in a

white garment of dazzling brightness, and his countenance and form were very different from the rest ; he went about helping the poor men to wash the spots off their clothes ; when he had helped one, he went to help another. The clerk went up to this august person and said, "What men are ye?" And he answered, "These poor men are doing penance, and washing themselves from their sins ; I am the Son of God, Jesus Christ, without whose aid neither they nor any one else can do good. This beautiful city which thou seest is Paradise, where I dwell ; he who has washed his clothes white, that is, done penance for his sins, shall enter into it. Thou thyself hast been searching long enough for the way to enter into it, but there is no other way, but this one, which leads to it." After these words the sleeper awoke, and pondered over the vision. Soon after he returned home from the schools, and related to the bishop of Châlons, with whom he was intimate, what he had seen in sleep. The bishop advised him to quit the world for the cloister, and above others recommended the new monastery at Citeaux. Thither the clerk went, and he found everything unpromising enough ; the place was barren and desolate, and the brethren dwelling "with the wild beasts." The gate of the monastery did not look a whit more inviting, but what was his astonishment when he saw the porter who answered to the sound of the rude knocker ; he immediately saw that he was one of the men whom he had seen washing their clothes white in the stream. On seeing the abbot and the other brethren, he observed the same thing, and he at once fell on his knees at the feet of Alberic, and begged to be received as a novice. He afterwards became a good monk, and succeeded Stephen *as prior*.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATH OF ALBERIC.

FROM the time of the admission of this monk, which took place in the year 1104, there is a great gap in the Cistercian annals. The greater portion of those chapters in the greater and smaller Exordium of Citeaux which relate to the abbacy of Alberic have been lost; and nothing more is heard of Stephen till the year 1109, when Alberic died. The Exordium simply mentions his death in the following few words, "Now the man of God, Alberic, after having exercised himself in the school of Christ by the discipline of the rule, for nine years and a half, departed to the Lord, a man glorious in faith and virtue, and therefore to be blessed by God in life everlasting for his merit." He died on the 26th of January. St. Alberic has been canonized by the veneration of the faithful, and many miracles are said to have taken place at his tomb. Certainly, if any one deserved well of the Church, it was St. Alberic. The regulations which he passed into laws may be called the first statutes of the order, and they first gave to Citeaux a tangible form by which it was distinguished from other monasteries. He worked on in faith, without seeing the fruits of his labours, and he was called away from it when the infant community was in great perplexity. It seemed dying away as its members successively died, and bade fair not to outlast its first generation. His death *was therefore a most painful trial to Stephen, who was*

thus deprived of his friend and companion, whom he had found at Molesme, when he first came there, and who had shared with him all his hardships ; now he was left alone when he most needed counsel and support. Stephen's spirit seems, however, to have risen with the thought that his dear friend already possessed his crown, and might help him with his prayers even more than he had done with his counsels when alive. He had as prior to incense and sprinkle with holy water the body of his friend, and to throw earth upon it, when it lay in the grave ; and then the procession returned in inverse order, the lay brethren and the convent first, and himself last, with the cross borne before him ¹. They then repaired to the chapter, where he addressed them a discourse which has been preserved. "All of us have alike a share in this great loss, and I am but a poor comforter, who myself need comfort. Ye have lost a venerable father and ruler of your souls ; I have lost, not only a father and ruler, but a friend, a fellow-soldier and a chief warrior in the battles of the Lord, whom our venerable father Robert, from the very cradle of our monastic institute had brought up in one and the same convent, in admirable learning and piety. He is gone from us, but not from God, and if not from God, then not from us ; for this is the right and property of saints, that when they quit this life they leave their body to their friends, and carry away their friends with them in their mind. We have amongst us this dear body and singular pledge of our beloved father, and he himself has carried us all away with him in his mind with an affectionate love ; yea, if he himself is borne up to God, and joined with Him in undivided love, he has joined us too, who are in

¹ Usus Cist. p. i. 98.

him, to God. What room is there for grief? Blessed is the lot, more blessed he to whom that lot has fallen, most blessed we to be carried up to such a presence, for nothing can be more joyful for the soldiers of Christ, than to leave this garment of flesh, and to fly away to Him for love of whom they have borne so many toils. The warrior has got his reward, the runner has grasped his prize, the conqueror has won his crown, he who has taken possession, prays for a palm for us. Why then should we grieve? Why mourn for him who is in joy? Why be cast down for him who is glad? Why do we throw ourselves before God with murmurs and mournful words, when he, who has been borne up to the stars, is pained at our grief, if the blessed can feel pain; he who by an earnest longing prays that we may have a like consummation. Let us not mourn for the soldier who is at rest; let us mourn for ourselves, who are placed in the front of battle, and let us turn our sad and mournful words into prayers, begging our father who is in triumph, not to suffer the roaring lion and savage enemy to triumph over us." Such were Stephen's words when he had just parted with his dearest friend; as usual he seems to rise with his difficulties. Indeed he had full need of this bold spirit, for he was about to succeed the sainted Alberic in his most painful dignity. The monks unanimously elected him their abbot, and he found himself with the whole weight of the spiritual and temporal direction of the new convent on his shoulders. William of Malmesbury says that he was absent at the time that he was elected, and some suppose that he withdrew from Citeaux for fear of being elected. It does not, however, appear how his absence could have prevented his election, unless he intended to leave Citeaux altogether, of which *there is no record whatever*. Saints fly from dignities,

which bring with them rank and splendour; but the poor abbey of Citeaux had nothing to recommend it but hardship and labour, and these were a species of distinction from which Stephen was not the man to shrink. It is therefore most probable that some other motive occasioned his absence, though it does not appear what it was. He elected Robert, the monk who saw the vision which we have related, prior in his room.

CHAPTER X.

STEPHEN AS ABBOT.

PHEN found himself heir to all St. Alberic's difficulties, as well as to his dignity. He received from him a convent perfect in its internal arrangement, but one which men seemed rather disposed to admire at a distance, and not to enter. The new abbot, however, felt certain that the principle on which Citeaux had been founded was the right one; it was one which must in time catch all the ardent spirits in the Church, who wished to be monks in order to crucify the flesh, and not merely to seek for repose. Hatred of poverty had been the great bane of monasteries, and his aim was to restore the primitive discipline of St. Benedict, which had well nigh been forgotten. In order to do this, he must not only exhibit it in his own person, but he must create, so to speak, a monastery in full operation, one to which novices would flock, and which was to last to the end of the world, a school of Christian discipline. He took what would appear a strange expedient to entice novices to Citeaux. His first act was, to all appearance, the cutting off all worldly support from the monastery. Hugo, the successor of Odo, the duke of Burgundy, who was buried at Citeaux, followed his father's example in frequenting the church of the monastery on all great festivals. He brought with him a large train of nobles, whose splendid appointments were but an ill match for the simplicity of poverty of the church. The presence of this

brilliant array seemed to Stephen ill-suited to the place; the jangling of steel spurs, and the varied colours of the dress of the courtiers, were a poor accompaniment to the grave chaunt and the poor habit of the brethren. Every one knows that the sight of a king's court is pleasing, and men go a great way to see it; now the echo of earthly pleasure and the presence of earthly joy are inconsistent with the profession of a monk, whose conversation ought to be in heaven. Men may say what they will about ideal perfection, but it is a sure fact, that saints are very much nearer perfection than we may think. Human frailties are on the long run unavoidable; but, at all events, the frailty of liking the vicinity of princes and nobles in not one of these, for Stephen did avoid it. He declared that no prince should henceforth hold his court in the church of Citeaux. Apparently this act was at once cutting himself off from all earthly protection; the presence of a ducal court was no empty show, it was a guarantee that swords would be drawn and lances put in rest to defend Citeaux. All this Stephen, as it seemed, threw away; he knew that God specially guarded the destitute, and he preferred the guardianship of saints and angels to that of an earthly prince. God rewarded his faith, for he did not ultimately lose the favour of Hugo, who after his death rested side by side with his father in the chapel under the porch of the abbey church. Before that time, however, the community had suffered many a hardship, which might have been averted had the powerful duke of Burgundy been as good a friend to the convent as heretofore. Stephen's next step was one with which modern notions of monasticism are still more inconsistent. He *forbade that, says the Exordium*, "in the house of God, in which they wished to serve God devoutly day and night

any thing should be found which savoured of pride and excess, or can in any way corrupt poverty, that guardian virtue which they had chosen of their own accord." According to this, no crucifixes of gold or silver were to be used; one candlestick alone was to light up the church, and that not branching with elaborate ornaments, but studded with precious stones, but of iron; censers were to be of brass; chasubles, not of gold and silver tissue, or of rich silk, but of common stuff; albs and vestments of linen; copes, tunics, and dalmatics were sumptuously excluded. Even the chalices were not to be of gold, but silver gilt, as was also to be the pipe through which they received the blessed Blood of the Lord in

Holy Eucharist. This was indeed a strange way of attracting novices: the monastic churches were frequented by men on account of the splendour of the vestments, for sacred vessels, and altars adorned with gold and gems, for the number of ecclesiastics in splendid vestments passing to and fro before their eyes in seemly order. But by this act Stephen proclaimed to the world that they did not wish their church to be crowded with visitors; they wished to remain known only to God, in the heart of their marshy forest; but he knew that there must be many in the Church who longed to serve God in poverty and oblivion, and he reckoned upon receiving them into Cîteaux. The novice who came there must come from the pure love of God, since he even gave up what was considered the heritage of monks, and the compensation for their toils, a striking ceremonial, and solemn rites. This is indeed very different from the notion which our fancy frames of monks, men of warm imaginations, who retired to a cloister to wear a picturesque habit, and to be free from toils; and it reads *an salutary lesson to those whose Catholicism consists in a*

love of "æsthetic" religion. Stephen did not at all, by rejecting these means of external devotion, intend to pronounce against the consecration of the riches of the world to the service of the sanctuary ; he was a monk, and had to do with monks alone ; it was quite certain that St. Benedict intended poverty to be an essential feature of the cloister, and Stephen was determined to prove that St. Benedict's rule might be kept in the twelfth century as it had been in the sixth. The Church was not in her dotage, and her children could do then what they had done before. Another reason for the rejection of splendour of worship was, because it interfered with meditation, properly so called, the contemplation of heavenly things without the aid of the senses. Not only were splendid vestments excluded from Cîteaux, but, as we learn from its early statutes¹, sculptures and pictures were not allowed in the church, "because, while the attention is given to such things, the profit of godly meditation and the discipline of religious gravity are often neglected." Without determining which of the two is the better, it will at once be seen, that the devotion which floats to heaven on the sounds of beautiful music, and is kept alive by a splendid religious scene, is very different from that which, with closed eyes, and senses shut up, sings the praises of God, and at the same time is fixed on the heavenly mysteries without any intermediate channel. This latter species of devotion can only exist without danger in the Catholic church, whose creed is fixed and her faith unchangeable, while she herself is an external body, the image of her Lord. Stephen, therefore, could securely reject, to a certain extent, the aid of external religion ; for his mind, trained

¹ Inst. Cap. Gen. i. 20.

in the Catholic faith, had a definite object to rest upon, the Holy Trinity, with the inexhaustible and incomprehensible treasures of contemplation therein contained. Though the chalice was not of gold, he knew what was in it, even his blessed Lord ; and he could think upon the saints, with their palms and crowns in heaven, though their images were not sculptured about him. Again, though sculptures and paintings were not allowed, yet one image is expressly excepted ; crucifixes of wood, painted to the life, were placed in the church, and these must, from the colouring and material, have been much more real than golden or silver figures, however well sculptured, could have been. It should also be observed, that architecture is not excluded from this list of prohibitions ; the old church of Citeaux, built in Stephen's time, still existed when Martenne² came to visit the monastery ; it stood in all its simplicity beside the vast and splendid edifice, a strange relic of the ancient times of Citeaux ; yet, notwithstanding the contrast, its beauty is praised by the Benedictine. The line which Stephen marked out for himself was therefore definite ; costliness, pomp, and unnecessary ornaments were excluded, but beauty of shape was kept. He would not have a misshapen chasuble, though he eschewed cloth of gold, nor would he have an unsightly church, though he loved simplicity. It is scarcely possible to conceive a better type of Citeaux than a great Norman church, such as is seen in the abbeys of Caen, with its vast round arches and simple

² Voy. Lit. i. 223. Martenne there incidentally says, that this church was consecrated in 1106 ; if so, it must have been a different church from that built by the duke of Burgundy. This event is not recorded by the Cistercian historians ; no notice has been taken of it *in the text*, because the Benedictine gives no authority for the assertion, though it is exceedingly likely in itself.

shafts clustering round a massive pier ; even its austere capitals, looking like an imitation of the architecture of the Roman empire, might come in as the counterpart of Stephen's notion of going back to St. Benedict as his model.

These new regulations of the abbot of Citeaux were the more bold, because they were directly opposed to what may be called the leading religious men of the day. St. Hugh of Cluny died the very year that they were put in force, and the state of things which he had introduced at Cluny of course acquired a new sanctity from the saintly memory which he had left behind him. Differing as they did in other respects, nothing can shew the difference of his spirit and that of Stephen, more than the contrast between them in this particular. St. Hugh had a great fondness for ecclesiastical ornaments. "He said within himself," writes his biographer, "with the Prophet: 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thine honour dwelleth ;' and whatsoever the devotion of the faithful gave, he entirely consecrated to adorning the church or to the expenses of the poor³." The vast church which he built at Cluny, (as it is said, by the Divine command conveyed in a vision,) was reckoned the most beautiful of his time ; it contained stalls in the choir for 220 monks. It had two side aisles and two transepts, and two vast lanterns gave light to the whole. At the upper end was a beautiful apse supported by eight marble columns, each of which could hardly be embraced by two men. All the precious things of the world were consecrated to the adornment of this splendid basilica : one beautiful corona of lights,

³ Hildebert ap. Bibl. Clun. 420.

the gift of Matilda, queen of England, made after the pattern mentioned in Exodus⁴, especially caught the eye of beholders, as it hung before the high altar: it was made of gold and silver, and its delicate branches blazed with crystals and beryls interspersed among its beautifully wrought lilies⁵. Even the immense hall, which was the refectory of the convent, had its own religious ornaments; it was painted all round with figures of saints of the Old and New Testament, and of the founders and benefactors of Cluny: but the principal object was a large figure of our Lord, with a representation of the terrible day of judgment. All the ceremonies in the church were most solemn and imposing, seen by the dim light of its narrow windows⁶ cut through the thick wall, or with the sun shining through the ample lanterns; or again with its blaze of lights, and specially the seven before the holy Cross on the night of our Lord's nativity, when the church was adorned with rich hangings, and all the bells rang out, and the brethren walked in procession round the cloisters, their hearts burning with the words of good St. Hugh, spoken the evening before in the chapter⁷. Who could blame the holy abbot for enlisting the senses in the service of religion? he could not be accused of pomp or pride, who in his simplicity took his turn in washing the beans in the kitchen⁸; his heart, in the beauties of the sanctuary saw but an image of the worship in the courts of heaven, and was not entangled or brought down to earth by the blaze of splendour around him. Still all this, as we have said before, was a development upon St. Benedict's rule and does not seem to have

⁴ Exod. xxv. 31—39.

⁵ Bibl. Clun. 1640.

⁶ *Ann. Ben.* tom. v. p. 252.

⁷ *Udal.* l. 11. 46. *Bibl. Clun.* 1273. ⁸ *Udal.* l. 1. 46.

been contemplated by him : if he had walked in Cluniac cloister, and had seen its grotesque ornament with the apes and centaurs peeping out from the ric foliage, the huntsmen with horns and hounds, and th knights fighting together on the walls⁹, he woul hardly have known where he was. Stephen's doubtles was the original conception of monasticism, which tim had altered, if it had not corrupted. St. Hugh woul have the church all glorious within, and her clothin without of wrought gold ; but Stephen wished her to l like her Lord, in whom was found no comeliness th men should desire Him ; but Stephen's pastoral staff wa a crooked stick such as an old man might carry ; S Hugh's was overlaid with foliage wrought in silve mixed with ivory¹: yet the souls of both were the wor manship of that One blessed Spirit, who divideth to eve man severally as He will. Though the abbot of Clur took advantage of all the treasures of art and natu and turned them to the service of God, while on t other hand Stephen in many cases rejected the help external religion, yet both could find a place in t Catholic Church, whose worship is not carnal, nor y so falsely spiritual as to cease to be the body of t Lord.

⁹ St. Bern. Apol. ad Guil.

¹ Voy. Lit. i. 226.

CHAPTER XI.

STEPHEN IN TIMES OF WANT.

THE consequence of Stephen's thus boldly casting off the protection of the duke of Burgundy, and all that could attract the world into the solitude of Citeaux, soon began to be visible. In the year 1110 it was discovered that the world was inclined to forget those who had forgotten it; for either from the failure of crops, or from some other unknown cause, the convent was reduced to a state not only of poverty but of beggary, and no one was found to relieve it. Stephen's was but a poor abbacy; he had now been scarcely a year in his new dignity, and he found himself lord of a starving community; but he had already counted the cost, and he knew that his Lord would not leave his servants to die of want in the depths of their forest. His countenance was therefore not a whit less smiling on account of his difficulties, and he cheered up his brethren by his earnest words. At length the extremity of want came upon the monastery, and one day the brother cellarer came to the abbot and informed him that there was not enough for one day's provision in the house. "Saddle me two asses," was Stephen's only answer: when they were ready, the abbot himself mounted one, and bade a lay-brother mount the other. He then ordered his companion to beg bread from door to door in a certain village; while he himself went to beg in another, and he appointed a place where they should meet after

making their rounds. To a passing stranger the holy man must have looked very like one of those Sarabaitæ or wandering monks, of whom St. Benedict speaks, on a voyage in quest of gain, so strange must have been his figure, mounted as he was on the ignoble beast, in his white habit, and his rough cowl over his shaven head ; but his face was radiant with joy, for never was he more like his blessed Lord, than when he was thus reduced to beggary. After having gone through the village, begging as he went, he met this lay-brother returning from his task ; on comparing notes the brother's wallet was found to be very much more full than his superior's. "Where hast thou been begging?" said the abbot, with a smile ; "I see thou hast been gleaning in thicker stubble than I. Where, prithee, hast thou been glean- ing?" The lay-brother answered, "The priest whom you know full well filled my wallet," and he mentioned the priest's name. The abbot at once recognized the priest to be one who had obtained his benefice by simony. It was then in the thick of the contest about investitures, and Stephen shuddered at receiving aught from hands stained with such a sin ; and he groaned aloud and said, "Alas ! for thee ; why didst thou receive aught there? thou didst not know, then, that that priest had been simoniacally ordained ; and what he has accepted is leprosy and rapine. As the Lord liveth, of all that he has given us, we will taste nothing. God forbid that we should eat of his sin, and that it be turned into the substance of our bodies !" He then called some shepherds, who were near the spot, and emptied all the contents of the wallet into their laps. This is but one instance, which has been preserved almost by chance, of the *difficulties* under which the convent laboured, and of *Stephen's* unworldly way of meeting them ; the par-

ticulars of their daily life in these trying times have been forgotten. Many other facts of the same sort doubtless were handed down and told by the monks in after-times, as this which we have mentioned was related by Master Peter, surnamed Cantor ; but the convent traditions have died away, and the chronicles have not recorded more, till we come to the last acts which closed these times of difficulty. It was by what would be called a strange coincidence that the wants of the brethren were at last relieved. The monks called it a miracle wrought by God at Stephen's prayers ; and if the truth be told, we think they were right. It seems to be but scriptural to believe that it happened, as our Lord has promised, "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father¹." However, the reader shall judge for himself. It was a long dreary season, the time of this downright beggary of Citeaux. It was of no great consequence during Lent ; but Lent passed away, and Easter came without alleviation. Still the monks, buoyed up by the cheerfulness of their abbot, did not allow their spirits to flag, and only rejoiced the more because they suffered for Christ's sake. At length Pentecost came, and it was found that there was hardly bread in the house to last out the day ; nevertheless the brethren prepared for the mass of that great day with ecstasies of joy. They began to chaunt the solemn service with overflowing hearts, and before the mass was over God rewarded their faith, for succours arrived at the gate of the monastery from an unexpected source. "In these and the like events," says the old monk who relates it, "the man of God, Stephen, weighing within himself how true are those

¹ John xiv. 12.

words of Scripture, 'They who fear the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good,' looked with wonder on the bounty and mercy of God on himself and his brethren: more and more did he progress in holy religion, and gloried in the straits of blessed poverty, as in all manner of riches." At length the crisis came; even after the mercy of God on Whitsunday their sufferings were not over, nay, they were at their height, and with them proportionately rose the abbot's faith. He called to him one of the brethren, and, as says the same historian, "speaking to him in the Spirit of God, said to him, 'Thou seest, dearest brother, that we are brought into a great strait by want; nay, well nigh are our brethren's lives brought into peril by hunger, cold, and other sufferings. Go then to the market of Vezelay, which is very soon coming on, and buy there three waggons, and for each waggon three horses, strong and fit for draught, of which we are very much in need for carrying our burdens. And when thou hast laden the waggons with clothes and food and other necessities, thou shalt bring them with thee, and come back to us in joy and prosperity.'" The poor brother was astonished at the good abbot's command, and it probably crossed him that he was sent on a fool's errand; however, in the spirit of holy obedience he said, "I am ready, my lord and father, to obey thy commands, if thou wilt but give me money to buy these necessities." The abbot, however, had no such intentions; he felt quite sure in his royal heart that the crisis was come, and that God was now going to help them. As a physician can see deeper into a disease when it is at its height than the bystanders, so can the spiritual man see into God's providence further *than other men*. He issued, therefore, his orders with a quiet tone, as if the wealth of Peru was at his com-

mand. Regardless of the monk's astonishment, he said, "Be it known to thee, brother, that when, in care and anxiety, I searched for means for relieving the wants of our brethren, I found but three pence in the whole house. Take them, if thou wilt. As for the rest, whatever is wanting, the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ will provide it. Go then without fear, for the Lord will send his angel with thee, and will prosper thy way." It is not on record whether the monk took the three pence with him ; but it is certain, whether he did or no, that they would not help him much on his mission. However, he started for the town which the abbot had mentioned. When he got there, he went to the house of a friend, and told him of his difficulties. Now it happened that a rich neighbour of this friend was on his deathbed, distributing alms to the poor. Thither then the man went, and related in what straits were the monks of Citeaux, whose holiness was well known all over the country ; the dying man on hearing this, sent for the monk, and gave him as much money as would suffice to buy all that the abbot had ordered. Away then he went, and bought his three waggons and nine horses, and all the articles of which the brethren stood in need, and then started merrily for Citeaux. When he got near the monastery he sent word to the abbot that he was coming, and how accompanied. Stephen, in the holy rapture of his heart, assembled the chapter and said, "The God of mercy, the Lord God of mercy has frankly and bountifully dealt with us. Yea, nobly indeed, generously indeed, hast Thou done, Thou who providest for us, our Shepherd, opening Thine hand and filling our poverty with plenteousnes." Then the abbot put on his sacred vestments, and took his *pastoral staff* in his hand, and with the whole convent

in procession, the cross and holy water solemnly before him, went to meet the brother and his companions at the abbey gate. This was the last of the trials Stephen had to undergo from the failure of the revenues of his convent. The alms of the faithful were in apace, and the cellarer had never again to re-stock the empty granary to the abbot.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MORTALITY AT CITEAUX.

ALL, however, was not over yet ; the sorest trial of all was yet to come, far worse than the obstinacy of the monks of Molesme, or the penury of Citeaux. In the year 1111 and 1112, a mortality broke out amongst the brethren ; and Stephen saw several of his spiritual children dying off one by one before his eyes. In that year the whole Church was sick, for it was then that pope Pascal was held in captivity by the emperor Henry V., and what was worse, gave up the right of granting investitures. Then some bishops spoke harsh words against the sovereign pontiff, that he should be deposed, and the hearts of all men were failing them for fear. But the repentance of Pascal and the firmness of the bishops, and specially of Guido, archbishop of Vienne, saved the Church after a season. It was during this time of confusion for all Christendom, that Citeaux was in mourning. First one brother went, and then another ; independently of all other considerations, the loss of men who had borne with him the burden and heat of the day, must have been most painful to Stephen. The ties which bound one member of a religious community to another, in death as well as in life, were of the closest kind. As in life they had helped one another on in the painful task of crucifying the flesh, so in death they who remained behind on earth helped their brethren, who, *as passing away before them from this world, by their*

prayers and by their presence. Though monks all their lives through looked death in the face in frequent mutations, yet they did not consider that they could be too well prepared for that dreadful moment. It was dreadful, not only because the soul is about to appear before its God, but also because it is an hour of actual conflict with the devil, who then often marshals all his powers for a last effort, and endeavours to shake the faith of the dying man. It was therefore the rule in a convent, that all the brethren should come unto the death-bed of a dying monk to help him against his spiritual enemy. The death of a brother was thus a subject of personal interest to each member of a convent, and from this point of view alone, the successive deaths of friends must have been a bitter trial to Stephen. As abbot, it was his lot to go, at the head of the brethren clad in alb, stole, and maniple, and with his pastoral staff in his hand, to the chamber of the dying man to administer to him extreme unction, and to give him the holy rood to kiss¹. Again and again during those painful years he was summoned to the bedside of a brother, to anoint his limbs before his soul passed away from his body. And how often when the last agony was actually come, did the harsh strokes of the wooden mallet² which usually called the convent together, sound through the cloister, together with the tolling of the bell, to summon the community to the death-bed of a brother! Then all labour was hastily given up, even the divine office was broken off, and all went to the dying man's room, repeating aloud the words of the Creed. There they found him lying on ashes sprinkled on the floor in the form of a cross, for that was the

¹ *Usus Ord. Cist. i. 93.*

² *Tabula.*

ture in which monks died ; and then they commended his soul to God with Litanies and the Penitential Psalms. In all these mournful ceremonies, and in all those which took place around the corpse before and at the burial, Stephen as abbot had the chief place ; the crosses and the graves silently multiplied before him in the church-yard, and still no novices arrived to fill the empty stalls of those who were dead. The cause of the mortality is not known ; it may have been that the marshy soil of the wood had not been properly drained, and that the brethren sunk under the damp air, to which, from their long abstinence, their bodies were peculiarly sensitive. It could not have been the austerity of their life alone, for thousands afterwards followed their steps, and died of a good old age ; still it was certain that the world would put it down to that cause, and even the monks of the day would look upon the convent as one cursed by God on account of the fanatical austerities of its inmates. Stephen's cares thus multiplied upon him, and he found no consolation from them except in the time of the divine office. It is recorded of him, that after the evening collation was read, as he entered into the church he used to pause at the entrance with his hand pressing on the door. One of the brethren, whom he especially loved, frequently observed this silent gesture as he went into church, and ventured to ask him what it meant. "The holy father," says the Exordium, "answered, 'I am forced during the day to give free course to many thoughts for the ordering of the house ; all these I bid to remain outside the door, and I tell them not to enter in, and to wait till the morrow, when I find them all ready for me after Prime has been said.'" However the abbot might manage to drive away *distressing thoughts* during the quiet hours of the night,

while the monks were chaunting the office in church, yet they recurred with tenfold force during the day, when all the cares of the house came upon him, while his spiritual children were dying about him. At times even his faith all but failed ; it crossed his mind that the monks who scoffed at Citeaux might after all be right. The Cistercian manner of life might be displeasing to God, and the frequent deaths of the brethren and the barrenness of the monastery might be a punishment for their presumption in attempting to go beyond what God allowed. Pain in itself is not pleasing to God, and an austere life, unless it be joined by charity to Christ's sufferings, becomes simple pain, for His merits alone convert our sufferings into something sacramental, and make them meritorious in the eyes of God. He might therefore have been leading his poor brethren into the wilderness, and have made them there perish with hunger, and their blood would be required at his hands. These melancholy thoughts tormented him, and at last they broke out into words, when with the whole convent he was summoned to attend the deathbed of another brother who was about to follow the many inmates of Citeaux who had already died. All the brethren wondered, as he spoke the words, at the calm faith with which he pronounced them, notwithstanding the deep anxiety which they displayed. Thus then in the presence of all he addressed the dying man. "Thou seest, dearest brother, in what great weariness and failing of heart we are, for we have done our best to enter upon the strait and narrow way which our most blessed father Benedict has proposed in his rule, and yet we are not well assured whether this our way of life is pleasing to God ; especially since by all the monks of our neighbourhood we have long been looked upon as devisers of novelty, and

as men who kindle scandal and schism. But more than all, I have a most piercing grief which cuts me through to the heart like a spear, and that is, the fewness of our members; for one by one, and day after day, death comes in and hurries us away. Thus I very much fear this our new religious institute will perish with ourselves, for God has not thought fit, up to this time, to associate with us any zealous persons, who love the lowliness of holy poverty, through whom we could hand down to posterity the model of this our rule of life. Wherefore, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, for whose love we have entered upon the strait and narrow way which He proposes to His followers in the Gospel, and by virtue of thine obedience, I command thee, at whatever time and in whatever way the grace of the same our Lord may determine, that thou return to us, and give us information touching this our state, as far as His mercy will allow." He spoke these words with a quiet confidence, which looked beyond the grave, so that he appalled the brethren; but the dying monk, with a bright smile lighting up his features, said, "Willingly will I do, my lord and father, what thou commandest, if only I, through the help of thy prayers, shall be allowed to fulfil thy command." The result of this strange dialogue, held on the confines of life and death, was not long in appearing. The brother died, and a few days after he had passed away, the abbot was in the fields working with the brethren. At the usual time he gave the signal for rest, and they laid aside their labour for a while. He himself withdrew a little way from the rest, and with his head buried in his cowl, sat down to pray. As he was in this position, lo! the departed monk appeared before him, surrounded by a blaze of glory, and, as it seemed, rather buoyed up in

air, than standing on the ground. Stephen asked him how he fared. "Well, good father abbot," he answered, "well is it with me, and well be it with thee, for by thy teaching and care I have merited to obtain that never-ending joy, that unknown peace of God, which passeth all understanding, to gain which I patiently and humbly bore the hard toils of our new order. And now according to thy bidding I have returned to bring news of the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ to thee, father, and to thy brethren; you bade me certify you of your state, and I say unto you, Lay aside all doubt, and hold it for certain that your life and conversation is holy and pleasing to God. Moreover, the grief at thy want of children to leave behind thee, which gnaws deep into thy heart, shall very soon disappear and turn to joy and triumph; for even yet the children, which thou who wast childless shalt have, shall cry in thine ears, 'The place is too strait for us, give place to us that we may dwell!'. For behold, from this time forth, the Lord hath done great things for you, in sending many men unto you, and among them very many of noble birth and learned. Yea, and like bees swarming in haste and flowing over the hive, they shall fly away and spread themselves through many parts of the world; and out of that seed of the Lord, which by His grace has been heaped together here, they shall lay up in the heavenly granaries many sheaves of holy souls, gathered from all parts of the world." On hearing these words the abbot sat wrapt in joy at the favour which the Lord had shown to him. Though the heavenly messenger had finished his task, he still lingered and remained visible to Stephen; he had undertaken the mission while on earth, in obedience

to his superior, and he must not go without the leave of him who had imposed the task upon him ; just as he would have done had he been still a living monk, speaking to his abbot in the little parlour at Citeaux, the glorified spirit waited for the benediction of the father. At length he said to Stephen, " It is now time, lord abbot, that I return to Him who sent me ; I pray thee dismiss me in the strength of thy blessing." Stephen shrank back at the thought of assuming authority over that blessed soul, and at last broke silence : " What is it that thou sayest ? Thou hast passed from corruption to incorruption, from vanity to reality, from darkness to light, from death to life, and thou wouldest be blessed by me, who am still groaning under all these miseries ? This is against all just right and reason ; I ought rather to be blessed by thee, and therefore I pray thee to bless me." But the glorified brother answered : " Not so, father, for the Lord hath given to thee the power of blessing, for He has placed thee on a pinnacle of dignity and of spiritual rule. But me, thy disciple, who by thy healthful doctrine have escaped the stains of the world, it befits to receive thy blessing ; nor will I go hence till I have received it." Stephen, though confused and filled with wonder, did not dare to refuse, and lifting his hand, he blessed him, and the happy soul immediately disappeared, leaving him in a transport of wonder at the favour which our Lord had accorded to him. It required a holy daring at first to seek for this mysterious meeting ; and none but one who, like Stephen, had from dwelling alone with the Lord, in the wilderness and forest, realized the unseen world, could have behaved with calmness and presence of mind, when that world was so suddenly opened upon him. *A modern philosopher has in mere wantonness sported*

on the brink of the grave, and made such an agreement as Stephen made with his dying disciple ; but this boldness arose from infidelity, Stephen's from strong faith, and God punished the infidel for thus tempting Him by leaving him in his error, while He rewarded the holy abbot by a vision². Let no one venture into the world unseen, who does not live above the world of sense. Stephen, however, was now rewarded for all his trials, and for his confidence in God, who never forsakes those that trust in Him. He passed at once from the dreadful state of uncertainty which had harassed him, to one of assurance ; he had still a long and dreary journey before him, and his crown was not yet won,—nay it might still be lost ; but at all events, he now felt sure that the path on which he had entered was the very narrow way of the Lord, and not one which he had chosen for himself in self-will.

² “Osborne went to the West Indies, where he became an eminent lawyer, and made money, but died young. He and I had made a serious agreement, that the one who happened first to die, should, if possible, make a friendly visit to the other, and acquaint him how he found things in that separate state. But he never fulfilled his promise.”—Franklin's Life, vol. i. p. 57.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NOVICES.

THE vision not only assured Stephen that the Cistercian way of life was acceptable to God, but seemed also to prophesy a speedy increase of numbers in the monastery. Shortly afterwards another event occurred, which the monks interpreted as pointing the same way. Another of the brethren was dying, and on his death-bed he told the abbot that he had dreamed that he saw a vast multitude of men washing their clothes in a fountain of most pure water near the church of Citeaux, and that he heard a voice saying that the name of the fountain was *Ænon*. This it will be remembered was the name of the place where the austere St. John baptized a multitude of men with the baptism of repentance. The dream then was taken to mean that a multitude would come to Citeaux to wash their stained garments white by penance. Whatever the vision portended, it is certain that the days of mourning for Citeaux were nearly over. Fourteen years of widowhood and barrenness had now passed away since its first foundation, and the fifteenth at last was to bring consolation with it. In the year 1113, the iron hammer which hung at the lowly gate of the monastery sounded, and a large number of men entered the cloister, which was hardly ever visited except by some traveller who had been benighted in the forest of Citeaux. Thirty men entered, and coming to Stephen, begged to be admitted as novices. There

were amongst them men of middle age, who had shone in the councils of princes, and who had hitherto worn nothing less than the furred mantle or the steel hauberk, which they now came to exchange for the poor cowl of St. Benedict; but the greater part were young men of noble features and deportment, and well might they, for they were of the noblest houses in Burgundy. The whole troop was led by one young man of about twenty-three years of age, and of exceeding beauty¹. He was rather tall in stature; his neck was long and delicate, and his whole frame very thin, like that of a man in weak health. His hair was of a light colour, and his complexion was fair; but with all its paleness, there was a virgin bloom spread over the thin skin of his cheek. His face was such as had attracted the looks of many high-born ladies²; but an angelic purity and a dovelike simplicity shone forth in his eyes, which shewed at once the serene chasteness of his soul. This young man was he who was afterwards St. Bernard, and who now came to be the disciple of Stephen, bringing with him four brothers and a number of young noblemen, to fill the empty cells of the novices of Citeaux. Well was it worth toiling all the cold dreary night of expectation, if such was to be the ultimate result of the fishing. "On that day," says an old monk, "the whole house seemed to have heard the Holy Spirit responding to them in these words, 'Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child, for more are the children of the desolate than the children

¹ Vid. Description of St. Bernard's person by Gaufridus, intimate friend and secretary of the Saint, and afterwards abbot of Clairvaux. St. Bern. Vit. i. lib. iii. l. Ed. Ben.

² Guil. i. 3.

of the married wife.' " Stephen's expectations were fulfilled to the letter; those regulations which appeared so little likely to attract novices to the convent, had brought St. Bernard to its gates. If he had wished to attract the lukewarm and indifferent, he would have made rules of another kind; so true is it that the children of wisdom have a policy of their own, though it be different from that of the world. St. Bernard would have been received with open arms by the monks of any order,—nay, he might have created an order for himself; but he preferred finding out the poorest and most hidden monastery in the world, and he found that it was Citeaux, just following the train of reasoning which Stephen knew would be that of a saint-like mind. During the whole time of the desolation of Citeaux, and the internal conflicts of its abbot, the Holy Spirit had been silently leading Bernard, and preserving him from the world, that he might come pure and undefiled to this poor abbey. All that concerns him is of such vital importance to a clear understanding of the work which Stephen was sent upon earth to perform, that the history would be incomplete without an account of the steps which brought him to sit at the feet of our abbot. It was not without a painful struggle that he had been brought there, as indeed such is God's way; all great saints have had great trials, for there can be no crucifixion without pain. After the death of his mother, whom he loved tenderly, and to whom God entrusted the forming of his holy mind, he began to think seriously of becoming a monk. Though she died in his youth, yet her sacred memory haunted him even in manhood, and she is even said to have appeared to him to beckon him on to the cloister. The beauty of his *person and the corrupt manners of the age, more than*

once at this critical time put his purity in danger, and though through the grace of the Holy Spirit, he walked through the midst of the burning fire even without feeling it, yet he determined to shun a world where wickedness so abounded. His noble birth would have opened his way to the highest dignities of the Church ; “but,” says his historian, “he deliberated in what way he could most perfectly leave the world, and began to search and to trace out where he could most safely and most purely find rest for his soul under the yoke of Christ. The place which occurred to him in his search was the new plantation of Citeaux, where monastic discipline was brought anew to what it had been at first. There the harvest was plenty but the labourers were few, on account of the exceeding severity of the life and of its poverty, at a time when the fervour of the monks at their first conversion was hardly at all on the decline.” Bernard had no intention of becoming a monk, with a mitre and pastoral staff in reversion ; his object was that his life should be hid with Christ in God, and that his conversation should be in heaven. His first step was, however, comparatively easy ; but much remained to be done before Stephen received his illustrious disciple within the walls of Citeaux. Bernard had gained a victory over the concupiscence of the flesh, and over the pride of high-birth ; military glory, which was the passion of all his brothers, had no attractions for him, but he had still a weak side on which the tempter could assail him, and this was the pride of intellect. No one can read his writings without seeing the wonderful genius which they show : the same burning eloquence which made him a Christian preacher, if it had been heard in kings’ courts would have carried all before it ; and the acuteness with which

he at once sees deep into metaphysical questions, would have put him at the head of philosophical schools. And was all this to go too? Was his tongue to remain silent in Cistercian dreariness? and his acuteness to be buried with rude and unlearned monks? Yes, so it was; all was to be sacrificed, beauty of form, noble birth, quickness and depth of thought, brilliant eloquence; all were to be nailed to the cross, and he was to become a common labourer, planter, reaper, ploughman, and if so be, hedger and ditcher, wrapped in a coarse cowl, with low-born men for his fellows. We have not yet spoken of one tie, perhaps the strongest of all, and the one which cost the most pain to break, and that was the love of friends and relations. The slightest acquaintance with his life will show the painful struggle of his affections, even when he was abbot of Clairvaux; how he mourns with passionate grief over the death of his brother, or still more over the spiritual death of any one whom he knew. Besides his kinsmen, his brilliant and amiable qualities had endeared him to all the flower of the nobles of Burgundy. As soon as the slightest hint was known of Bernard's intention, all these were up in arms; there were his sister Humbeline, a noble and beautiful young lady, his eldest brother Guido, already a married man, and a good soldier of the duke of Burgundy; Gerard too, the accomplished knight, the enthusiastic soldier, and the prudent leader, beloved for his sweet disposition, and his friend Hugh, the lord of Mâcon, all thinking his project absurd, and himself half mad. Was he to throw himself at the feet of a fanatic, like Stephen, and to bury himself in the corner of an old wood? The thing must not be. Impossible indeed it was with man; but very possible with God. *This was one of the wonders of the cross, going*

about them, which was in time to shake the whole of France,—nay, the whole world. Even they themselves discovered that it was possible; it was a dangerous thing to come across Bernard in his vocation, as they soon found to their cost. However, though they could not move, yet they could cause much pain to Bernard. As he acknowledged afterwards, his steps were well nigh turned back, and the struggle was most painful. If it had not been for his mother's memory he would have fallen, but her sweet lessons were evermore recurring to his mind and urging him on. One day, he was on his way to see his brothers, who were then with the army of the duke besieging the castle of Grancey; these thoughts burst so forcibly on his mind that he entered into a church which was open by the wayside, and prayed with a torrent of tears, stretching his hands to heaven, and pouring out his heart like water before the Lord his God. From that hour the purpose of his heart was fixed, and he set his face stedfastly to go to Citeaux. "It was not, however," pursues his historian, "with a deaf ear, that he heard the voice of one saying, 'Let him that heareth say, Come.' Truly, from that hour, like a flame which burneth the wood, and a fire consuming the mountains, here and there, first seizing on all about it, then going forth to things farther away, thus the fire which the Lord had sent into the heart of his servant, and had willed that it should burn, first attacks his brothers, all but the youngest, who could not yet go into religion, and who was left to comfort his old father, then his kinsmen, fellows, and friends, and all of whose conversion there could be any hope." First came his uncle Galdricus, a puissant noble and a valiant knight, well known for feats of arms; he quitted his good castle of Touillon, his vassals and his riches, and

gave in to the burning words of his nephew. Then the heavenly fire kindled his young brother Bartholomew ; his heart gave way easily, for he had not yet been made a knight, having still his spurs to win. Then came Andrew, the fourth brother ; it was a sore trial to him to give up the world, for he had just received his knightly sword from the altar, at the hands of a bishop, and had seen his first field ; but at last he yielded, for he saw in a vision his sainted mother smiling upon him, and he cried out to Bernard "I see my mother," and at once gave in. But the trial was still sorer when it came to the turn of Guy, the eldest of the brothers ; he was a married man, and his young wife loved him tenderly, besides which he had more than one daughter, with whom it was hard indeed to part in the age of their childhood ; and even after he had yielded to his brother's persuasions, and had broken through all these ties, a greater difficulty than all remained behind. It was a law of the Church, that neither of a married pair could enter a cloister without the consent of the other ; and how was it possible that a delicate and high-born woman could consent to part with her husband and enter into a monastery ? Bernard, however, declared to Guy, that if she did not consent, God would smite her with a deadly disease ; and so it turned out ; she soon after fell ill, and "finding," says William of St. Thierry, "that it was hard for her to kick against the pricks, she sent for Bernard" and gave her consent. None, however, clung to the world with such deep-rooted affection as Gerard, the second brother : as we said before, he was a frank and high-spirited soldier, yet, withal, sage in counsel, and he had won all about him by his kind-heartedness. The world was all open before him ; his talents were sure to raise him to high rank and honour ; and he was

ardently fond of feats of chivalrous daring. To him the conduct of his brothers seemed to be mere folly, and he abruptly repelled Bernard's advice. But the fire of charity was still more powerful than the young knight's ardour; "I know, I know," said Bernard, "that pain alone will give wisdom to thine ears," and laying his hands upon Gerard's side, he continued, "A day will come, and that soon, when a lance, piercing this side, will tear a way to thy heart for this counsel of thy salvation which thou dost despise; and thou shalt be in fear, but shalt not die." A few days after this, Gerard had, in the heat of the battle, charged into the midst of the enemy; there he was unhorsed, wounded with a lance in the very place where Bernard had laid his finger, and dragged along the ground. His brother's words rose before him, and he cried out, "I am a monk, a monk of Citeaux." Little did Stephen think, in the midst of his perplexities, that the name of his poor monastery had been heard in the thick of a deadly fight, and that a nobleman had chosen that strange place to make his profession, with swords pointed at his breast, and lances and pennons flying about him. Notwithstanding Gerard's exclamations, he was taken captive, and lodged in a dungeon within the castle of his enemies; he, however, soon after made his escape from prison in a way which seemed perfectly miraculous, and joined his brother Bernard. Now the whole band of brothers had been won over; but Bernard was not yet satisfied; the fields were white for the harvest, and he went about collecting his sheaves, that he might lay them all up in the garners of Citeaux. Hugh, the lord of Mâcon, was also to be brought to Stephen's feet; the *young nobles* drew together into knots in self-defence, *whenever* Bernard passed by, for fear of being carried

away by his powerful word ; mothers hid their sons, lest in the flower of youth they should hide themselves in a cloister. All, however, was in vain ; “ as many,” says the abbot of St. Thierry, “ as were so pre-ordained by the grace of God working in them, and the word of his strength, and through the prayer and the earnestness of His servant, first hesitated, then were pierced to the heart ; one after another they believed and gave in.” Thirty men of the most noble blood in Burgundy were thus collected together ; as many of them were married men, their wives also had to give up the world ; all these arrangements required time, and for six months they put off their conversion till their affairs could be arranged. The females retired to the Benedictine monastery of Juilly, whence afterwards it is supposed that many were transferred to the first Cistercian nunnery, the abbey of Tard, near Dijon. When the time for proceeding to Citeaux was come, Bernard and his four brothers went to the castle of Fountains, which was their family place, to take leave of their father and sister. This was their last glimpse of the world ; they then left all and followed Christ. The little Nivard was playing about with other boys as they passed. Guy, the eldest brother, stopped his childish glee for a moment, to tell him that all the broad lands of Fountains, and many a fair portion of the earth, were to be for him. “ What,” said the boy, “ earth for me, heaven for you ! the bargain is not a fair one.” Probably he knew not then what he said, but as soon as he could he followed his brothers. Thus the old father was left to sit alone in his deserted halls with his daughter Humbeline ; he was now a barren trunk, with the choice boughs lopped off ; his noble line was to come *to an end, and when he dropped into the grave, the*

castle of his fathers was to pass into the hands of strangers.

Now, it may be asked, that Stephen has housed his thirty novices, what has he or any one else gained by it? what equivalent is gained for all these domestic ties rudely rent, for all these bleeding hearts torn asunder, and carrying their wounds unhealed into the cloister? Would not rustics suit Stephen's purpose well, if he would cultivate a marsh in an old wood, without desolating the hearths of the noblest houses of Burgundy? Human feeling revolts when high nobles with their steel helmets, shining hauberks, and painted surcoats, are levelled with the commonest tillers of the soil; and even feelings of pity arise when high-born dames, clad in miniver, and blazing with jewels, cast all aside for the rough sackcloth and the poor serge of St. Benedict; what shall we say, when young mothers quit their husbands and their families to bury themselves in a cloister? There are here no painted windows and golden candlesticks, with chasubles of white and gold to help out the illusion; feeling an imagination, all are shocked alike, and every faculty of the natural man is jarred at once at the thought. Such words might have been spoken even in Stephen's time, but "wisdom is justified of her children." One word suffices to silence all these murmurers; *Ecce Homo*, Behold the Man. The wonders of the incarnation are an answer to all cavils. Why, it may as well be asked, did our blessed Lord choose to be a poor man, instead of being clothed in purple and fine linen? why was His mother a poor virgin? why was he born in an inn, and laid in a manger? why did He leave His blessed mother, and almost repulse her, when she would speak to Him? why was that mother's soul pierced with agony at the sufferings of her divine Son? why, when one drop of

His precious blood would have healed the whole creation, did He pour it all out for us? in a word, why, when He might have died (if it be not wrong to say so) what the world calls a glorious death, did He choose out the most shameful, besides heaping to Himself every form of insult, and pain of body and soul? He did all this to show us, that suffering was now to be the natural state of the new man, just as pleasure is the natural state of the old. Suffering and humiliation are the proper weapons of the Christian, precisely in the same way that independence, unbounded dominion and power, are the instruments of the greatness of the world. No one can see how all this acts to bring about the final triumph of good over evil; it requires faith, but so does the spectacle of our blessed Lord, naked on the cross, with St. Mary and St. John weeping on each side. After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility! but does it not at first sight require proof that heaven can be won by a life spent in this quiet way? Again, let us consider the dreadful nature of sin, even of what are called the least sins, and would not any one wish to cast in his lot with Stephen, and wash them away by continual penance? Now if what has been said is not enough to reconcile the reader's mind to their leaving their father in a body, which looks like quitting a positive duty, it should be considered that they believed themselves to be acting under the special direction of God. Miracles were really wrought to beckon them on; at least they were firmly convinced of the truth of those miracles, which is *enough for our purpose*, and they would have disobeyed

what they conceived to be God's guidance, if they had remained in the world. Miracles, indeed, cannot be pleaded to the reversing of commands of the Decalogue; but persons leave their parents for causes which do not involve religion at all, as to follow some profession in a distant quarter of the globe, or to marry; and we may surely excuse St. Bernard and his brothers for conduct which was so amply justified by the event. One word more; every one will allow, that he who is continually meditating on heaven and heavenly things, and ever has his conversation in heaven, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God, is more perfect than he who is always thinking on worldly affairs. Let no one say that this perfection is ideal, for it is a mere fact that it has been attained. Stephen and Bernard, and ten thousand other saints, have won this perfection, and it may be and is won now, for the Church verily is not dead, nor have the gates of hell prevailed against her. All cannot attain to such a high state on earth, for it is not the vocation of all. It was, however, plainly God's will that all Bernard's convertites should be so called, from the fact of their having attained to that state of perfection. They were happy, for to them it was given not to fear those words of our Lord, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me;" or again, that terrible saying, spoken to one who asked to go and bury his father, "Let the dead bury their dead." Moreover, they knew that blessing, "Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, *houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions*; and in the world

to come eternal life." Bernard did receive back both father and sister, for his father died in his arms a monk at Clairvaux, and his sister also in time retired to a cloister. Let any one read St. Bernard's sermons on the Song of Solomon, and he will not doubt that monks have joys of their own, which none but those who have felt them can comprehend.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORLD EDIFIED BY THE BRETHREN OF OITRAUX.

THE times of refreshing from the Lord had indeed come to the forlorn monastery; the unheard-of conversion of so many noble youths filled the world with wonder. It was a proof that the Church was not only not dead, but not even asleep. At the beginning of the eleventh century, the heart of Christendom seemed to have failed, and all men thought that the world was coming to an end; throughout the whole of the century the Church was either preparing for, or actually engaged in a deadly struggle with the civil power, and in that miserable confusion men seemed to have lost their landmarks, and not to know what was to come of all the perplexity which they saw about them. Meanwhile, the Church herself felt the deteriorating effects of the struggle; men saw the strange spectacle of courtier-bishops, acting as the ministers of kings, and behaving in all respects like the wild nobles, from whom they were only distinguished by wearing a mitre, and carrying a crozier. Let any one think how bishops behaved in the contest between St. Anselm and the king, or again in Germany, how many of them sided with the emperor against the pope, and he will see how the feudal system had worked upon the Church. In the beginning of the twelfth century, the struggle seemed as *doubtful as ever*, when the emperor Henry V., like a *loving son of the Church* that he was, took Pope Pascal

prisoner in the very Basilica of St. Peter, and would not let him go till he had given him a blessing ; that is, till he had given up the question of investiture, and acknowledged himself vanquished by crowning his tyrant¹. This, however, was the last act of the great struggle : three years after Bernard's entrance into Citeaux, the Church resumed her former attitude, when, in the Lateran council, the pope acknowledged his error, and allowed the bishops to excommunicate the emperor. The time of the triumph of the Church was at hand ; but though she might conquer the powers of the world, how was she to expel luxury from her own bosom ? Enough has been said in these pages to show, that the cloister itself was deeply infected by a spirit of worldly pomp. What was worst of all, even Cluny, the nurse of holy prelates and of great popes, was degenerating : in St. Hugh's time, its vast riches had been used in the service of God ; but now that he was dead, it became evident in how precarious a situation is a rich monastery. One bad abbot is enough to spoil the whole, and St. Hugh's successor, Pontius, was utterly unequal to the task of governing this vast abbey. He was a young, ambitious man, high in favour with popes, emperors, and all great men, the go-between of high personages in important matters, and withal specially neglectful of the business of the monastery. For three years he went on well enough ; but just about the time of the rising prosperity of Citeaux, he began to vex the monks by his haughty conduct. To finish a melancholy story, after ten years of bickering he threw up his abbey in disgust. After various acts of turbulence, this accomplished and high-spirited man, who might have

¹ Baronius, in Ann. 1111.

been one of the greatest personages of his day, died in a prison, excommunicated. Out of reverence for Cluny, he was allowed to be buried in consecrated ground, and long afterwards his tomb was shown in the church, on which lay is effigy, represented with a cord round his hands and feet. His mismanagement ruined Cluny for a time, and threw the whole of its dependent priories into disorder. When the monastic state was thus on the wane, how could any improvement be expected in the bishops, who were mostly supplied from the monks? The Church might shake off the feudal yoke, but how was the leprosy of pomp and luxury to be shaken out of her own bosom, if her own rulers were tainted? At this juncture, the voice of one crying in the wilderness is heard, calling to repentance those who dwelt in kings' houses, clothed in soft raiment. Stephen's burning love of poverty astonished the world, especially when God set His seal upon His servant's work, by bringing to his feet such a disciple as Bernard, with a train of noble followers. It was a movement in favour of holy poverty, which vibrated over the whole of Christendom. Robert, Alberic, and Stephen had thus created a new idea in the Church; not that there ever were wanting men who would be poor for Christ's sake, but the Cistercian monk in his white habit, and his train of lay-brethren working for him, that he might have time for contemplation, is a personage the precise likeness of whom has never been seen brought out in a regular system before. The institution of lay-brethren had always existed, as we have said before, but it was more systematized in the Cistercians, and had a more distinct object. The lay-brethren took charge of the granges, which were often *at some little distance* from the monastery. The *choir-brethren* were thus enabled always to remain within the

cloister, and had an uninterrupted time for spiritual reading and prayer. Meditation had thus a marked place in the system ; and it is more observable, because the length and intricacy of the splendid services of Cluny took up a very great part of the time of the monks. The result of this system was, what may be called a new school of ascetic writers, of whom St. Bernard is the chief, followed by Gilbert of Hoyland, abbot of Swineshead in England, Ælred of Rievaulx, and William of St. Thierry. The science of the interior thus began to be more especially developed by the Cistercian reform. Again, Stephen and his disciples are destined to exercise a more direct influence on the world than the old Benedictines ; from the fact of there being a reform in the particular direction of a revival of poverty, they occupied, so to speak, a more militant position than the monks before them. They found themselves at once opposed not only to monasteries, but to all luxurious prelates, and secular churchmen who were the favourites of kings, and so, indirectly, to kings. We shall soon see, that all the reforms in the church naturally connected themselves with Cîteaux, as their centre.

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY AT CITEAUX.

ST. ROBERT and St. Alberic had both a share in the establishment of the new monastery; it was Stephen, however, exclusively, who framed the order of the Cistercians. Before his time it was only a single convent; but under him it grew into the head of a vast monastic federacy, extending through every country in Europe. He was the author of the internal arrangement of this large body; and let no one suppose, that legislating for many thousands of monks is at all an easier task than settling the constitution of an equal number of citizens. Before, however, proceeding to consider Citeaux in this dignified capacity, as the queen and mother of an order, it will be well to go through the daily exercises of a Cistercian convent, that the reader may know what it is that is growing up before him. Suppose the monks all lying on their beds of straw, ranged in order along the dormitory, the abbot in the midst. Each of them lay full dressed, with his cowl drawn over his head, with his cuculla and tunic, and even with stockings on his feet¹. His scapular alone was dispensed with. Doubtless no one complained of heat, for the bed-clothes were scanty, consisting of a rough wollen cloth between their limbs and the straw, and a sort of woollen rug over them². The long dormitory had no fire, and

¹ *Us. Cist.* 82.² Calmet on c. 55 of St. Ben. Reg.

currents of air had full room to play under the unceiled roof, left in the native rudeness of its beams. A lamp lighted up the apartment, and burned all night long. At the proper hour the clock awoke the sacristan, who slept, not in the dormitory, but near the church. He was the timekeeper of the whole community, and regulated the clock, which seems to have been something of an alarum³, for he used to set it at the right hour over-night. His was an important charge, for he had to calculate the time, and if he was more wakeful than usual, or if his clock went wrong, the whole convent was robbed of a part of its scanty rest, and the last lesson had to be lengthened that the hour of lauds might come right again. The time for rising varied with these strict observers of the ancient rule. St. Benedict commands that his monks should get up at the eighth hour of the night during the winter. In his time, however, the length of the hours varied in summer and winter. Day and night were each divided into twelve hours ; but as the day dawns earlier in some parts of the year than in others, the twelve hours of night would then be distributed over a less space of time at one period than at another, and would therefore be shorter. The eighth hour of the night would thus, though always two hours after midnight, be sometimes closer to it than at others. It, however, always fell about two o'clock, according to our mode of reckoning⁴. In summer, the hour of matins was so fixed, that they should be over a short time before lauds, which were always at day-break. The sacristan, as soon as he was up, trimmed the church lamp, and that of the dormitory, and rang the great bell ; in a moment, the whole of this

³ U. S. Cist. 114.

⁴ Bona, Div. Psal. c. iv. 3.

little world was alive ; the sole things which a minute ago looked as if they were watching were the two solitary lamps burning all night long, one in the dormitory, the other in the church, as if they were ready trimmed with oil for the coming of the Lord ; but now every eye is awake, and every hand is making the sign of the cross. Most men find it hard to leave even a bed of straw, and the seven hours in winter and six in summer were but just enough for bodies wearied out with hard work, and always hungering ; doubtless the poor novice often stretched himself, before the tones of the bell which had broken his slumbers fully roused him to consciousness ; but starting from bed, and putting himself at once into the presence of his Lord, was but the work of a moment for the older monk. The prayer which they were to say in rising is not prescribed in the rule ; it is probable, however, that after crossing themselves in the name of the Holy Trinity, they repeated the psalm, *Deus in adiutorium meum intende*⁵, and then walked towards the church. One by one these white figures glided along noiselessly through the cloister, keeping modestly close to the walls, and leaving the middle space free, where none but the abbot walked⁶. Their cowls were drawn over their heads, which were slightly bent down ; their eyes were fixed on the ground, and their hands hung down motionless by their sides, wrapt in the sleeves of the cuculla. The old Cistercian church, after the model of which was built even the stately church which afterwards contained all the brethren in the flourishing times of Citeaux⁷, was remarkable in its arrangement. It was intended for

⁵ Martenne, de Antiq. Mon. Rit. lib. i. l. 27.

⁶ Rit. Cist. l. 5.

⁷ Rit. Cist. l. 3.

lone ; few entered it but those guests who
 l to come to the abbey, and they were not
 allowed to be present⁸. It was divided into
 s ; at the upper end was the high altar, stand-
 t from the wall : the sole object which Cis-
 simplicity allowed upon it was a crucifix of
 wood ; and over it was suspended a pix, in
 the Holy Sacrament was reserved, with great
 in a linen cloth⁹, with a lamp burning before it
 night¹. There do not appear to have been
 dlesticks upon the altar, though two large lights
 luring the time of mass immediately before it².
 t in front of this most sacred place was called
 cyterium, and there the priest, deacon, and sub-
 sat on chairs placed for them when the holy
 was to be celebrated. Next came the choir
 ere the brethren sat in simple stalls, ranged on
 e of the church. In front of the stalls of the
 vere the novices, kneeling on the pavement³,
 ng on low seats. The stall of the abbot was on
 t hand, in the lower part of the choir, and the
 place was on the opposite side, just where the
 a college and his deputy sit in one of our own
 e chapels. Beyond this was the retro-chorus,

ist. 17. 21. 55.

⁹ Ib. 21.

82, in the collection of statutes of the general chapters
 time, made by Stephen's successor. The words, "et
 how, that it was in a place not accessible to all. The
 mentioned again in a later collection of statutes, Nom.
 Those who know the reverence of St. Stephen's age for
 Sacrament will be at no loss to know where the lamp was
 ough it is not expressly mentioned. For a contemporary
 f a light before the high altar, vid. Matt. Par. Vit. Pauli
 lib.

st. 55.

³ Fosbroke, *Monachism*, p. 203.

which was not the Lady Chapel, but was at the other end of the church nearest the nave, and was the place marked out for those in weak health, but still well enough to leave the infirmary⁴. Last of all came the nave, which was smaller than the rest of the church⁵, unlike the long and stately naves of our cathedral churches. Into this church, called by the modest name of oratory, the first fathers of Citeaux entered nightly to sing the praises of God, and to pray for the world, which was lying asleep beyond the borders of their forest. It had many separate entrances, by which different portions of the convent flocked in with a quick step to rouse themselves from sleep; but all in perfect silence: by one side entrance the brethren came in between the presbytery and the stalls⁶, while the abbot and prior, and those about him, entered at the lower end; there was also a door leading into the cloister⁷, through which processions passed. Each brother as he came in threw back his cowl, and bowed to each altar that he passed, and then to the high altar. They then, except on Sundays and some feast days, knelt in their stalls with their hands clasped upon their breasts, and their feet close together, and said the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. In this position they remained till the *Deus in adjutorium* had been said, when they rose and remained standing during the rest of the service, except where it was otherwise especially marked. Matins lasted for about two hours, during which they chanted psalms, interspersed with anthems; the glimmering light of the lamp was not intended to do more than pierce through the gloom of the church, for the greater part of the service was recited by heart, and a candle was placed just in

⁴ *Us. Cist.* 101. *Rit. Cist.* 1. 3.

⁵ *Voy. Lit.* i. 224.

⁶ *Us. Cist.* 68. *Rit. Cist.* 1. 5.

⁷ *Us. Cist.* 7. 21.

part where the lesson was to be read⁸; if it were that their lips moved, they might have been taken by many white statues, for their arms were placed unless upon their bosoms in the form of a cross⁹, every movement was regulated so as to be as tranquil as possible¹. The sweet chanting of the early Cistercians struck some of their contemporaries as something unnatural. "With such solemnity and devotion do they celebrate the divine office," says Stephen of Tournefort, "that you might fancy that angels' voices were blended in their concert; by their psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, they draw men to praise God, and they imitate the angels²." Yet this effect was simply produced by common Gregorian chants, sung in unison; the other parts of divine worship, the Cistercians were reformers in church music. They sent, in their pilgrimage, all the way to Metz to procure the antiphonal of that church, as being the most likely to be pure and uncorrupted, probably because Amalarius, a deacon of Metz, was a celebrated liturgical writer in the time of Charlemagne; but they soon found that many ages had passed over the Church since the time of the great emperor of the West. The book was very defective, and was filled with innovations, and they immediately set about correcting it³. Monastic music suffered, as well as other portions of St. Benedict's rule; and our Cistercians speak with contempt of the harsh counter-tenor voices⁴, which they inexorably banished from their churches. Their chanting was especially suited for contemplation: they dwelt on each

Js. Cist. 68.

⁹ Rit. Cist. l. 8.

b. l. 6.

² Bona de Div. Psal. 18. 5.

Fract. de Cantu. in St. Bernard's works.

t. Bern. in Cant. 47. Inst. Cap. Gen. 71. ap. Nomasticon.

syllable, and sucked in the honied sense of the Psalms as they pronounced the words. It is not wonderful if the men of that time believed that devils trembled, and angels noted down in letters of gold⁵ the words which dropped from their lips, as these grave and masculine voices chanted through the darkness of the night the triumph of good over evil, and the glories of the Lord and of His Church. Few, indeed, are worthy to chant the Psalms: who can repeat, for instance, the 119th Psalm as he should? But Stephen and his brethren might pronounce those burning words of the Spirit without shame, for they had indeed given up the world. "*Ignitum eloquium tuum vehementer, et servus dilexit illud.*"

After matins were over they never returned to sleep, but were permitted either to pray in the church, or to sit in the cloister. In summer, when the day dawned upon the convent almost as soon as matins were over, the time thus allowed was very short, for lauds followed close on the first glimmer of morning light. In winter there was a considerable interval between lauds and matins, and it was during this part of the day that the monk was left most to himself. This was the time allotted to mental prayer, and many a monk might then be seen kneeling in his stall, occupied in that meditation which, according to St. Bernard, "gathers itself up into itself, and by Divine help, separates itself from earthly things, to contemplate God⁶." It was one of the rules of the order that they were not to prostrate themselves full length on the ground in church⁷, but should keep their souls in quiet before God, without violent action. Others

⁵ *Exord. Mag.* 2. 3.

⁶ *De Con.* 5. 2.

⁷ *Inst. Cap. Gen.* 86.

again remained in the cloister, which, with all its strictness and tranquillity, was a busy scene. Let no one think of the cloister as it is now, in a state of desertion, about our cathedrals, cold and comfortless, with all the glass taken out of its windows ; its religious silence has given place to the silence of the churchyard. It was formerly the very paradise of the monk, from which all the rest of the convent was named⁸ ; it shut him out from the world "with its royal rampart of discipline," and was an image of the rest of heaven. It was the passage by which every part of the convent buildings were connected, and around which on Palm Sunday they walked in procession, with green palms in their hands. At the east end of the church, at right angles with it, was the dormitory, opposite the church was the refectory, and adjoining the church was the chapter-house⁹ ; in the centre was a cross. After matins, then those of the brethren who were not in the church were all together in the cloister. In one part was the cantor marking out the lessons, and hearing some brother repeat them in a low suppressed tone ; or else a novice would be learning to recite the psalter by heart. In another part, ranged on seats, the brethren would sit in unbroken silence reading, with their cowl so disposed

⁸ St. Bern. Serm. de Div. 42.

⁹ Calmet, Règle de St. Benoît. ch. 66. The order observed in processions falls in with Calmet's opinion, v. Us. Cist. 17. It is there implied that the deacon, who went first, had at the last station of the procession his face to the east and his back to the brethren. The whole convent, therefore, after having made the round of the cloister, and finished at the point where they began, looked to the east ; they must, therefore, at first starting from the church, have moved towards the east. And this fixes the position of their first station, *which is known to have been the dormitory, at the east end of the church.*

about their heads, that it might be seen that they were not asleep. It was here that St. Bernard gained his wonderful knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, meditating upon them before the morning light. In another corner of the cloister, the boys of the monastery would be at school, under the master of the novices. The library, from which the monks took the books in which they read, was between the church and the chapter-house, and was under the care of the sacristan: and let no one despise the library of a Cistercian convent. St. Augustine seems to have been a favourite author with them¹, and Cîteaux itself had no lack of expositions of Scripture by the Fathers². Shall we not be surprised to find a copy of the Koran in the armarium of Clairvaux? and yet there it was, the gift of Peter the Venerable, who had ordered it to be translated carefully³. Cîteaux had its scriptorium as well as its library, where manuscripts were copied by the brethren. It is true that the antiquary would despise the handiwork of the Cistercians, for no illuminated figures of saints, elaborate capital letters, or flowers in arabesque creeping up the margin, were allowed; jewelled covers and gold clasps were also forbidden⁴; but instead of this, religious silence was strictly observed, and the scriptorium was a place for meditation as much as the cloister itself⁵. Their labours did not consist in simply copying the manuscripts; they took pains to discover various readings, and to compare editions. It might have been supposed, that the cold winds of the forest, with the burning sun and drenching rain, must have

¹ Mabillon de Mon. Stud. App. Art. 24. St. Bern. de Bapt.

² St. Bern. Vit. Guillel. i. 24. ap. Ben.

³ *Pet. Ven. Ep.* 4. 17.

⁴ *Inst. Cap. Gen.* 13. 81.

⁵ *Inst. Cap. Gen.* 87.

fairly bleached out of Stephen's mind all the learning which he had gathered in the schools of Paris. But he left behind him a work, which proved that he kept under his Cistercian habit the same heart which had urged him to leave his old cloister of Sherborne to study in Scotland and in France. A manuscript edition of the Bible, written under the eye of our abbot himself, was preserved with great reverence at Citeaux up to the time of the French Revolution. Not content with consulting Latin manuscripts, he even had recourse to the Rabbins, in order to settle the readings of the Old Testament. In this way there could never be a lack of books for the brethren to read in the cloister, since there was at home a power of multiplying them as long as there were friendly monasteries to lend them new manuscripts to copy, when the original stock of the library had failed.

As the Cistercians followed the natural divisions of the day, the hours in winter and in summer differed considerably, as has been already mentioned; again, the ecclesiastical divisions of the year altered their mode of living to a great degree. From Easter to Holy Cross day, that is the 14th of September, they broke their fast after sext, and had a second meal after vespers, except on Wednesdays and Fridays, which were fast-days: during the rest of the year, from Holy Cross day to Easter, they never had but one meal a day, and that after nones, up to Ash Wednesday, but during Lent not till after vespers. It will be necessary, therefore, to give a sketch of their mode of living, first in summer and then in winter. Lauds, as has been said before, followed matins very soon in summer, after which an interval was allowed, during which the brethren might go to the dormitory to wash themselves, and change portions

of the dress in which they had slept. As soon as the day had fully dawned, prime was sung, and then they went into the chapter. If ever there was a scene revolting to human pride, it was the chapter; more than any other part of the monastic life, it shows that a convent was not a place where men walked about in clothes of a peculiar cut, and spent their time in formal actions, but a school of humiliation, where the very last roots of self-love were plucked up, and the charity of the Gospel planted in its stead. Humility was the very soul of the cloister, and a great part of St. Benedict's rule is taken up with an analysis of the twelve degrees of humility, which form the steps of a Jacob's ladder, leading up to perfect love, which casteth out fear⁶. Our Cistercians had studied this part of the rule well, and St. Bernard's earliest work is a sort of a comment upon it. The chapter-house was the place where this mingled humility and love was most of all exercised. Around it were ranged seats, one above another; the novices sitting on the lowest row, or rather on the footstools attached to the seats; in the midst was the abbot's chair⁷. The chapter opened with the martyrology, and with those parts of the service now attached to the office of prime. Then followed the commemoration of the faithful departed, and, in some cases, a sermon; after which a portion of St. Benedict's rule was read. Then each brother, who had in the slightest way transgressed the rule, came forward and confessed it aloud before the whole convent. He rose from his seat and threw back his cowl that all might see his face, then he muffled up his face and head, and threw himself full length on the low stool of the lectern, without speaking a word. At length the abbot spoke, and asked him, "What sayest

⁶ Reg. c. 7.

⁷ Rit. Cist. 3. 8.

thou?" The brother answered, "Meâ culpâ," "It was by my fault;" then he was bidden to rise in the name of the Lord, and he again uncovered his features, and confessed his faults, and after receiving a penance, if it were necessary, he went back to his seat at the bidding of his superior. When all had confessed their own sins, then a still more extraordinary scene followed: each monk accused his brother if he had seen or heard anything amiss in him. He rose, and mentioning his name, said, "Our dear brother has committed such a fault." Happy they who could thus bear to hear their faults proclaimed in the face of day, without being angry. The angels are blessed because they cannot sin; next to them in happiness are those who are not wrathful when rebuked. But what shall we say to the punishments for greater offences against the rule? The monk who had grievously offended stripped himself to his waist, and on his knees received the discipline at the hands of a brother in the face of the convent. Blessed again are they who thus are willing to suffer shame on earth, if by any means they may escape shame at the dreadful day of judgment. It was not, however, only in public that they confessed their sins; any mortal sins against the rule were to be confessed over again to a priest for the benefit of absolution, though they had already been proclaimed in the chapter; and during all the intervals of work, before they had broken their fast, the brethren might confess their sins in private in the chapter. An instance is incidentally related, in which a novice, on entering into Clairvaux, made a general confession of the sins of his whole life*, and this was probably a common practice, though not enjoined

* Vit. St. Bern. 7. 22.

by the rule ; at least it had become common at the end of the century in which Stephen lived⁹. After the chapter was over, the brethren went out to manual labour ; this was one of the peculiarities which distinguished Cîteaux from Cluny. Their labour was good hard work by which they gained their livelihood, and with the help of their lay-brethren supported themselves, and gave abundant alms to the poor. Few things are more remarkable than this mixture of all the details of spades and forks, ploughing, haymaking, and reaping, with the meditation and constant prayer of the Cistercians. During the harvest-time, the daily mass was, if the abbot so willed, attended only by the sick and all who were too weak to work, for the whole convent was in the fields. And when mass was said, the priest put off chasuble and stole, and with his assistants followed the brethren who had gone before to work¹. St. Bernard put off the finishing of one of his wonderful sermons on the Canticles, because the brethren must go to the work which their rule and their poverty required². It was a peculiarity of the Cistercians, that they did not sing psalms, but meditated while they worked ; again, no one was allowed to take a book with him into the fields. This last regulation was probably made by Stephen himself, for it is recorded of St. Alberic that he took the psalter with him when he worked. Field-work was not, however, it may be said by the way, the only labour of the Cistercian ; he took his turn to be cook, which office went the round of the convent, and was changed weekly. Again, he might be cellarer, infirmarian, master of the novices, or porter,

⁹ *Vid.* Adam, abbot of a Cistercian monastery, quoted by Calmet on c. 58 of the Rule.

¹ *Us. Cist.* 84.

² *Serm.* i.

with a variety of other offices, which would give him employment enough. The cellarer, especially, was an officer of considerable dignity in the community: he had the whole of the victualling department under his care; cooks and lay-brethren especially referred to him in all matters which came under his jurisdiction, and he had to weigh out the proper quantity of food for each of the monks. Prudence and experience were not, therefore, qualities thrown away in a convent, which, as has been said, was a little world in itself, and even, in its way, a busy world. But each servile occupation was allowed by obedience and religious silence, in which the Lord spoke to the heart.

The brethren left the fields as soon as the first stroke of the bell for tierce was heard. The early Benedictines said tierce in the fields, and continued working till near 10 o'clock, thus giving two hours and a half to manual labour. The reason why the Cistercians worked for a shorter time was, because mass followed immediately upon tierce. In St. Benedict's time there was no daily mass³, but since then a change had taken place in the discipline of the Church, and the holy sacrifice was offered up every day at Citeaux. At this mass any one might communicate who had not communicated on the Sunday, which was the day on which the whole convent received the Body and Blood of our most blessed Lord, who was at that time given to the faithful under both kinds. After the celebration of these adorable mysteries, the brethren again retired into the cloister to read, or went into the church for meditation. At about half-past eleven the bell rang for sext, after which the convent assembled in the refectory, for the first and principal

³ Martenne, de Ant. Mon. Rit. 2—4.

meal of the day, except on the Wednesdays and Fridays out of the Paschal time, on which days, as has been said before, they had only one meal, and that after nones. The Cistercian dinner, or breakfast, as it might be called, needed the seasoning of early rising and hard labour to make it palatable. It consisted of a pound of the coarsest bread (one-third of which was reserved for supper if there was one), and two dishes of different sorts of vegetables boiled without grease. Their drink was the sour wine of the country, well diluted with water, or else thin beer⁴ or a decoction of herbs called sapa⁵, which seems to have been more like vegetable soup than any other beverage. Even fish and eggs, which had always been considered to be legitimate diet for monks, were excluded. Their contemporaries wondered at their austerity; how, weak and delicate bodies, worn out by hard labour and by night-watching, could possibly subsist on such coarse food: but St. Bernard tells us what made it palatable. "Thou fearest watchings, fasts, and manual labour," he says to a runaway Cistercian, "but these are light to one who thinks on the eternal fire. The remembrance of the outer-darkness takes away all horror from solitude. Think on the strict sifting of thine idle words which is to come, and then silence will not be so very unpleasing. Place before thine eyes the everlasting weeping and gnashing of teeth, and the mat or the down pillow will be the same to thee." And yet theirs was not a service of gloom or fear. Christ rewarded the holy boldness of these noble athletes, who thus afflicted their bodies for His sake, by filling their souls with the joys of devotion.

⁴ Sicera is mentioned, Us. Cis. 117.

⁵ Sapa occurs Vit. St. Bern. 2—1.

"Oh! that by God's mercy," says St. Bernard to one whom he was persuading to quit the world, "I could have thee as my fellow in that school where Jesus is the master! Oh! that I could place thy bosom, if it were but once pure, in the place where it might be a vase to catch that unction which teacheth us of all things—Thinkest thou not that thou wouldest suck honey from the rock, and oil from the rugged stone?" Every action was sanctified to the monks, even at their meals a strict silence was observed, and one of the brethren read aloud some religious book, during the time that they were in the refectory. After it was over, according to the custom of hot climates, and in order to make up for the shortness of the night in summer, they went into the dormitory to sleep. After about an hour's rest the bell rang to rouse them up, and in the interval between nones, they washed themselves, and either sat in the cloister or repaired to the church. Nones were said at half-past two, after which they were allowed a draught of water in the refectory before they returned to manual labour, which lasted till half-past five, when they sang vespers⁶. The vesper-hour was especially the monk's season of quiet, when the day was over with all its work, and the shades of evening were closing about him. St. Bernard interprets the evening in Scripture to mean the time of quiet⁷, and Cistercian writers, even in late times, are fond of collecting together all the mystical import of the time of vespers⁸. They went into the refectory after returning from their work, and partook of a slight repast, consisting of the remainder of their pound of bread, with a few raw fruits, such as

⁶ Calmet, c. 48.

⁷ In Cant. Serm. 51.

⁸ Bona de Div. Psal. 10.

radishes, lettuces, or apples furnished by the abbey gardens.

Before we close the day with compline, it will be necessary to mark the difference between the summer and winter rule. Their seasons followed the ecclesiastical division of the year; summer was reckoned from Easter to the middle of September, and the rest of the year was called winter. The Church in winter sits in expectation of her Lord's coming, and the Cistercians redoubled their austerities during this long period of the gloom of the year. They arose in all the cold and snow of winter, in the dark and dreary night, to watch for the coming of the Lord, and to pray for the world which was lying without in the darkness and shadow of death. As the world is engaged in turning day into night, in order to have its fill of pleasure, so they multiplied time for devotion, by stealing from the hours when men are asleep. On Christmas night a fire burned merrily in the calefactory, and all with glad hearts might cluster around it; but at other times no fire is mentioned during the night hours, and it was in cold and hunger that they waited for the nativity of the Lord, and thought upon the cold cave at Bethlehem, where the Blessed Virgin waited for the time when He, who is the only joy of the faithful, came forth from her to save the world. He was the centre of all their exercises, and His holy fire burning in their hearts, gave them heat and light in the dreariness of their watching. Winter brought its compensation with it at Citeaux, as well as to the rest of the world. It was then that they had most time for meditation and prayer in the cloister, or in the church after matins; for lauds were *never said till the early dawn, which would of course be then much later than in summer.* Prime followed

immediately upon lauds, and would generally begin about seven o'clock. Then came the mass, tierce, and the chapter, so that they did not begin to work till after the time prescribed by St. Benedict, which was after tierce, or about half-past nine or ten. The chapter is not here noticed, nor indeed is it mentioned systematically anywhere in his rule; it probably became a system, and the hour for it was fixed, after St. Benedict's time⁹. From the time that they went into the fields after the chapter, till nones, which were said between two and three, they worked on without breaking their fast till after the hour was said, that is between half-past two and three¹. After the meal was over, they walked into the church two and two, chaunting the Miserere, and there said grace. Vespers followed soon after; for it seems probable that they were said about sunset, but before the twilight had so far faded away as to require candles. Such is Cardinal Bona's opinion, himself a Cistercian, and the lighting of lamps for vespers is not mentioned among the duties of the servant of the church, as he was called². In summer, when a slight repast was allowed in the evening, the quiet of the twilight hour was necessarily interrupted; but in winter, when nothing was permitted after their one meal, but a draught of water, nothing broke the repose of the monks after vespers were said. The most breathless stillness reigned in the convent. The brethren sat reading in the cloister, and even signs were forbidden except on special occasions³. The evening twilight between vespers and compline was the monks' sabbath. They were forbid

⁹ Reg. St. Ben. 46.

² Bona de Div. Psal. 10. Us. Cist. 105.

¹ Calmet, c. 41.

³ Us. Cist. 79.

den expressly to get into knots and talk together, and almost the only sign allowed was when one brother motioned to another to take care of his book, if anything called him out of the cloister. Strange accidents happened to books in those ages, which might have made this precaution necessary, as when a bear swallowed or at least sadly mangled the manuscript of St. Augustine's Epistles at Cluny⁴; though it is true such visitors would hardly enter a cloister full of monks. During Lent, as their bodily labours were greater, so a longer time was allowed them for meditation and reading. As they did not break their fast till about five o'clock in the evening⁵, they said sext and nones in the fields, or at least they returned to their work as soon as they had said them, and continued working till four o'clock⁶. But a longer time was allowed for reading in the morning, and additional mental prayer is especially enjoined at this season⁷. The only reading allowed seems to have been the Holy Scriptures; and on the first Sunday in Lent, the cantor distributed a portion of the bible to each brother, which he was to receive reverently, and stretching out both hands "for joy at the Holy Scriptures." No greater proof of their austere penitence in the time of Lent can be found, than the way in which St. Bernard speaks of it. Sweetly, and with the tenderness of a mother, does he always speak to the brethren at that time. "Not without a great touch of pity, brethren," he once said, "do I look upon you. I cast about for some alleviation to give you, and bodily alleviation comes before my mind; but if your penance be lightened by a cruel pity, then is

⁴ Pet. Ven. Ep. 1. 24.

⁵ Calmet, c. 48.

⁶ "*Usque ad decimam horam*," St. Ben. Reg. 48.

⁷ *Us. Cist.* 15.

your crown by degrees stripped of its gems. What can I do? Ye are killed all day long with many fasts, in labours oft, in watchings over much, besides your inward trials, the contrition of heart, and a multitude of temptations. Yea, ye are killed; but it is for His sake who died for you. But if your tribulation abounds for Him, your consolation shall abound through Him. For is it not certain, that your sufferings are above human strength, beyond nature, against habit? Another then doth bear them for you, even He doubtless, who, as saith the Apostle, beareth up all things by the word of His power⁸."

Two things alone remain to be noticed, which throughout the whole year were the last events of a Cistercian day, and those are the collation or the reading of the collations of Cassian, and compline. At Citeaux these collations, which were a collection of the lives of the early monks, or else some of the books of saints' lives, was read aloud in the cloister. On the finishing of the reading, all turned their faces to the east, and the abbot said, "Our help is in the name of the Lord;" the convent responded, "Who hath made heaven and earth;" and then they proceeded into the church to sing compline, which was the last office of the day. The time for compline varied according to the hour when they retired to rest, which in winter would be about seven, and in summer about eight⁹. As their motions were regulated according to the duration of the light, an approximation only can be made as to their hours of going to bed and rising. After compline the abbot rose and sprinkled with holy water each brother as they went out in order. They then pulled their cowls over their heads and walked into

⁸ *Serm. in Psalm. xc. Preface.*

⁹ *Calmet, c. 8.*

the dormitory. Such was the Cistercian life in its first fervour, as it was under Stephen and St. Bernard. Put down upon paper it appears but a dead letter of outward observances; the spirit of obedience, humility, and charity which animated the whole cannot be described in words. The angelical countenances and noiseless regulated motions of the monks, which had a certain monastic grace of their own, are all missing to light up the whole. The presence again of such an abbot as Stephen must be taken into account, before a correct idea can be obtained of Cîteaux. He could modify the rule to the weak, and direct the energies of the strong; he could call the faint-hearted into his presence in the parlour, and give them words of holy counsel. Many things are scattered up and down St. Bernard's writings which show that a rule without the living tradition is not fully intelligible. For instance, from scattered hints it appears, that the monks had sometimes a certain time allowed them for conversing together, though that is not mentioned at all in St. Benedict's rule. The fact is, that silence was the general order of the day, but the abbot might allow those whom he judged fit to converse together¹. In after ages, and not so long after Stephen's time, these conversations were systematized, and placed at set hours; but before then they seem to have been at the discretion of the abbot. How naked and dead are the words of a rule without the living abbot to dispense them, to couple together the strong and the weak, that

¹ V. Calmet, c. 6. St. Bern. Serm. de diversis, 17, and Benedictine note; also de Grad. Superbiæ, 13. Also Speculum Monachorum, in the Benedictine St. Bernard, written by Arnulfus, a monk of *Bohéries*, who flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century. The master of the novices held frequent conversations with them, *vid. Adam of Perseigne*, in Baluzius Misc. vol. ii. 236.

the sturdy warrior might help on the trembling soldier, and to mingle the roughness of discipline with the tender hand which dropped oil and wine on the wounded heart. Stephen, though God had removed the pains which had so long afflicted him, had now an anxious charge upon his hands, no less than the training up of St. Bernard.

CHAPTER XVI.

STEPHEN AND BERNARD.

THE poor house of Citeaux was now, as we have seen, perfect ; it had not only a strict rule, and a ruler to teach it, but it had also novices to whom it was to be taught. It had now become too small for its inmates, and the despised convent, which but lately was looked upon with fear rather than admiration, had now the choise of all the fair fields of France, and by and by of Europe, at its command. Many were the children of her that was called barren, and every year, band after band of monks were sent out from the now teeming house to form new monasteries, and these again increased and multiplied, till every kingdom of Europe was filled with the daughters of Citeaux. Soon after the arrival of St. Bernard and his companions at the convent, Stephen was summoned away from home for the purpose of founding the new monastery of La Ferté in the diocese of Châlons. Walter, bishop of Châlons, and two noblemen of the country, on hearing that Citeaux was too full, had immediately looked out for a place where they might house the new colony, and proposed to Stephen to found a convent on their ground. He gladly accepted the offer, and himself accompanied the brethren whom he destined for this service to their new abode. In a few days he returned to his abbey of Citeaux. The charge which God had intrusted to him, was the more *anxious*, because St. Bernard's state of health was *exceedingly precarious*. The thinness of his slightly-built

frame¹ showed in what a frail earthen vessel that precious soul was contained. His neck especially was very long and delicate, so that when he threw back his cowl, none could help remarking it, and the monks praised its snowy whiteness and its elegance, like that of a swan². His life was even endangered by the narrowness of his throat ; but his most troublesome infirmity was the weakness of his stomach, which rejected a great portion of the food which he had swallowed. With all these ailments he had entered the strictest order of the day, and now that he had thus put his hand to the plough, he was determined not to look back. He had entered the abbey of Citeaux in order to bury himself from the world, to become a poor man and a rustic, not simply to hide under a white cuculla an ambitious heart, nor even to give himself time to exercise a fine imagination on holy subjects. Every day therefore he used to excite himself forward, by repeating to himself, "Bernard, Bernard, wherefore art thou here?" He earnestly set himself to work on the rough occupations in which the Cistercians passed their day. His attenuated frame was bent down with the rude labours of the field, and his delicate skin worn with holding the spade and the hoe. Nor did he work listlessly like a man who takes up a fork and makes hay on a fine sunshiny day, but he laboured with a will in downright earnestness, as if it had been the business of his life. His weak body often sunk under these labours ; and often the awkwardness of his hands, which were used to far other work than digging and mowing, and such like toils, obliged his superiors to separate him from his brethren at the hours of manual

¹ "Corpus tenuissimum, statura mediocritatis honestæ, longitudini tamen vicinior apparebat." Gauffridi Vita, c. 1.

² *Exord. Mag.* 7. 17.

labour. He was, however, never happy on those occasions, and if he could not work with the convent, he immediately began cutting wood or carrying burdens on his shoulders³. Stephen seems to have been especially careful of him in this respect ; during the harvest he had made many attempts at reaping, but was too weak and too little accustomed to such work to succeed ; he was therefore ordered to lie by, and sit by himself, while, as says William of St. Thierry, the brethren were reaping with fervour and joy in the Holy Ghost. This was a sore trouble to him, and in the simplicity of his heart he began to weep ; he then prayed to God to give him grace, so that he might be able to join his brethren in their labours. From that day forward he became a most expert reaper, and the same William, his personal friend, asserts, that even up to the period when he was writing his account, St. Bernard was wont to say with self-gratulation, and a sort of joyous triumph, that he was the best reaper of them all. This hard work, to which he subjected himself in order to carry out his rule, was the more remarkable in him, not only because of his extreme weakness, but from the exceeding austerity with which he lived. His very existence was a miracle, for he hardly seemed to eat, drink, or sleep, and his friends wondered how he could live. In after times he himself severely taxed his own austerity, which according to his own account had made him useless to the church. It is not on record that Stephen checked him in his mortification of the flesh ; he probably looked upon his youthful novice with a saintly wonder, as one whom God's Holy Spirit was leading according to His own blessed will, and with whom he must not interfere. Indeed so much had this severe way of life become the

³ Guil. Vit. l. 4.

of both body and soul, that he hardly could have ased his diet if he would⁴. St. Bernard is indeed who cannot be judged by ordinary rules. God has is seal upon His saint, by the wonderful things whichrought through him, and none must rudely ventureme his actions. He, in his white Cistercian dress, wasl up, for the needs of the Church, just as was Johnbaptist in his garment of camel's hair; and when heforth from his monastery, and the world streamedto view him, and kiss the hem of his poor monkish; it was then seen that his weak frame, with theof love and supernatural energy shining throughand the flaming words of divine eloquence burstinghis lips, could serve God and His church to goodose indeed. But this is not the place to speak ofas the companion of kings, the setter up of popes,he real governor of the Church; it is only as a Cism monk that he appears here, and in this capacityvonderful way of life was not thrown away. Itued his body to his spirit to such a degree, that heed to live the life of an angel upon earth. His soulwrapped up in a ceaseless contemplation of God,he realized the crucifixion of the flesh of whichPaul speaks, and all things which belong to thet grew and flourished in him. His senses, from theaction of his soul, seemed to be dead within him. id not know whether the ceiling of the novices'was arched or flat, though he passed there everyf his life. Again, the choir of the church of Citeauxthree windows, but to the last he fancied it hadone. So little conscious was he of the sense ofthat he more than once drank oil instead of water,

⁴ Guil. i. 4.

without perceiving it. It was this deadness to earth, which made him see so far into heavenly things as he did. Earnest as he was in working at the lowest manual labour, this habit of praying always never forsook him. It was this habit, which he acquired at Citeaux under Stephen's discipline, which was the source of all his power. The Holy Spirit filled him with rapturous joys which only crucified souls can know ; and this unction which anointed him from above, he poured back upon the Church, and thus enabled her to resist the dry and cold rationalistic heresies which then threatened to overwhelm her with the maxims of worldly science. It was this education, too, in the cloister of Citeaux, before the morning light, and at the feet of Stephen in the auditorium, which made him the great founder of the science of the interior life of the Christian. He has been called the last of the Fathers, and he thus stands on the confines of the system of the early Church, which contemplated God as He is in Himself, and that of the later ages, in which the mysterious dealings of God with the soul of the individual Christian were minutely analyzed. It is not to be supposed that he was so abstracted from the world, as to be either singular in his demeanour or dead to earthly affection. He cast off a hair shirt which he had constantly worn next to his skin, lest in a monastery where all things were done in common it should be observed. Though his habit was of coarse and poor materials, yet it was always scrupulously clean. He used to say that dirt was the mark of a careless mind, or of one that cherished a fond idea of its own virtue, or loved the silly praise of men. His motions were ever regulated, and bore humility on the face of them, and *a sweet fragrance of piety was shed around his person and his actions*, so that all looked upon his countenance

with joy⁵. His voice was singularly clear, notwithstanding the weakness of his body, and in after times, its very tones won even those who did not understand the language which he spoke. In conversation, the spirit of charity shone through all his words; and he always spoke of what most interested his companion, making inquiries about his trade or profession, as if he had especially studied it all his life. Stephen did not prevent his seeing and conversing with his relations when they came to Cîteaux; and on these occasions his courtesy was such, that his exceedingly tender conscience would sometimes prick him as though he had spoken idle words. On one occasion, he devised a strange expedient; when summoned to see some of his friends, who had come to visit him, he stopped his ears with tow, so that his deafness might give him an air of stupidity. Loud laughter in a monk was an object of his special aversion, and he has recorded it in one place of his writings, by a graphic picture of the light-minded monk laughing to himself. He describes him covering his face with his hands, compressing his lips, clenching his teeth, and laughing as though he would not laugh, till at length the suppressed mirth burst out through his nostrils⁶. With all this hatred of levity which thus appears in the almost ludicrous vividness of his description, he would on occasion even force himself to smile. Another characteristic of Bernard's soul, was the wonderful strength of his affections. Though he had torn himself thus rudely from all earthly affections, yet the wounds which he had suffered in the conflict did not close over a hardened heart, but carried them with him all bleeding to the cloister. Long after his novitiate was over, nay, to his last day

⁵ *Gauf. 2.*

⁶ *De Grad. Hum. 1.*

tenderness of this maternal heart cost him many a pang— chiefly if any one of his brethren went wrong, he mourned over him with a passionate grief, with which he in vain struggled, as though it were an imperfection. On occasion of his brother Gerard's death, he endeavoured to preach one of his sermons on the Canticles without alluding to it, but it was too much for him: in the midst of the sermon, his grief bursts forth, and down fall the bitter tears which he had pent up so long, and he breaks out into expressions of the most vehement and impassioned sorrow. He kept to the very last the most vivid recollection of his mother; he carried it with him into Citeaux, and every day before he went to bed, he recited the seven penitential psalms for the repose of her soul. This practice is connected with the only time on record when Stephen reproved his illustrious disciple. One night he went to bed without having repeated his psalms— in some way it came to Stephen's knowledge that it was his practice thus to pray for his mother, and that night he knew that his novice had left that duty unfulfilled— It may be that God revealed to him the whole matter, or else by the strange spiritual instinct which those intimately connected with others possess, he read in his face that something had been left undone overnight. Mothers possess this instinct, and why should not the abbot, who watched over his young disciple with a mother's love? However it came into his mind, at all events he did know it, and that in some uncommon way. Next morning he called Bernard to him, and said, Brother Bernard, where, I pray you, hast thou dropped those psalms of thine yesterday, and to whose good keeping hast thou committed them? Bernard, being *asked*, as says the history, blushed, and marvelled much *within himself* how the abbot knew that of which he

alone possessed the secret. He perceived that he stood in the presence of a spiritual man, and fell at Stephen's feet, begging pardon for his negligence, which, as we may suppose, he was not long in obtaining. Such is one of the few specimens of Stephen's way of guiding his novice, which time has spared. The other circumstances of the intercourse between these two elect souls are known only to God and His angels. Historians mention but slightly even the solemn ceremony by which St. Bernard knelt at the feet of Stephen to take his vows on quitting the novitiate, the year after his entering the convent. This was the culminating point of the abbot's life ; his great work was the training of St. Bernard ; henceforth the materials for his history become scanty, for he appears only the administrator of his order, the history of which is merged in St. Bernard. He had passed the great trials of his life, and he now lived in comparative peace, founding new abbeys every year, and quietly watching the growth of the mighty tree into which his grain of mustard seed had grown. Doubtless he who had so often tried to hide his head in the depths of a forest, did not now regret that his light had waned before his illustrious disciple. And let no one suppose that he is doing nothing, because his name occurs but seldom ; every new monastery founded year by year is his work, and he is gradually becoming the head of a vast federacy of which he is the legislator, as well as abbot of his own convent of Citeaux. While St. Bernard is astonishing the world by his supernatural power over the minds of men, every now and then, from Citeaux, the central point in which these vast rays of glory converge, some new act of monastic policy issues, which is owing to its abbot.

CHAPTER XVII.

STEPHEN CREATES AN ORDER.

MEANWHILE, the Cistercian order was silently growing up about him ; in 1114, Hugh, once lord of Mâcon, St. Bernard's friend, was sent to Pontigny with a colony of monks from Cîteaux ; in 1115, Morimond and Clairvaux were founded. And who was to be abbot of Clairvaux ? Surely some brother of mature age, and of tough sinews, and hardy frame, for the other three abbeys were founded by special invitation of some bishop, nobleman, or other holy person, but the colony which peopled Clairvaux set out like knight-errants on an adventure, not knowing whither they went. Yet to the surprise of all, Stephen fixes on St. Bernard, though he was hardly out of his novitiate, and was just twenty-five years of age ; and though his weak frame was but ill able to bear the exercises of Cîteaux, far less apparently to set out on a voyage of discovery, to find out the most lonely forest, vale, or mountain-side, that the diocese of Langres could produce. Twelve monks were sent with this youthful abbot, to represent the twelve Apostles ; he himself was to be to them in the place of Christ. The usual form with which such an expedition set out was characteristic. Stephen delivered to him who was to be the new abbot a crucifix in the Church of Cîteaux, and then in perfect silence he set out, his twelve monks following him through the cloister. The

abbey gates opened and closed upon them, and the great world which they had not seen for many a day lay before them. Forward they went, over hill and down dale, St. Bernard going first with the holy rood, and the twelve following, till they came to a deep glen between two mountains, whose sides were clothed with a forest of oaks, beeches, and limes ; between them flowed the clear waters of the river Aube. The place was called, for some unknown reason, the Valley of Wormwood, and had been the haunt of robbers. In St. Bernard's hands it became Clairvaux, or the Vale of Glory. Here, then, with the assistance of the peasants round they established themselves, and Stephen soon had the consolation to hear, that the daughter of Cîteaux was rivalling her mother. These first four abbeys founded by him, La Ferté, Pontigny, Clairvaux, and Morimond, were the heads of what were afterwards called the four filiations of Cîteaux ; from each of them sprang a whole line of monasteries. Stephen foresaw that this would be the case ; in fact it could not be otherwise ; the only thing which in those ages of faith was required to found a monastery was men, and those he had with him already. There was no need of money, or of leave from king, privy council, or parliament. All that was wanted was an old wood or a wild waste, which the owner, if there was one, would be glad enough to give up to any one who chose to expel the wild beasts, and break it up for tillage. The spiritual children of Cîteaux were therefore sure to increase, now that four flourishing abbeys had already sprung from it. The question, however, was, how these were to be bound to the parent monastery. In after ages, as soon as the first generation had past away, they would become simply Benedictines, *with a white habit*, and there was no guarantee what-

ever that they would keep to the peculiar institutions of Citeaux. Stephen's first step to remedy this evil was the institution of the general chapter ; every year all the abbots of monasteries descended from Citeaux were to meet there on Holy Cross day, to confer on the affairs of the order ; and their first meeting took place in the year 1116. Though only four abbots were present at this assembly, it is an important event in the history, not only of the Cistercian, but of every other order. In the institution of the general chapter, Stephen had devised an expedient, which went far to remedy the great defect of the early monasteries—the want of a proper jurisdiction. His idea was as yet imperfectly developed ; it was but the first germ of the government which was to bind the Cistercian order together : but it was a hint by which all Christendom profited ; for so beneficially was it found to work, that Cluniacs, Dominicans, Franciscans, and the various congregations of the Benedictine order, adopted it. Innocent III. seems to have been struck with the profound wisdom of Stephen's plan, for in the celebrated fourth Lateran council, where he presided, it was the system brought in to revive the monastic discipline, which in many places had been ruined ; and the general chapters of Citeaux are expressly taken as a model.

This assembly at Citeaux was remarkable also in another respect ; it has been said that only four abbots were present at it. Where then was my lord of Clairvaux ? Alas ! it is not hard to know what has become of him. In the midst of the holy conference, an unexpected visitor comes into the chapter-house in the dress of a bishop. The abbots ought to have risen to beg *the blessing* of this prince of the Church, thus suddenly *appearing* among them. Instead of this, he prostrated

himself on the ground in the presence of Stephen and his brethren. This was no other than the celebrated William of Champeaux, once the great doctor of the schools, now bishop of Chalons; in that lowly posture he informed the abbot of Citeaux that Bernard was hard at death's door, and would certainly die if he were allowed to continue administering the affairs of his abbey. On his knees, therefore, the venerable Bishop begged of Stephen to transfer his authority over St. Bernard to himself for the space of a year. The abbot of course willingly acceded to his request, backed as it was by the humble guise of William; and St. Bernard was accordingly, by virtue of his vow of obedience, compelled to give himself up entirely into his hands. For the space of a year, therefore, he was removed to a habitation built for him outside the walls of Clairvaux, and was put under the hands of a physician, whom he was ordered implicitly to obey.

Stephen began about this time to enter into relation with another illustrious personage, whose friendship was afterwards of great use to the order. William of Champeaux was not the only bishop who came to Citeaux; in the year 1117 it received within its walls Guido, archbishop of Vienne, then apostolical legate in France, and afterwards destined, as Pope Calixtus II., to close the great struggle which Gregory VII. began. He had been to Dijon to celebrate a council, to which it is probable that Stephen himself was summoned. When the council was over he repaired to Citeaux as Stephen's guest, and there conceived an attachment to the rising order, which he carried with him to the papal throne. However different was the lot to which Guido and Stephen had been called, one shut up in a cloister, *the other a powerful archbishop, and leader of a great*

party in the Church, yet there was something not uncongenial in their characters. The untiring and patient energy with which Stephen had struggled through his difficulties, and was now in fact reviving monastic discipline throughout France, was not unlike the quiet firmness with which Guido was awaiting the conclusion of the contest between Church and State. When Pascal committed the unhappy fault which embarrassed the cause of the Church, the archbishop of Vienne, as legate of the Holy See, immediately excommunicated the emperor, and then, though he did not join in the impetuous zeal of those who would have deposed the pope, he waited patiently, without for a moment quitting the position which he had taken up, till Pascal, the year before this visit to Citeaux, confirmed the sentence which he had pronounced. Before he left the abbey, he begged of Stephen to send a colony of monks into his own diocese of Vienne, promising to provide them with all that was necessary. To this request Stephen willingly acceded, and went thither in person to found the abbey of Bonneval.

These few years which followed St. Bernard's entrance into the abbey, are quite a specimen of the general tenour of Stephen's life. In 1118, the year that Bonneval was founded, two more abbeys were also peopled with Cistercian colonies,—Prouilly in the diocese of Sens, and La Cour-Dieu in that of Orleans. At the same time, two more monasteries were founded from Clairvaux. Nine abbeys, therefore, had sprung from Citeaux, in the short space of five years, and it now became needful to provide a constitution for the rising order. This was effected by Stephen at the general chapter, in 1119; and the means which he took to effect *this great* object have a sagacity about them which

shows how deeply he had studied the wants of the monastic body. They entitle him to rank amongst the most illustrious of the many founders of orders, who have in different ways given a new direction to the enthusiasm of Christians, as the needs of the Church required. He filled up a want which St. Benedict's rule did not, and indeed was not intended to supply, and that was the internal arrangement of a body of monasteries connected with each other. St. Benedict legislated for a monastery, Stephen for an order. The idea of the great patriarch of western monks was, that each monastery was to be a monarchy under its abbot; no abbey, as far as the rule of St. Benedict goes, is in any way connected with another. In one extraordinary case the abbots of neighbouring monasteries may be called in to interfere in the election of an abbot¹; but in general each monastery was an independent community. This rude and imperfect system of government was the ruin of monastic institutions; the jurisdiction of bishops was utterly inadequate to keep refractory monks in order, or to preserve monastic discipline in its purity. So entirely had the rule of St. Benedict at one time disappeared from France, that its very existence before the time of St. Odo of Cluny has been questioned. In some monasteries lay abbots might be found quietly established, with their wives and children; and the tramp of soldiers, the neighing of horses, and baying of hounds, made the cloister more like a knight's castle, than a place dedicated to God's service.² A specimen of the way in which bishops were treated when they undertook to reform abbeys, may be found in the conduct of the monks of Fleury, on the

¹ *Reg. c. 64.*

² *Mabillon. Pref. in Sæc. 5.*

Loire, when St. Odo was introduced into the abbey to tame them. Two bishops, and two counts, accompanied the abbot, but the monks minded them, says the story, no more than pagans and barbarians; they fairly buckled on the sword, posted themselves at the gates, got a plentiful supply of stones and missiles on the roof, and declared that they would rather die than receive an abbot of another order within their walls. The bishops might have remained outside the walls for ever, had not the intrepid abbot mounted his ass, and quietly ridden alone into the abbey, to the astonishment of the monks, who were too much struck with his courage to oppose him. Two general reformations of monastic institutions were effected before Stephen's time, and both were directed at the evil which we have mentioned; St. Benedict of Aniane, by his personal influence, united all the abbeys of the Carlovingian empire into one congregation; but after his death, they relapsed into their former state. The other reform was much more permanent; it was effected by the celebrated congregation of Cluny. When monasteries were in a state of the lowest degradation, still there was vitality enough in this mass of corruption to give birth to a line of saints, such as that of the first abbots of Cluny. By the sole power of their holiness they bound into one a vast number of abbeys, all dependent upon their own. This great congregation appears not to have been fully systematized till the time of St. Hugh; before him, abbeys seem in some cases to have become again independent, when the abbot of Cluny died who had reformed them. He, however, required it as a previous condition of a monastery which joined itself to the congregation, that *it should become a priory, dependent on Cluny, and that its superior should be appointed by himself and his*

successors.³ A noble and a stately kingdom was that of Cluny; 314 monasteries and churches were its subjects⁴; its lord was a temporal prince, and in spirituals subject to none but the Holy See; he coined money in his own territory of Cluny, as the king of France in his royal city of Paris, and the broad pieces of the convent went as far as the fleurs-de-lis of the Louvre. This spiritual kingdom extended to Constantinople, and even to the Holy Land. Great indeed it was; too great for any man to possess, who was not as noble-minded as St. Hugh, and as free from selfish feelings as the graceful and loving soul of Peter the Venerable. At the time when Stephen completed the Cistercian order, Cluny was in the hands of one who ruled it between the time of St. Hugh and Peter, Abbot Pontius, who spoilt the whole. He must needs be called by the proud name of Abbot of Abbots, and assume a haughty superiority over the abbot of Mount Cassino, the most ancient Benedictine abbey. This was the fault of the system; one bad abbot ruined all; Pontius left to his successor a house loaded with debt, with 300 monks to support on revenues which were barely sufficient to maintain 100, besides a rabble of guests and paupers, who infested the gates of the abbey. With these disorders before his eyes, Stephen determined on instituting a system of reciprocal visitation between the abbeys of his order. He might, as abbot of Citeaux, have constituted himself the head of this increasing congregation; but his object was not to lord it over Christ's heritage, but to establish between the Cistercian abbeys a lasting bond of love. The body of statutes which he presented

³ *Mabillon. Sæc. v. Pref. 56.*

⁴ *Thomassin. de Nov. et Vet. Disc. l. 368.*

to his brethren in the general chapter of 1119, was called the Chart of Charity. In its provisions, the whole order is looked upon as one family, united by ties of blood; Citeaux is the common ancestor of the whole and the four first abbeys founded from it, La Ferté, Pontigny, Clairvaux, and Morimond, as its four eldest daughters, respectively governed the abbeys sprung from them. The abbot of Citeaux was called *Pater universalis ordinis*; he visited any monastery that he pleased, and wherever he went the abbot gave up his place to him. On the other hand, the abbots of the four filiations, as they were termed, visited Citeaux, besides which each abbot went every year to inspect the abbeys which had sprung from his own. Every year a general chapter was held at Citeaux, which all the abbots in the order, without exception, were obliged to attend under heavy penalties. The chief abbot of each filiation could, with the advice of other abbots, depose any one of his subordinate abbots, who after admonition continued to violate the rule; and even the head of the whole order might be deposed by the four abbots, though not without a general chapter, or in case of urgent necessity, in an assembly of abbots of the filiation of Citeaux. Each abbey was to receive with joy any of the brethren of other Cistercian abbeys, and to treat him as though he were at home. Thus the most perfect union was to be preserved amongst the whole body; and if any discord arose in the general chapter the abbot of Citeaux might, with the help of other abbots, called in by himself, settle the question in dispute. This is but a faint outline of the famous Chart of Charity, which was copied by many other order and in part even by that of Cluny. This rigid system of mutual visitation might seem to have precluded

visitation of the bishop, and so in fact the order became in time exempt from episcopal superintendence; but Stephen by no means intended that such should be the case. Exemptions from the jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ, as St. Bernard calls the bishop of the diocese⁵, formed one of the special grievances against which the early Cistercian writers most loudly declaim. It was a portion of the ambition of abbots of the day, and was therefore classed by them with the assumption of the pontifical mitre and sandals, which was such a scandal in Cistercian eyes. Exemptions, however, which were not gained at the suit of the abbot, but conceded by the Holy See to the piety of founders of monasteries, are excepted from the censure of St. Bernard; and, notwithstanding Stephen's submission to diocesan authority, he took care to secure his order against the influence of secular bishops. Even from the time of Hugh, the second abbot elected by Stephen, the words, "salvo ordine nostro," were added to the oath of canonical obedience, taken by every abbot on receiving the benediction from the bishop. Another important step was taken by him to secure his order, and its new constitution, from undue interference. He determined to apply to the Apostolic See for a confirmation of the *Charta Charitatis*; without this sanction it was a mere private compact between the then ruling Cistercian abbots, but with the papal sanction it became in some way a law of the Church. Stephen was not obliged to send all the way to Rome to obtain this confirmation from the pope; great things had been doing in Christendom all this while that Citeaux had been flourishing. Pascal II. had died, and, after one short year, Gelasius too had

⁵ De Off. Episc. 9.

died, not at Rome in his own palace, but an exile at Cluny. Into that year were crowded troubles, as great as had ever befallen the successor of St. Peter since the days of martyrdom. A troubled life, indeed, had been the life of Gelasius, ever since he had left his peaceful studies at Mount Cassino, and been made Chancellor of Rome, to amend the latinity of the papal court, where, as says Pandulf, "the ancient style of elegance and grace was almost lost⁶." Rougher tasks he found than this, for he shared in all the troubles of the popes during that long struggle, and at last he himself from Cardinal John Cajetan was made Pope Gelasius II. In the very ceremony of his enthronement, he was thrown from his seat by the emperor's party, dragged by the hair out of the Church, and at its very door stamped upon, so that the rowels of the spurs of his persecutors were stained with his blood. Then he fled from Rome by water, amidst a tempest of thunder and wind, and what was worse, amidst the curses of the Germans, who stood on the shore ready to seize him if they could; and so they would, if it had not been for the fearful night, and for Cardinal Hugo, who, when they landed, carried the holy father on his back to a safe castle. In exile he remained the rest of his life, with but one short interval, when he ventured to return to Rome, and again the impious nobles rose, and swords were drawn about him, till at last he said, "Let us fly this city, this Sodom, this new Babylon!" and all cried, "Amen!" and so he left Rome for ever, and came to France, the general refuge of popes in those dreadful times. His successor was chosen in France, and this was no other than Guido, archbishop of Vienne of the

⁶ Muratori, *Scrip.* iii. part i. p. 378.

noble house of Burgundy, and the friend of Stephen and of Citeaux, who now was called Pope Calixtus II. He it was to whom God gave grace to finish the struggle between the Church and the emperor, and to receive the submission of Henry V. But this was not to be ill afterwards. During the year when the Chart of Charity was framed, which was also the first of his ruling the Church of Christ, he remained in France, and held a council at Rheims, where he excommunicated the emperor. In December Stephen's messenger found him at Sedelocum, a place supposed to be Saulieu, in Auvergne, and with the consent of the bishops of the dioceses in which the Cistercian abbeys were situated, he fully confirmed all the measures which Stephen had, with the consent of his brethren, determined upon for the preservation of peace in his order. The Chart of Charity was not a dead letter ; if the Spirit of God had not been in that house, it would have been but so much parchment. But that blessed Spirit was there in effect ; else how could so many men of different age, temper, rank of life, and country, have lived together in peace ? It is easy at times to make great sacrifices ; but it is hard to keep up the intercourse of every day life without jars and rents, and still harder, while the body is suffering from fatigue and mortification, to preserve the graceful and noiseless considerateness, which attends without effort to a brother's little wants. The very chapter where the Chart was passed presents an instance of the sort. It appears, that on occasion of the general chapter, to mark the joy of Citeaux at the presence of its sons, the stranger abbots were regaled with a pittance, or addition to their frugal meal. But the fathers saw, that in consequence of this additional mess, every thing *went wrong in the abbey* ; the poor cooks were put on

by the unwonted feast, and then when all was over, the dishes had to be washed, and the servants had to get their dinner, and so vespers were late⁷, and the poor monks robbed of a portion of their scanty sleep. The abbots were unwilling that their arrival should give so much trouble, and they begged of Stephen that the pittance should no more be given ; and he, with the consent of the brethren, acceded to their request.

⁷ Ua. Cist. 108. 77.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABBOT SUGER.

his administration of his order was quite enough to supply Stephen's time ; year after year new abbeys were founded, and Cistercian monasteries rose up on all sides to the astonishment of the world. He had not to undertake long journeys for the foundation of the new community ; and besides these toils, the secular government of such a large body of men required ordinary attention. It is not to be supposed that there were no dangers in the way of monks, or that secular falls, even in his most promising disciples, did not sometimes happen to grieve his heart. For instance, in the year 1125, Arnold, whom he had made abbot of Clugny, one of the four governing abbeys of the empire, suddenly grew disgusted with his charge, and while Stephen was absent in Flanders, suddenly left the monastery, carrying away with him several of the brethren. His pretence was a pilgrimage ; but he never returned to his abbey, and died soon after at Cologne, a runaway monk. While, however, Stephen was thus busied in enlarging his own abbeys, a reform was silently going on elsewhere, and a most important quarter, from the mere easing weight of the Cistercian order. It might have been supposed that the Cistercian, occupied in draining the soil, in draining marshes, and reducing waste lands into cultivation, would certainly be a great comfort

to the poor amongst whom he laboured, and whose life he imitated ; but it could hardly be expected that their influence could reach higher ; and yet so it was. The bishop's palace and the king's court, unhappily at this time too much allied, both began to feel the influence of the bold stand in favour of Christian poverty which Stephen was making. About the year 1124, Peter, abbot of La Ferté, had been chosen archbishop of Tarantaise, and with the consent of Stephen and the general chapter, had accepted it. Cistercian bishops were still bound to keep the rules of the order ; they did not wear the fur garments, with sleeves lined of a blood-red colour¹, which scandalized St. Bernard, but they kept the abbot of the order covered with only a poor mantle lined with sheep-skin². In the two following years France was astonished by the conversion of three of the most powerful prelates of the country. Henry, archbishop of Sens, Stephen, bishop of Paris, and the celebrated Suger, abbot of St. Denis. By conversion it is not meant that these men led vicious or immoral lives ; on the contrary, they were men whom it was impossible not to admire for the noble way in which they led what was then the better party in the state ; but they were ambitious and courtly men, half soldier or statesman, and the rest churchman. It was the time when the French royalty was, with the help of the Church, rousing itself ; the king of France had been but a king in name, often pious and devout, but seldom great or intellectual. In England our Norman lords were the real heads of a feudal sovereignty ; they ruled by right of conquest, and the barons were kept under by common fear of the Saxons. But the poor king of

¹ St. Bern. de Off. Epis. 2.

² Inst. Cap. Gen. 59.

nce, in his royal city of Paris, was hemmed in on sides by dukes of Normandy, and counts of Anjou, is, and Flanders, a mere shadow of Charlemagne, different from his wily, unscrupulous, powerful esty of England, the fine clerk who held his brilliant rt at Westminster. In Louis VI.'s time, however,

French monarchy began to develope itself; he was energetic, and in many respects an estimable prince, ight up in his youth in the abbey of St. Denis, and n at one time inclined to become a monk. He made mon cause with the Church against the nobles, who e wholesale robbers of Church lands, and respected ther his royal crown nor the bishop's mitre. But at had monarchy to do with Stephen, or Stephen h monarchy, that his poor order should be brought o the affairs of the kingdom? And yet, strange to , it came across King Louis's plans by converting his ister. The very head of the political movement was n, when Suger's heart was touched by St. Bernard's nning words, and when the royal abbey of St. Denis s reformed by the example of the Cistercians. A ole heart was Suger's, even while the world had too at a share in it. Nothing low or mean ever entered o it; all, as even St. Bernard allows, that stained it, s too great a love of show and of worldly grandeur³. o but that man of little stature, of piercing eye, and acious and withal upright heart, had, when provost Toury, broken the power of Hugh of Puiset, that rn in the side of the Church, who put lance in rest uest the king himself? In his monkish cowl he le into the town of Toury, even through the enemies o besieged it, and saved it for the king. No busi-

³ St. Bern. Ep. 78.

ness was safe unless Suger was in it ; his abbot Adam, and the king, both loved him, and sent him more than once even across the Alps ; and no wonder, for his eloquence and learning was so great, that not only could he quote the Fathers, but even would repeat two or three hundred lines together of Horace by heart. He had once just quitted Pope Calixtus on one of these expeditions, and was on his way back to France at an inn, and had said matins at night, and had lain him down again to sleep, when he dreamed a dream—that he was at sea in a little boat tossed about by the waves, but was rescued by the help of the blessed martyr St. Denis. Then he went on his journey, and was pondering what it all meant, when he saw coming towards him a brother of the abbey, with a face of mingled sorrow and joy ; and the brother told that Abbot Adam was dead, that the monks had chosen him abbot of St. Denis, even without waiting for the king's leave, and that the king was very angry, and had put in prison some of the brethren. At this news Suger's heart was sad ; he loved his abbot dearly, and besides his brethren were in prison for his sake, and worst of all, he foresaw a contest between the king his master and the pope, about the liberty of election. However, the blessed martyr's prayers helped him through all, and the king confirmed the choice of the monks, and he was installed abbot of the first abbey in France. Then what a life was his when he was thus raised on high ! If a turbulent noble was to be put down, Suger was to be there ; on one occasion, when he was riding at the head of a body of soldiers to Orleans after his lord the king, he fell in with an officer of Hugh of Puiset, whom he took captive, and put securely into the abbey prison. Rome saw him in 1123 at the Lateran council ; next year the

Church of St. Denis showed a memorable scene. The emperor, stung with the excommunication pronounced against him at the council of Rheims, invaded France, the constant ally of the Church. Then the royalty of France plucked up heart, and the men of the country gathered round the king, and all together went to St. Denis, where Louis received the Oriflamme from the hands of Suger at the high altar, with all the chivalry of France standing around him. The cause of God's Church prevailed, and the emperor took himself back to Germany, without waiting to see the Oriflamme unfurled. This was all very well ; Suger was on the right side ; his policy was the best for France, which was thus slowly finding a bond of union in the king, and getting rid of the petty tyrants which disturbed it. Again, he was on the side of the Church, for these nobles were its intolerable oppressors ; but still something was wanting to the abbot of St. Denis. The concerns of his soul were not prospering amidst this perpetual tumult. Its wear and tear fretted his body down, and " Abbot Suger," says a monk, " did not get fat as other abbots did⁴." The prayers of the Cistercians, however, were at work, and St. Bernard's words pricked his conscience. Indeed, an honest mind like his, could not be long in seeing that he looked very little like a churchman and a monk, as he rode at the head of troops, or moved in the brilliant train of a court. Besides, his own abbey was in a most miserable state : without believing the calumnies of Abelard, it is evident that it was as unlike a monastery as it could well be. It was thoroughly secularized ; this ancient sanctuary, once the very soul of the devotion of France, and the burial place of its kings, was now the centre of the business of the whole realm.

⁴ Vit. Sug. 2, 3. ap. Du Chesne.

“Deftly and faithfully did Cæsar get his own there; but as for the things of God, they were not paid so faithfully to God^s.” Posts came rushing in from all quarters; the cloister was often filled with armed men; monks might be seen lounging about, idly talking with strangers, and even women were sometimes admitted within its precincts. No wonder that this scene raised Cistercian indignation; but it was not long to continue so. Suger’s was an honest heart; he had been entangled by the force of circumstances, even from his youth, in secular affairs, and the hurry of business had prevented his looking about him. Now, however, that the fearful responsibility of the government of the abbey was upon him, it made him shudder. The Cistercian reform was spreading with a wildfire speed about him; it was a declaration from heaven against his own most criminal neglect of the important charge which God had committed into his hands. His long troop of armed retainers, and his sumptuous habits, formed but a poor contrast to Stephen’s paltry equipage, as he travelled about in his coarse white garment, with a monk or two and a lay-brother in his train. The soul of Suger sinks within him at the thought of his danger, and he determines to reform both himself and his abbey. If Cîteaux had never done more than turn to God this noble heart, its labour would not have been thrown away. By thus suggesting the reform of St. Denis, it was conquering the very stronghold of worldliness; it was purging the Church from the thorough secularization which a long mixture with the world had brought on. Oh! how must Stephen’s heart have leaped within him, when he thus saw his order doing his work. He

^s St. Bernard, Ep. 78.

old most cordially have joined in the devout gush of quiet joy with which Suger thanked God. "Amidst the recovery of the ancient lands of the Church, and the acquirement of new, the spread of this Church all around, the restoration or construction of its buildings, this is the chief, the most grateful, yea, the highest privilege which God in His mercy has given me, that He has lately reformed the holy order, the state of this holy Church, to His own honour and that of His saints in the same place, and has settled in peace the end and object of holy religion, by which man attains to the enjoyment of God, without causing scandal or trouble among the brethren, though they were all unaccustomed to it⁶." The conversion of Suger is in itself a justification of Stephen, in the rigid rules of poverty which he adopted at Citeaux; it was the best way of forming an upright heart, like that of the abbot of St. Denis, to put before him a clear and unquestionable example of holy poverty, which must reach him even in the whirl of secular business. France afterwards called him the father of his country, and it is to the influence of the Cistercian reform that he owed that single-hearted conscientiousness, and that habit of devotion, which kept him up, when he was afterwards regent of the whole realm.

It is true, that in one particular he was not a disciple of Stephen; he could not bear poverty in the adornment of churches; it was not in his nature, and could not be helped. He even seems evidently to aim at his old friends at Citeaux, when he says, "Every man may have his own opinion; I confess that what pleases

⁶ Vit. Lud. Grossi ap. Du Chesne, tom. iv. 311.

me best is, that if there be anything more precious than another, yea most precious of all, it should serve to the ministration of the blessed Eucharist above all things." This difference between St. Denis and Citeaux was in after days curiously illustrated; for Abbot Suger was pondering within himself how to get gems to adorn a magnificent crucifix on the high altar of the abbey church, when in came three abbots, among whom were my lord of Citeaux (probably Stephen's successor) and another Cistercian abbot, with such a store of jewels as he had never seen before. Thibault, count of Champagne, another disciple of Citeaux, had out of love for holy poverty broken up two magnificent gold vases, and given them as alms to these abbots, and they came at once to St. Denis, knowing that they should be sure to find a market for them. Unlike the simple choir of Citeaux, the sanctuary of the royal abbey blazed with gold and jewels, with painting and sculpture; there was the cross worked by Eligius the goldsmith-saint, and there were the jasper, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, and the topaz, "yea," says Suger, "all the precious stones of old Tyre were its covering, save the carbuncle." All the crowns of the kings of France were there deposited after their death, on the shrine of the martyrs. Yet the abbot's delight in thus adorning the shrine of his Lord was utterly unmixed with selfish feeling, "for," he says, "it is most meet and right that with all things universally we should minister to our Redeemer, who in all things without exception has mercifully deigned to provide for us, who has united our nature to His own in one admirable never to be divided Person, who, placing us in His right hand, has *promised us* that we shall verily possess His kingdom;

Lord, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and Holy Ghost, One God for ever and ever. Amen⁷." It is instructive to see how the Cistercian influence extended to persons whose minds were of a texture so different from that of the abbot of Cîteaux. However when might have been scandalized with the unmonastic appearance of the high altar of St. Denis, he would have found a kindred spirit in its noble-minded abbot, a Cistercian in simplicity, amidst all this splendour, his man shames us all," said of Suger a certain abbot of Cluny, "he does not build for himself as we do, but for God only." With all his love for architecture, he built but one thing for himself, and that was a cell twelve feet broad and fifteen long. Here was his little bed of straw, hid in the day time by handsome covering, and during the few hours that he lay there at night, it held nothing on it but the rough Cistercian læna or wollen rug, which St. Alberic substituted for the many coverings of the Cluniac dormitory. Thus he lived, one of the most noble conquests of Cîteaux, and through him, as he afterwards, when regent, had in his hands the appointment of every bishop in the realm, Stephen's love of poverty influenced most materially the whole church of France.

And what said King Louis, when this strange influence appeared in his own palace? He was doing his best to save the Church, and was the alliance between Church and State to be broken up, and his ecclesiastical friends to be taken from his very side, for the sake of a monk like Stephen? The king had patronized the Cistercians, and, as appears from a letter written at this time⁸, had at some former period joined himself in a fraternity

⁷ *Adm. Sug. c. 32.*

⁸ *St. Bern. Ep. 45.*

of prayers with them ; but now that Henry of Sens, and Stephen of Paris, left his court to govern their flocks like good pastors, he began to think that Cistercian prayers were very well in their way, provided they did not convert his ministers. Annoyed by the conduct of the bishops, he took occasion of some cabal in the diocese of Paris, to seize upon the temporalities of the see ; and when the archbishop of Sens, as metropolitan of Paris, took the part of the bishop, he began also to persecute him. It appears that the king had partizans amongst the cardinals, and it was doubtful how the matter would turn out ; the poor bishop knew not where to find help, but he bethought himself that there was then sitting an assembly of fearless men who had nothing to expect from the world. He applied to the chapter of Citeaux for letters to the pope to recommend his cause. The abbots judged it best to write first to the king himself, and St. Bernard composed a letter in the name of the abbot of Citeaux, and his brethren assembled at their annual meeting. Here then was Stephen in direct opposition to kings and cardinals. Strange is the style of the opening of this bold epistle. "To the noble king of the Franks Louis, Stephen, abbot of Citeaux, and the whole assembly of Cistercian abbots and brethren, health, safety, and peace in Christ Jesus." The wooden crozier of Citeaux against the gold sceptre of the Louvre ! the match seems most unequal ; but the wooden crozier won the day at last. The cardinals hung back, and there came a decision from Rome in favour of the king, and all seemed to be prospering on his side. But there was still a party unsatisfied, which had sprung up silently and imperceptibly around the king, and whose influence now began to be felt across the Alps. Its wishes must henceforth

form an item in the consultation of popes and kings. St. Bernard and Hugh of Pontigny cry aloud to the pope himself in spite of the murmers of some of the cardinals, who loved not such importunate partizans of justice. At last the Holy See interfered in the bishop's favour, at or about the time of the council of Troyes, 1128, at which Stephen and St. Bernard were both present⁹. Shortly afterwards, Stephen, with the abbots of Clairvaux and Pontigny, wrote to the pope in favour of the archbishop of Sens, whom King Louis was still persecuting. They were an uncompromising set of men, whom nothing could satisfy, till the oppressed was delivered from the tyranny of his oppressor ; these Cistercian frogs would croak out of their marshes¹⁰, and would not hold their peace, for all the bitter complaints of the cardinals, whose rest was sadly disturbed by their noise. They must needs be at the bottom of every movement in the Church, with their importunate poverty. Even the warlike Templars felt its influence, and clothed themselves in their white cloaks "without arrogance or superfluity," and in plain armour, with horse-trappings unadorned with gold and silver. They were first made an order at the council of Troyes, in the presence of Stephen, and each provincial master of the Temple took an oath, that he would defend all religious, but, above all, Cistercian monks and their abbots, as being their brethren and fellows.

⁹ Mabillon's notes on St. Bernard, Ep. 45.

¹⁰ St. Bern. Ep. 48.

CHAPTER XIX.

TROUBLES IN THE CHURCH.

THE Cistercian influence had, however, not reached its height even at the council of Troyes : two years after occurred the schism of Anacletus, the decision of which in favour of Innocent II. was, under God, entirely owing to St. Bernard. The question did not originate in a mere quarrel between two parties amongst the cardinals. The election of Innocent II. was a bold innovation, by which the turbulent people of Rome were excluded from any share in choosing the supreme pontiff¹. There were many wild and unscrupulous barons in Europe, but a Frangipani, a Collonna, or a count of Tusculum could match them all. The very last election of Honorius II. had been brought about by a notorious trick of a Frangipani ; and a short time before, Gelasius, in leaving Rome, had said solemnly, that if so be, he had rather fall into the hands of one emperor than of so many. The cardinals, who in this case had elected pope Innocent, met together without the knowledge not only of the Roman clergy and people, but even of a very large part of the sacred college. This they did, says Suger, for fear of the turbulent Romans. Hence, not only the election of Petrus Leonis the antipope, but even of the real successor of St. Peter was informal ; it required the subsequent voice of Christendom to constitute Innocent the rightful pope. The impression left on *the mind* by Suger's clear, statesman-like view of the

¹ Lupus, tom. v. p. 69.

transaction is, that of the two elections that of Peter was the more formal ; and he adds that the council of Etampes in its decision inquired more about the character than the election of the candidates. The cardinals of Innocent's party had, however, another and a cogent reason for proceeding thus surreptitiously in the election. " They elected Innocent," says an old chronicler, " with too great haste, as some think, in order to exclude Peter, who seemed to aim at the popedom on secular grounds²." They were the religious party amongst the cardinals, and they dreaded the election of Peter, who " placed not God for his help, but trusted in the multitude of his riches, in the power of his relations, and in the strength of his fortifications." He was the head of the secular party in the Church, and at a time when the struggle with the emperor on the subject of investitures was but just over, and when the pride and luxury which a long sojourn in kings' courts had introduced were rampant in the very sanctuary, his elevation might have been productive of the worst results. He had at one time been a monk of Cluny, but had been recalled to Rome by Pascal II., who made him a cardinal. From that time he had been actively employed as a legate by the papal court, and in this occupation had added enormous wealth to the already large property of his family, originally of Jewish extraction. He was one of those purple "satraps, lovers of majesty rather than lovers of truth," whom St. Bernard calls "wolves;" companions not of the "successors of St. Peter, but of Constantine," followers of the pope in the time of triumph, when he rode on a white horse, adorned with gems and gold, not of "the vicar of Christ, the hammer of tyrants and the refuge of the oppressed³." The cause of Innocent was

² *Chron. Maurin.* ap. Du Chesne.

³ *De Consid. lib. iv.*

therefore that of holy poverty, and it was taken up by all the new monastic orders which sprang up about this time to the edification of the Church, as also by the most flourishing of the ancient convents. "The Camaldolese," says St. Bernard, "they of Vallombrosa, the Carthusians, Cluniacs, and they of the Great Monastery, my own Cistercians too, the monks of Caen, of Tiron, and Savigny, in a word, all together and with one heart, the brethren, whether monks or clerks, who lead a regular life and are of approved conversation, all following the bishops as sheep their pastors, adhere firmly to Innocent." St. Bernard does not here say whom the pastors themselves followed, but it was plain to every one else that he himself led the Catholic world. All the bishops of France, with king Louis, were assembled at Etampes, to decide on this question of vital importance, even to the existence of the Catholic Church; but the abbot of Clairvaux was not there, and nothing could be done without him. He came at their bidding, trembling, and with a heart beating with fear; but God reassured his servant in a dream, showing him a vast Church with one accord praising God. When he arrived, the whole assembly with one voice declared that Bernard should decide. Calmly, but still with trembling, the servant of God examined the manner of the election, the merits of the electors, and the life and character of the candidates, and then with a royal heart, trusting in the help of God, he pronounced aloud that Innocent was pope; and the whole assembly received his decision without any doubt, believing that he spoke by the Holy Ghost. It does not come within our subject to say how St. Bernard went about, and by his very presence and energetic words turned the hearts of all the kings of Europe to Innocent, the wily Beau Clerc Henry, the

hesitating Lothaire, even at last the wild boar of Aquitaine,—how he bowed the soul of Christendom, as the soul of one man, and placed the successor of St. Peter in his rightful chair, in the teeth of Roger of Sicily, with his new crown, and all his Normans. Stephen of course followed his illustrious disciple ; the success of Innocent was the consummation of the triumph of holy poverty, in which he had led the way ; and he cheerfully and gladly now gave up the cause into the hands of St. Bernard. While the saint was travelling over land and sea for the peace of the Church, and to his regret was obliged to leave his beloved Clairvaux, Stephen remained quietly in his own abbey, continuing to rule his order. Innocent, however, did not confine his love for Cistercians to St. Bernard. He addressed to Stephen a letter, in which he calls him “his dear son in the Lord⁴,” and grants to him and to his successors for ever two important privileges. They appear from the terms of the grant to have been given at Stephen’s own request, and both are certainly the result of the action of his own principles. His notion of a monastery was a place devoted

⁴ This document is found in Manriquez, An. 1132. l. 5 ; it is dated Cluny, February 10 ; another, dated Lyons on the 17th of the same month, is found among St. Bernard’s works. They were given by innocent on his way from France back into Italy. It is singular that these two documents are dated according to two different modes of calculation. The privilege granted to St. Stephen, though it was prior to the other, is dated 1132, whilst that granted to St. Bernard is dated 1131 ; the reason is, because in the latter the year is reckoned to begin on the 25th of March, in the former, on the 1st of January. Mabillon, overlooking this, has given 1131 instead of 1132 as the date of the privilege given to St. Bernard ; as Innocent dated his years from his election, the 15th of February, 1130, a document signed on the 17th of February, in his third year, must be referred to 1132, according to our calculation.

to contemplation, where the noise and the cares of the world could not penetrate. He wished his monks to know nothing of the bickerings, and the lawsuits, and the selfishness, which were all going on beyond the cloister ; a short time before he had himself been drawn away from Citeaux, to settle a quarrel between the abbeys of St. Seine and of St. Stephen of Dijon. One privilege therefore, granted to all Cistercian abbots, was concluded in these terms, "And because, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, that ye may be able with the greater freedom to follow out the service of God, and with the clear vision of the soul to dwell at peace in contemplation, we forbid that any bishop or archbishop should compel thee, or thy successors, or any abbot of the Cistercian order, to come to a council or synod, save on account of the faith." Stephen, however, not only wished his monks to be out of the way of the quarrels of their neighbours, but also to be independent of worldly cares. The intention of St. Benedict was, that a monk should be a poor man, living on the labour of his own hands ; he did not, however, wish him to be in abject penury ; the monastery was to possess all necessaries within its walls, so that nothing need be sought for out of the cloister. Stephen had more than once been himself reduced to a state of real want, and had stoutly braved it out, with a few energetic spirits about him. Now, however, that Citeaux was a large community, and the head of a flourishing order, the case was widely different ; there are, comparatively, many who can live on coarse bread and vegetables, but very few have the heroic patience necessary to struggle under the pressure of want. The soul of conventual life is *regularity*, which must disappear when the brethren are *obliged to make shifts to obtain absolute necessities*.

Though Citeaux was not now in danger of so sad a plight, it was a hard matter for the brother cellarer to make both ends meet. The Cistercians had renounced most of the sources of revenue by which other convents were maintained. There was nothing to attract seculars into their churches ; no public masses, no shrines of gold and silver. Their property consisted entirely in land, of which they sold the produce ; before, however, it could be brought into cultivation, granges were to be erected, and live stock to be bought, and much hard labour to be expended. Thus the more land was given to them, the more their expenses increased ; and after all there came round the tithe collector, claiming so much for the parish priest or for the brethren, of a certain monastery, to whom the tithes of the parish belonged. It should be remembered that they had themselves renounced all tithes and ecclesiastical property, which was the chief source of revenue in many monasteries, where the brethren never worked with their own hands ; besides which, the lands which were given to them were often waste and uncultivated, covered with a rank growth of entangled wood, or else mere marshy pools, the haunts of the heron and the bittern, and which consequently had never paid tithes at all. Considering the poverty of the Cistercians, Innocent freed them from the payment of all tithes. This was no new privilege ; all the monasteries of Thuringia, and amongst them the great abbey of Fulda, were at one time exempt from tithes ; and the archbishop of Metz, though he claimed tithes from them, allowed that such privileges were granted to rising monasteries. A short time before the rise of Citeaux, the same favour was accorded to the Knights Hospitallers in consideration of their poverty. Again, Peter of Blois, strongly as he reprobated the

continuance of the privilege when the order had grown powerful, and had been placed above all the difficulties which its very fecundity, astonishing as it was, at first entailed upon it, allowed that at first it was necessary. Reasonable, however, as was Innocent's grant it raised a tempest about Stephen and his poor Cistercians, which it took many a long year to allay. Enough has been said to show that the Cistercian movement, being in all respects a reformation, would be most likely to meet with opposition from the older monastic institutions. There had long been heart-burnings between Cluny and Cîteaux; an ancient and flourishing order like that of Cluny, with all its imposing dignity, and its religious magnificence, could not but stand reproved before the elastic spirit and young life which were developing from the obscure convent of Cîteaux. It might be venerable and beautiful, but there was a vigour in the uncompromising fervour of the new order, and an unencumbered grace in its holy poverty, which was sure to attract all the ardent spirits in the Church. Hence many a promising monk passed over to the Cistercians, and left sore displeasure behind him among his brethren, to whom his fervour seemed to be a reproach. Around the ancient monasteries there arose everywhere new institutions, not hallowed by time and adorned by the piety of kings, but carrying with them the hearts of the people by the sanctity of their inmates. This new privilege granted by Innocent caused all this smothered flame to burst out; a Cluniac monastery, that of Gigny in Champagne, refused to allow its neighbour, the house of Miroir, to take advantage of the privilege, and still exacted the tithes in the teeth of the authority of the Holy See. It was for this contumacy put under an interdict, in consequence of which the whole

Cluniac order was up in arms. It was fortunate that Pontius had ceased to be abbot of Cluny, and that Peter the Venerable now ruled over the order. From his position Peter was obliged to support the vast body of which he was the ruler ; he therefore addressed a letter of sharp remonstrance to the chapter of Citeaux, and did his best to get the privilege reversed at the papal court ; he however never for a moment lost the unbounded love which he felt for the great men who were at the head of this new movement in the Church. The next year, fearing lest his former letter should have been too severe, he wrote to the assembled chapter, to protest that he had the real interests of peace in his heart, when he wrote that letter, and concludes with saying, "I rest in peace and I will rest on you. I rejoice and I will rejoice in you, yea, though injured, I will not depart from you." From the really Christian spirit of this noble minded man, a real love was maintained among the higher authorities of the two orders ; among the inferior members there was, it must be confessed, on the Cistercian side often a Puritanical adhesion to the letter of the rule, and, on the Cluniac, a most unchristian tone of jealousy and mistrust. But the most perfect harmony prevailed between the abbot of Cluny and the ruling body of Citeaux, with Stephen at their head. It was not that Peter did not feel a most filial affection for the noble monastery in which he had learned to know Christ, and over which he now ruled ; nor did he fail to be really and acutely pained when the force of circumstances necessarily placed him in collision with the Cistercians. But notwithstanding the blows which he thus received in his most tender affections, he ever maintained an unbounded reverence for this new institution which God, *through Stephen's means*, had raised in the Church. He

was content that his light should wane while Stephen whom the world would call his rival, increased in power and influence every day. Above all, he rejoiced with enthusiasm in St Bernard's sanctity, and even kissed his letters when they appeared, to gladden his heart; he seems to repose in perfect confidence, as it were on the bosom of a friend, when he writes to the saint; he exercises his playful and polished wit on these occasions, professing that he feels quite secure, in thus giving loose to his cheerfulness in his letters to his dear friend; and St. Bernard in return compliments him by saying, that he at least could indulge his wit without sin. He strenuously set about reforming his order; and so far from being angered by St. Bernard's indignant remonstrances in his Apology, his new statutes adopt, as far as possible, all the suggestions contained in that celebrated treatise. Some of his reforms are evidently taken from Cistercian regulations, and especially from those made by Stephen himself. Crucifixes of wood were ordered to be used instead of the precious metals, when the holy rood was applied to the lips of a dying monk⁵; it was not a cross of gold or silver, but a cross of wood which redeemed the world. Again the magnificent candlestick of Cluny, which scandalized Cistercian simplicity, was not to be lighted up except on the great festivals; at other times iron candlesticks were to be used⁶. Thus did Stephen's influence extend even to Cluny, notwithstanding the angry monks. The quarrels on the subject of tithes lasted many years even after Stephen's death, but it never destroyed the harmony which prevailed between Peter the Venerable and his friends of the chapter of Citeaux.

⁵ Stat. 62.

⁶ Stat. 52.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF STEPHEN.

NCE the admission of St. Bernard into Cîteaux, the life of Stephen has been that of his order. History only speaks of him occasionally as a monastic legislator, or as the founder of some new convent. The lord abbot of Cîteaux appears sometimes amongst the signatures attached to a council, or to some document which the council of the Benedictines has brought from the chartulary of a convent. It is well that it should be so, for the great order of Cîteaux was Stephen's structure, and on that his noble work has claims to the veneration of the faithful rest. We now, however, come to a part where his life is put forward exclusively; his long and laborious life is now drawing to a close. It comes suddenly upon the reader of the Cistercian Annalist, and takes him by surprise to find that the chapter to which Peter the Venerable's letter was addressed was the last held by Stephen. No data are given in his history to ascertain his age; so that his years go on silently, numbered by those of Cîteaux, and it seems strange that all at once, when his order is in the height of prosperity, his life, which was the moving principle of the whole, should come to an end. Yet so it is even with the greatest saints; man labors to his labour until the evening, and then leaves it finished, and goes home to rest in the grave. At the chapter of 1133, the year after the privilege was granted to the Cistercians by Innocent, when, says the Exordium.

"our blessed father, Stephen, had stoutly administered the office committed to him, according to the true rule of humility given to us by our Lord Jesus Christ, when he was worn out with old age, and his eyes were blind, so that he could not see, he laid aside his pastoral charge, wishing to think in peace on God, and on himself through the sweet taste of holy contemplation." This is the first word that is said of Stephen's old age, and up to this time we might have fancied him as vigorous as ever, with his eyesight clear, and his faculties unimpaired. But although his eyes had failed, and his body was in darkness, yet the vision of his soul was as bright as ever; he was still to the last the Cistercian contemplative, who had fled to the forest, and to the desert, to dwell with God alone. Before, however, his soul was freed from its earthly tabernacle, Stephen had still a trial to undergo; God willed that his saint should die with his arms in his hands. The electors to whose task it fell to choose a successor, on Stephen's resignation, pitched upon a man who was utterly unworthy to succeed him. Wido, abbot of Three Fountains, had by some means deceived men into an opinion of his sanctity, and though, as the Exordium calls him, he was but a whited sepulchre, the abbots pitched upon him to govern the abbey and the whole order. Stephen knew what sort of a man he was; it is even said, that God specially revealed to him the wickedness of this new abbot. By that wonderful inward vision which God sometimes grants his saints, he could see his successor receiving the profession of the monks, though his outward eye was blind; when lo! God showed him the evil spirit entering in at his mouth, as he sat on high amidst the brethren, coming one by one to do him reverence. Stephen, however, remained still; he felt sure that God would not abandon the rising

order, and he did not choose to take upon him again a government which he had just laid down, by interfering with the free choice of the monks. St. Bernard was absent in Italy, and therefore he could not apply to him ; a full trust therefore upon God, he waited till the designs of Providence should manifest themselves. With his dreadful secret on his mind he held his peace. He had not long to wait, for "scarcely had one month passed away, when by the revelation of the Lord his uncleanness was laid bare, and this bastard plant which the heavenly Father had not planted was rooted out of Paradise." What was the sin of Wido is not known, and his name does not even occur in the common catalogue of Cistercian abbots ; the brethren seem to have tried to sink his memory in oblivion. He was succeeded by Rainaldus, a monk of Clairvaux, and a man in whose hands Stephen rejoiced to leave his order. His work was now done upon earth, and his strength was fast sinking ; he did not live many months after Rainaldus was elected. It is not known whether his illness was short or lingering, but the Exordium gives the following account of the death-bed of the man of God. "As the time approached when the old man lying on his bed, was, after his labours were over, to be brought into the joy of the Lord, and from the lowest room of poverty, which he had chosen in the world, according to the counsel of our Saviour, was about to mount up to the banquet of the Father of the family on high, there met together, besides others, certain brethren, abbots of his order, to accompany, by their most dutiful services and prayers, their faithful friend and most lowly Father, thus on his way to his home. And when he was in his last agony and was near death, the brethren began to talk together, and to call him blessed : being a man of such

merit, they said that he could go securely to God, who had in his time brought so much fruit to the Church of God. He heard this, and gathering together his breath as he could, said with a half-reproachful voice, What is it that ye are saying? Verily, I say to you, that I am going to God as trembling and anxious as if I had never done any good. For if there has been any good in me, and if any fruit has come forth through my littleness, it was through the help of the grace of God, and I fear and tremble much, lest perchance I have kept that grace less worthily and less humbly than I ought. Beneath this shield of the perfect lowliness which sounded on his lips, and grew deep in his heart, he put off the old man, and putting aside in his might all the most wicked darts of the enemy, fiery and sulphurous though they were, he passed with ease the airy region of storms, and mounted up and was crowned at the gate of Paradise." It was on the 28th of March, 1134, that Stephen quitted this weary life to join St. Robert and St. Alberic, whom he had so long survived. The 17th of April, on which his name occurs in the Martyrology, and which was his festival, was probably the day of his canonization. His day is not now remembered amongst us; many will not even have heard of his name, and those who have heard of him, may possibly be surprised to find that he was an Englishman. He eyes were probably never gladdened with a sight of the green fields of merry England, ever since he quitted his monastery of Sherborne to study at Paris. Yet his country may be proud to own this great saint. He was the spiritual father of St. Bernard, and was, it may be said, the principal founder of the *Order* of Cistercians. Before he died he had founded ~~fourty~~ *monasteries* of the line of Citeaux; the number ~~uses~~ of the whole order was upwards of ninety.

St. Stephen was in character a very Englishman ; his life has that strange mixture of repose and of action which characterises England. Contemplative and ascetic as he was, he was still in his way a man of action ; he had the head to plan, and the calm, unbending energy to execute a great work. His very countenance, if we may trust his contemporary the monk of Malmesbury, was English ; he was courteous in speech, blithe in countenance, with a soul ever joyful in the Lord¹. His order seems to have thriven in St. Stephen's native air ; most of our great abbeys, Tintern, Rievaulx, Fountains, Furness, and Netley, which are now known by their beautiful ruins, were Cistercian. The Order took to itself all the quiet nooks and valleys, and all the pleasant streams of old England, and gladdened the soul of the labourer by its constant bells. Its agricultural character was peculiarly suited to the country, though it took its birth beyond the seas. Doubtless St. Stephen, when he was working under the hot sun of France, often thought of the harvest moon and the ripe corn-fields of his native land. May his prayers now be heard before the throne of grace, for that dear country now lying under the wrath of God for the sins of its children. "Pray ye for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee." Oh ! Lord, our "eyes long sore for Thy word ; oh ! when wilt Thou comfort" us ! "Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity." "Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing."

¹ Gesta Reg. Angl. lib. 4.

LONDON:
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLETCHER,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.



FAMILY OF S. RICHARD,



LIVES
OF
THE ENGLISH SAINTS.

Family of St. Richard, the Saxon :

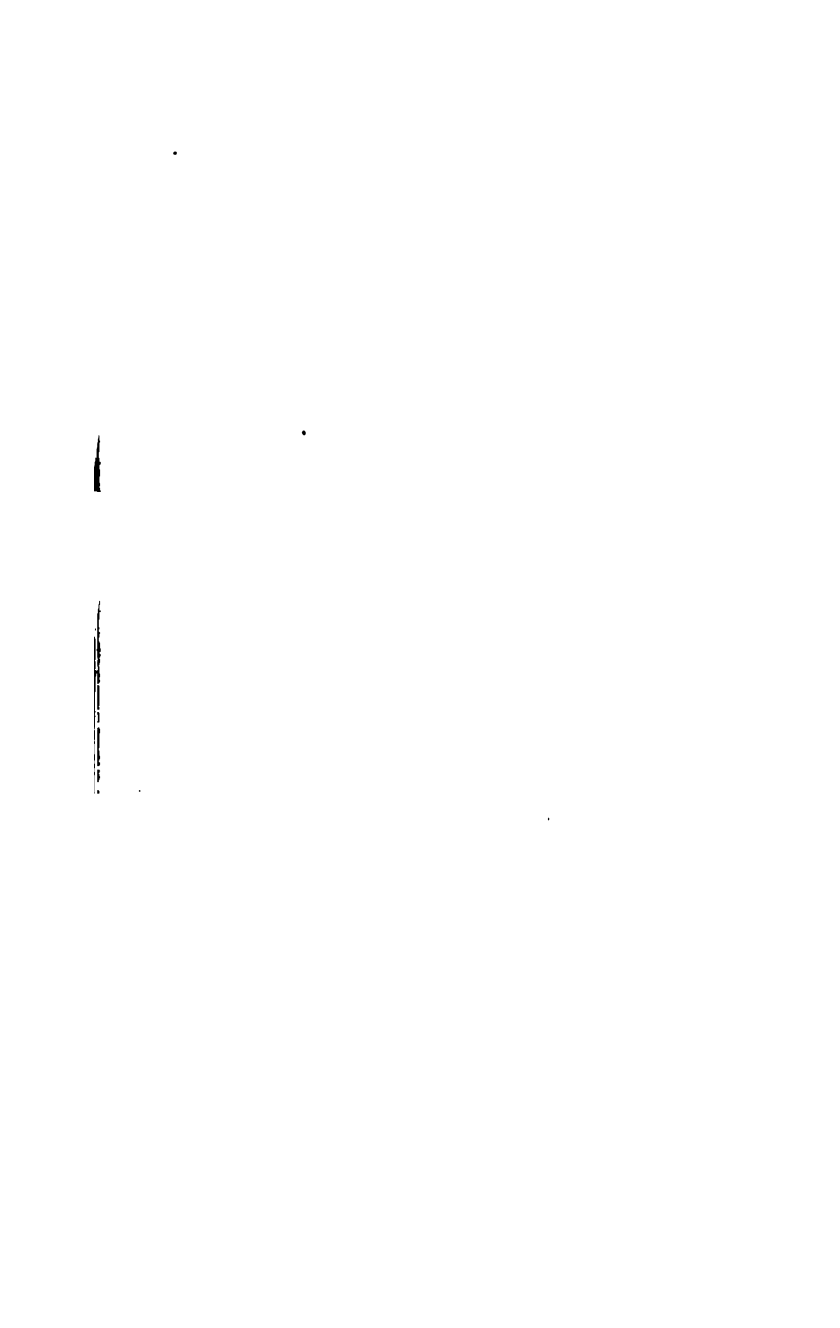
St. Richard, King.	St. Walburga, Virgin, Abbess.
St. Willibald, Bishop.	St. Winibald, Abbot.

MANSUETI HÆREDITABUNT TERRAM, ET DELECTABUNTUR IN
MULTITUDINE PACIS.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JAMES TOOVEY, 36, ST. JAMES'S STREET.


1844.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were put to press with the view of forming part of a series of Lives of English Saints, according to a prospectus which appeared in the course of last autumn, but which has since, for private reasons, been superseded. As it is not the only work undertaken in pursuance of the plan then in contemplation, it is probable, that, should it meet with success, other lives, now partly written, will be published in a similar form by their respective authors on their own responsibility.

The question will naturally suggest itself to the reader, whether the miracles recorded in these narratives, especially those contained in the Life of Walurga, are to be received as matters of fact; and in this way, and under our present circumstances, we can only reply, that there is no reason why they should not be. They are the kind of facts proper to ecclesiastical history, just as instances of sagacity and daring, personal prowess or crime, are the facts proper to secular history. And if the tendency of credulity or superstition to exaggerate and invent creates a difficulty in the reception of facts ecclesiastical, so does the exist-



ence of party spirit, private interests, personal attachments, malevolence, and the like, call for caution and criticism in the reception of facts secular and civil. There is little or nothing, then, *primâ facie*, in the miraculous accounts in question to repel a properly taught and religiously disposed mind; which will, accordingly, give them a prompt and hearty acquiescence, or a passive admission, or receive them in part, or hold them in suspense, or absolutely reject them, according as the evidence makes for or against them, or is or is not of a trustworthy character.

As to the miracles ascribed to St. Walburga, it must be remembered that she is one of the principal Saints of her age and country. "Scarcely any of the illustrious females of Old or New Testament can be named," says J. Basnage, "who has had so many heralds of her praises as Walburga; for, not to speak of her own brother Willibald, who is reported, without foundation, to have been his sister's panegyrist, six writers are extant, who have employed themselves in relating the deeds or miracles of Walburga;—Wolfhart, Adelbold, Medibard, Adelbert, Philip, and the nuns of St. Walburga's monastery."—Ap. Canis. Lect. Ant. t. ii. part iii. p. 265.

Nor was this renown the mere natural growth of ages. It begins within the very century of the Saint's death. At the end of that time Wolfhard, a monk of the diocese of Aichstadt, where her relics lay, drew up an account of her life, and of certain miracles which had been wrought in the course of three years.

at the time he wrote, by a portion of her relics
 towed upon the monastery of Monheim in Bavaria ;
 information, at least in part, coming from the monk
 who had the placing of the sacred treasure in its new
 de. The two mentioned below, p. 88, seem the
 7 miracles which were distinctly reported of her as
 occurring in her lifetime, and they were handed down
 apparently by tradition: "hæc duo tantum præclara
 acula," says Wolfhard, "quæ Virgo beata peregit
 vitâ, huic inserere dignum putavi opusculo, quæ
 tram ad memoriam pervenere." He speaks of the
 acles after her death as "quæ hactenus Dominus
 eam operatus est, et operatur quotidie;" and of
 its beginning shortly after her death (A.D. 777 or
), "parvo interjecto tempore," though those re-
 lated do not commence till the episcopate of Otkar,
 whom Henschenius considers to have been a bishop
 at the Council of Mayence in 848, while others place
 it some years later, that is, in Wolfhard's own time.
 Wolfhard speaks distinctly of the miraculous oil
 (l. below, p. 96) as then dropping: "invenerunt
 res," he says, speaking of the date, 893, "quasi
 iphâ tenui madefactos, ut quasi guttatim ab eis roris
 læ extorqueri valerent." Also Philip, Bishop of
 Rastadt, A.D. 1306, one of the biographers of the
 saint, as above-mentioned, speaks of the existence of
 the oil in his day: "miracula usque in hodiernum diem
 continuata feliciter crebescunt. Nam de membris ejus
 gineis, maxime tamen pectoralibus, sacrum emanat
 um, quod gratiâ Dei et intercessione B. Walpurgæ

Virginis cæcos illuminat, surdos audire facit," &c. Nay, he speaks of his own recovery, by means of it, from a critical illness: "*Phialam plenam ebibimus; eâdem die creticavimus, et brevi pòst in tempore, sanitati omnimodè restituti sumus.*" The nuns of Aichstadt, who drew up the epitome at an unknown date, but after the invention of printing, say the same thing; Mabill. Act. Bened. s. sec. 3. p. 2. p. 307. Rader, in his *Bavaria Sacra* (1615), speaks of cures in his time, one of which was told him by the subject of it; and Gretser, in like manner, speaks of the miracle as then existing (1620), "*videas guttas modò majores, modò minores,*" &c. and has written a treatise in defence of it.

It may be right to add, that Mabillon, in his edition of Wolfhard's work, professes to omit, without assigning reason, some of the miracles it contains: which J. Basnage attributes to disbelief of them: "*Mabilonius, vir acutæ naris, plurima ex singulis libris omisit, nec sibi metuens lectorem monuit.*" Moreover, a report has come down to us, that at one time Wolfhard himself was put into prison by Erconwold, the Bishop at whose instance he had written, "*cum graviter contra Episcopum deliquisset,*" "in consequence of grave offences against the Bishop."

J. H. N.

LITTLEMORE,

Feb. 21, 1844.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FE OF ST. RICHARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS, DIED 722	1
FE OF ST. WILLIBALD, BISHOP OF AICHSTADT, DIED 786.	17
FE OF ST. WALBURGA, VIRGIN, ABBESS OF HEIDENHEIM, DIED 777—780	72
E OF ST. WINIBALD, ABBOT OF HEIDENHEIM, DIED 761.	97



LIFE OF
St. Richard,

KING OF THE WEST SAXONS.—DIED 722.

REGION produces great fruits when it has found a deep soil in which it may grow. Its majestic principles then find room and supply enough to spring into their stature. Such were the hearts of our ancestors, when newly won over to the Faith. Their firm resolve, and bold determination of character, brought under the power of Christianity, led to examples of stern uncompromising sacrifice.

This remark will aid to explain the striking scene in their history presents at the close of the seventh century, when we see kings counting thrones as nothing, freely casting away their crowns, to follow in simplicity the poverty of the cross. Kenred king of Mercia, Offa prince of East Angles,¹ Ceadwall and Ina of West Angles, gave a new lesson to mankind; and the world, astonished, beheld warriors and princes resign pride and glory as a burden, and choose, as something better, the meek and lowly service of religion. Their example was stirring, and naturally drew others to it; a succession of devout wanderers left their

¹ Bede; Ecc. Hist. V. xix.

English homes, seeking the spots which the Apostles had trod, Rome and the Holy Land. "About this time," says Bede, speaking of the beginning of the eighth century, "multitudes of English people did so commonly, both of high rank, and of low estate, clergy and laity, and women too as well."²

Saint Richard is to be reckoned among the number of the men of birth spoken of in this passage. Little can be positively ascertained of his early history and parentage, or even of his title to the name of king. No written life is preserved of him, except some brief accounts of later date, compiled from scanty notices and from the lives of his three children. That he was of royal descent seems allowed. His sons are spoken of as "the sons of a king," and his daughter as "a king's daughter." His kinsman St. Boniface is said to be "of royal blood." His mother is called the sister of some Offa, but whether of East Angles or some other is disputable. The place of the kingdom assigned to him is determined by the statement, "that St. Boniface was born in his kingdom." The birth-place of St. Boniface was Kirton (Crediton) in Devon, so that this account would give him some portion of the kingdom of the West Angles; and localities incidentally mentioned would bring his residence to some part of Hampshire or Kent.

Probably he was one of the rich thanes or subregul among whom the Saxons were at times divided. Such was the case for ten years between the death of Kentwī and the reign of Ceadwall,³ and again in the time of Æthelhard the successor of Ina. In the year 680

² *Ecc. Hist.* V. vii.

³ *Gul. Malmsb. Vit. Aldhelmi.* Lib. V. De Pont. Sec. 2.

Ceadwall reduced the whole ; subduing the petty kings, and adding the Isle of Wight, which St. Wilfrid had converted from idolatry to Christianity.⁴

In the period between Kentwin and Ina, St. Richard was born, according to the Bollandists, in the reign of Ceadwall.⁵ "From his childhood he was deeply imbued with Christianity." These few words contain the sum of what is known of his early life. But though brief, they say much. Natural strength of character, noble birth and wealth, are nothing positive in themselves ; they imply increase of trial and larger capacity of good or evil : but when deep feelings and great powers are brought under the control of sublime principles, then it is that men are framed, excelling in action, and mighty in influence. The soul of man seems then like some powerful instrument touched by a master-hand, and brought out into full play. Therefore, little more needs to be added to the simple statement that, born in circumstance a wealthy and noble prince, he was early a devout Christian.

Tradition connects him with St. Ina,⁶ and his mother with the royal Mercian race. Such education and extraction well befitted one who was to be the father of a family of saints. Staid and settled characters of habitual piety and gravity, when joined to a courteous behaviour and noble open bearing, form the true mo-

⁴ Florentius Vigorn. Chronic. an. 686.

⁵ According to the historian Hume, St. Richard was son of Lothaire, king of Kent, and this is borne out by the Salisbury Service book, in which he is so called ; the last is of great authority, and this would make the date of his birth considerably earlier, as Lothaire was spoiled of his kingdom by Ceadwall.

⁶ Bolland. Feb. vii. Vita S. Ricardi, Præf. V. 25.

del of the head of a household. Such men are found faithful to their trust, and bring up their children after them in gentle reverence and willing obedience. His wife and queen, according to tradition, was Winna the sister of Winfrid, the great St. Boniface, at that time, in the year seven hundred, a monk in the monastery of Nutschelle in Dorset, and about twenty years of age. Winna bore him two sons, who were named Willibald and Winibald. Willibald is usually supposed to be the youngest by three years, and the dates of their respective births are set, of Winibald at 701, and Willibald 704. But there seems good reason for giving the priority of age to Willibald, and altering their births to the successive years 701 and 702. Winibald is argued to be the eldest, on the sole ground of a date which cannot be certainly verified. And there is considerable evidence on the other side. St. Willibald is always placed first in order in the authentic documents of their lives. This to be sure does not prove much, for being the more distinguished saint he might naturally be put first, and the deference paid to him by his brother, and the leading decisive part he takes in their history, as well as the precedence given him by St. Boniface their uncle, might be explained in the same way; but the writer of their lives, who is plainly familiar with their early circumstances, and who is supposed to be St. Walburga herself, their younger sister, speaks expressly in the story of his early sickness, that his parents grieved for him as their "representative and heir," and in the tradition and prayer at Aichstadt, where he was bishop, he is solemnly named as "heir to an English throne."

It is observed by an old writer, that it is a peculiar feature of the English Saxons, that many holy saints

we found in one family together.⁷ Perhaps this pleasing circumstance is to be connected with, and explained by, that domestic cast of character which seems to be national.

The holy family is the highest image the mind can conceive; and if it is interesting to mark the working of the power of Christianity on individual biography, as it subdues and moulds, like a refining fire, the several ingredients of an earthly temper, and brings them out into a heavenly beauty; it is still more so to trace the magical effect upon a family group, when the separate holy characteristics come out distinctly into light and pleasing variety, like the budding of a beautiful plant into its several delicate ramifications, of tendrils, flowers, and leaves.

Willibald and Winibald both inherited the same deep resolve, and Saxon strength of purpose. But Willibald, together with a healthier constitution of body, seems to have possessed a more ready and active mind, more of vigour and fire. Winibald, who was weakly, was more of a quiet contemplative hermit-like cast. Their sister, St. Walburga, who was probably much younger than either, shews a particular attachment to her sickly brother. The outline of her life exhibits the same great and princely heart, melted by feminine softness into a gentle patience, and sweet intensity of devotion.

From such children we could well argue the piety of the father, under whose fostering care such stately plants grew up to adorn Christ's earthly paradise. But a circumstance occurs to shew the habitual holy temper and religious faith of King Richard. The child Willibald, when he was about three years old, was seized with violent disorder; the sickness was so severe, that his body fell under it into the last state of weakness, and

⁷ *Goscelin, de Vit. Sanct. apud Bolland, in Vita S. Ricardi.*

his life was given over. At such times the difference between the worldly and the religious is this, the former look to natural means only for help, and when these fail, they have nothing to rely upon; the latter still depend upon the will of God in faith, and therefore have hope. In those simple times, (and the custom still remains in simple countries like the Tyrol,) a holy cross of sufficient size was planted in a public open spot, which was thus dedicated to acts of religious worship, sometimes by the wayside, sometimes adjoining the house of a rich proprietor, to which it was attached like a chapel, and used as a domestic place of prayer. To this the king and queen brought the child and laid him at its foot, a suffering infant beneath the emblem of suffering innocence. There they poured forth their earnest prayers and intercessions, vowing, as Hannah of old, that if the dying child was given back to them, his life should be devoted to the service of God. The prayer was heard and the child restored. The staff of Elisha brought no help to the Shunammite's son in times of old, but the cross of the Lord is found of more avail to the faithful in Christ.

St. Richard received his child as a gift restored again from the grave, and held him to be no more his own, but a sacred trust put into his hands from heaven. Doubtless such an event tended much to increase devotion and thankfulness in a mind and heart already devout. For two years more he kept his son, and then, by the hand of a faithful servant, sent him at the age of five years old to be placed with the holy Abbot Egbald in the monastery of Waltham, not far from Winchester, where still there is a bishop's residence.⁸ Thus he severed his

⁸ Camden, Part ii. Hants.

on from himself and from the world, a painful act, which afterwards led on to another and greater sacrifice, in which consists the chief action in St. Richard's life. Self-denial ever leads the way to self-denial. It was in this school of discipline at Waltham that the young soldier of the cross learned the hard yet easy lesson, to follow the ensign of the Lamb whithersoever He goes. His bold and ready temper was nursed to high longings in the seclusion of his monastery, and he returned to his home at the age of twenty, to teach his father that high lesson to which that father had first led him on; he came to bid father and brother renounce their royal estate, country and home, to wander out into the world as poor pilgrims, after the example of Him who had no place where to lay his head. He broke his own resolution first in secret to St. Richard; and then with all the animation of an ardent heart, the young saint urged his plea. Men of the world, of what is called common sense, would look upon such words as mere romancing. Probably such language would be listened to with utter scorn and derision, if not considered as absolute folly and distraction. Yet the foolishness of man may be heavenly wisdom, and humble men in faithful days did not so listen to it. His father hearkened to the enthusiast with meekness; at first indeed he took the ground on which high resolves are often put away, he urged his ties and duties at home; but after a while he found these considerations to be in his own case a pretext, and at length he consented. Perhaps he had already formed some such desire, from weariness of the world and the examples of neighbouring kings. Perhaps political circumstances urged him the same way. It is supposed to have been for the peace of his people that he resigned his power. Winibald, who was nineteen years of age, and who had been brought up

as it appears at home, shewed the same ready compliance, and obeyed the call of his brother.

It was in the year 721, when they came to their determination; first they were to visit Rome, the centre of Christendom; where the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were laid; afterwards to pass on to the yet more hallowed scene of the Saviour's life and sufferings, the Holy Land. In the spring of the year they made ready for their departure. It is probable that Queen Winna was dead, and there seems reason to think that St. Walburga, with other children, was a daughter by a second wife. He placed her in the convent at Winburne in Dorset,⁹ the usual refuges in those days for the unprotected, and commonly the places of education for ladies of rank. There she found holy companions in the princesses Cuthberga and Queenberga, the sainted sisters of king Ina. Having placed his daughter in the secure arms of a careful mother, the Church, the noble Saxon, with his two sons, bidding farewell to earthly cares, took his way to Southampton, then called Hamle-mouth, to take ship, followed by such retainers as through love and fidelity chose to accompany their king.

It surely is a scene to awaken an indifferent world, and to give a solemn witness to the power of Christianity, to see a little band thus gather, and go forth from their kindred and people, henceforth belonging to no earthly land, but seeking a heavenly. It can only be thought an utter ignorance of the motives and deep constraining principles which lie within, that men look on with wondering scorn, or draw out the tongue, and shake the head in derision, as they pass on. Like haughty Egypt, they imagine that they are gone out to be swallowed in

⁹ See Camden, Brit. Dorset.

the sea, or to perish in the wilderness. But he whose religion is dearer to him than all the world beside, is free to go where he will ; he is the true brave man, and all lands are his home. Places and things are everywhere much alike to him, and if he could, he would fain escape away. The world is unwilling that the prisoner should flee, and stretching out his arms into the void, would drag back perforce the departing footsteps. It seems to men, as if ruin were at hand, and the last of the angel guard were going out from among them.

Having hired a vessel, they embarked, followed by the tears and prayers of the friends who accompanied them to the shore. The passage of the sea is always a solemn thing, and then was counted perilous. The style of the simple ancient narrative rises as it comes to the tale of the voyage, and swells into long undulating tremulous words, as though the memory of its sensations had dwelt unforgotten on the mind. There is something, moreover, which touches the heart deeply in leaving an island home, but then our saints were not cruising abroad for pleasure or business as men do now ; the calm religious mind which is fixed on eternity can watch even the receding shores of a dear home with a peaceful eye, like the spectator of a changing scene in some unsubstantial vision ; it is not because it is insensible, but because it is tranquil.

They landed at a town then called Rotum, on the Seine (probably it is Rouen in Normandy), and having first paid a solemn visit to the churches, there to offer thanks for their prosperous voyage, they took their journey across France without delay, proposing to pass the Alps before the winter began. The expression of pitching camp at landing, shews that the company of pilgrims *was considerable in number, among whom,*

as it would seem, several young men of gentle birth, had joined them out of devotion and affection to the young princes. It appears they had to pass through some unconverted heathen country, probably on the Italian side of the Alps: for as they traversed France they diligently sought every church to pray for protection against the barbarians. Thus they enlisted as they went on the armies of heaven on their side; on the aid of which, and not on human prudence and precaution, they relied to keep them safe from their enemies. This quiet confidence throws a charm round the weak and defenceless; the furious passions of men are cowed; and though they gather like lions round a Daniel, they are held back from hurting them. Their progress was unmolested. On their way they heard that their kinsman St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, had begun his mission. People now would argue that they ought to have left their wandering, and have gone to be useful in that heathen country. But while reason calculates utilities, and the world approves its judgment, simple affection takes unconsciously a wiser and nobler course; they preferred to seem idle, rather than be busy about serving; so keeping their resolve, they passed on, seeking Him first, and the dear memorials and relics of His presence, for whose sake they had left all.

They arrived at Lucca, and the bishop received them with hospitality. In the days when Christendom was united, and before love had grown cold, the Church everywhere received the wanderer with welcome. Poverty was a letter of commendation, and the name of Christian a passport through the length and breadth of Christendom. Charity opens the heart of man, and *his eye is no longer jealous and suspicious, nor his hand against his fellow.* The Church of Lucca had no reason

to repent of her hospitality ; she had unawares entertained a saintly guest, and he left with her in recompence his blessing, and bequeathed his remains. It was now the sickly autumn, and St. Richard fell ill. He was to be spared his pilgrimage ; here it was to be cut short. He breathed his last happily in the arms of his children. They took his body, and wrapping it in a fair cloth, laid it to rest in the church of St. Frigidian, a holy man from Ireland, formerly bishop of Lucca.

Sorrowful and yet rejoicing, his sons journeyed on to Rome. St. Richard died in the autumn of the year 722. Several circumstantial accounts are related of cures at his tomb, and relief from satanic possession. To those who think little on the awful realities of the spiritual world, such narratives are difficulties. As they do not believe in the presence or power of the evil one in the soul of man, so consequently they cannot receive the history of its liberation from him. But to a thoughtful mind the moral miracles of Christianity are greater, and more marvellous than any external physical changes can be considered, or any bodily cures. In contemplating the lives of holy men under its influence, changes so wonderful are seen to take place in conduct and character, from what it was before, that no material change, no affection of colour, shape, or external form or habit, can adequately represent them. It seems as if the stroke of an enchanter's wand had changed the whole moral scenery ; out of such meanness and hideousness arises such strength and such beauty. The lives of Christian saints are a standing miracle ; their gentleness, their meekness and supernatural endurance, are as contrary to the natural course of human wilfulness and wickedness, as the greatest deviations possible from the usual *course of visible creation* ; and even much more so,

for of all changes that can be in the nature of things, the greatest that can be conceived is that of evil into good.

To those who have seen the sweetness of such behaviour in the living, and have been moved by its fragrance, it need be no wonder that even the frail vessel that once contained the spirit should savour of its life; or that Satan should flee from the smell of the remembrance of its holiness, more quickly than he fled of old from the perfume of the fish's heart in the marriage chamber of pure-hearted Tobias. How dearly men in those days prized such possessions will be seen by what follows. Many years afterwards, the people of Aichstadt in Germany, which was Willibald's see, wished to add to the remains of the sons the body of the father. They sent to Lucca offering any sum that it was in their power to raise, and adding entreaties, to be allowed to remove the relics of St. Richard. Neither prayers nor promises could prevail with the people of Lucca to part with what they considered greater than the greatest earthly treasure. At last, for charity's sake, the petitioners begged to be at least permitted to take away some portion of dust from the tomb; and when they but received some particles, they conveyed it home with joy as an invaluable gift. Such earnestness betokens a reality of reverence, and a sense of value at least, which ought to strike us now, who measure all things by gold. Perhaps it may be objected, that such a regard is over fond, and ought to be condemned; but the objection comes with an ill grace from men, who fall into ecstasy over a bronze from Herculaneum, or a coin of Caligula, and will give a large sum for even a hair or a tooth of *some oppressor* of the Church, or the autograph of *some condemned felon*. If we must needs admire, it is better

o prefer the beautiful to the strange or the hideous, or what we most admire that we imitate.

Some account must be added, of cures wrought at St. Richard's tomb, in proof of his sanctity and acceptance with God, and of the singular value of his bones to the people of Lucca.

Some centuries¹ after his death, on the removal of the remains of St. Frigidian, and other holy persons who lay in that church, the body of the stranger king was lost through carelessness, or through lapse of time forgotten. A noble count of Lucca, named Cedeus, who had lain a paralytic many years, deprived of all use of his limbs, saw a vision of the saint in the night, who bid him arise and go to the prior and brotherhood of St. Frigidian, and ask them why they had severed him from the companions with whom his bones had lain in a sacred fellowship so many years. The sick nobleman replied, that his infirmity of many years made him incapable of obeying, and asked who he was that bade him go. The saint answered, that he was Richard the Saxon king, and told him, "go without fear, for that Christ our sweet Saviour had condescended to his prayer, and that from that very hour he was healed." The count awoke in the morning cured; and, besides his testimony to the reality of the vision, was enabled to declare the spot where the relics lay, which through antiquity had become unknown.

The fame of other miracles at his shrine reaching Germany, a poor paralytic caused himself to be brought as best he could from thence to Lucca, and in reward for his great faith, was restored to the use of his limbs.

¹ A.D. 1151.

An attendant on the daily service at the altar, beneath which were the remains of St. Richard, lay in a hopeless state of suffering from a pulmonary disease. As he slept, a form with a majestic beard, and bright angelic countenance appeared to him, wearing a royal crown, and holding a sceptre, and bade him go for relief to the altar, at which he had so continually served in holy offices. He obeyed the vision and was cured.

A waiting maid in the house of a noble citizen of Lucca was possessed with devils, so that even the strongest man could not hold her, and she was a terror to all. At length the devils declared by her, unwillingly, that they were subjected to the power of St. Richard, and would come out of her if taken to the Church of St. Frigidian. With great difficulty she was taken there; and upon approach of the holy place, she began to utter terrible cries, like the mingled sounds of many fierce wild animals so hideous and horrible that people were terrified far and near. After awhile she ceased her screams, and was set free.

Sensual men, who have drunk of Circe's cup, and are themselves transformed out of humanity, or cold men of intellect who know nothing of moral degradation, do not believe in the fearful embodiments of evil, of which the world gives actual instances. They cannot apprehend the high and holy words of Scripture, which speaks of such men as of dogs and swine. They cannot believe that a legion of evil things, whose fit habitation was a herd of swine, can take their abiding place in the human heart, and fill it with all uncleanness. Yet Scripture says, that so it is; and if only men would know themselves, they might see within themselves all that is horrible and wild in the animal creation. Men may live, *and do live*, each one of these hateful lives; and as

wickedness progresses they come out in their horrible shapes of character. The great evil world is full of such roaming in it to and fro ; and he who knows his own heart, knows that he might himself be such a one. But over these spiritual wickednesses in their different depths and heights, St. Paul tells us the Christian has won the victory. The saints' feet trample upon the neck of the monster sin ; and according as they have fought in the good fight, they are placed as heavenly guards over the fiendish enemies they have subdued. It is the world's wickedness which prevents this victory of faith from being realized. Principles of evil, when known as such, bring out the opposite principles of good, and the great moral combat assumes a distinct and visible shape. But when principles of evil are unknown, and this is always in proportion to the degree that men themselves are involved in them, the view of the great battle becomes obscured. Hence when the mist of their own vices and false principles covers mankind, the Evil Spirit with all his legions lies hid, and at the same time, Angels, Prophets, and Apostles, and all the noble army of Martyrs become invisible too ; friend and foe are alike unseen, and men care not to seek the aid of one and dread no longer the devices of the other. It is only when the soul is lost—the city is taken — ruin is at hand, and the towers are falling, that the horrible countenances become distinctly visible : then, when too late,

“ Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ.
Numina.”

LIFE OF

St. Willibald,

BISHOP OF AICHSTADT.—701—786.

SAINT WILLIBALD was born, as near as can be ascertained, in the year 701, of noble parents: Richard prince of Kent or Hampshire, and Saint, and, according to tradition, Winna sister of the great bishop Winfrid or Boniface. He had a brother and sister Winibald and Walburga, Winibald either a little older or younger, but probably one year younger, of the same father and mother; and Walburga considerably younger, being, it is thought, of another mother.

He was a sickly child, though he grew up a vigorous man. When an infant of three years old he was at the point of death, but was miraculously restored to health by the virtue of the cross, as is told more at length in the life of Richard his father. Out of gratitude to God his parents from that time devoted him to a religious life, although, as it seems, he was their heir. Accordingly, as soon as he was five years old, he was sent away from home to a monastery. The ceremonious attention to the child implied in the narrative, shews the noble condition and state of his father, even if it were not otherwise proved. A gentleman of the household, or perhaps a priest, for he is called the "venerable and faithful Theo-

conveyed the little prince in a litter or carriage to the Abbey of Waltham near Winchester, a convent of Benedictine monks, probably at some distance from the prince's residence. The Abbot Egbald, a man of great sanctity, came out to receive him at the head of his monks; and, according to the courteous custom and usage, having asked the leave of the brotherhood, admitted the prince among them to the order of St. Benedict. Long before this time many houses in England, were reformed according to the rules of that order. Even those who seem disposed to think that Christianity was not meant for children; but Scripture says otherwise, and men of wisdom did not think so anciently, that that to be the fittest time for its reception, when the heart is simple and guileless, and not yet corrupted by the world. The convents often taught the principles of saintly children, and hence came the mistake that many of them were at first mere objects of scholastic education.

Willibald very early shewed signs of wisdom and understanding, especially in the knowledge and memory of the Psalms, so that it might truly be said of him that with "an infant's mouth he sang the fulcrum-raise." His disposition was naturally eager and he was thus nourished among the high thoughts and sublime themes of the great harper of the Church, he was full of ardent aspirations, and longing to do some great thing, for the love he felt glowing within him. Left to himself, he would probably have been a headstrong impetuous man; but tempered by his disposition led him to a frank and ready avowal of himself, with a holy prompt activity. In eagerness to learn, strong devotion, and firm patience shewed the same readiness, and even in the

manual labours enjoined by his rule, so that what he did, he did heartily. This happy temper drew to him the love of the abbot and his companions. At the same time he found himself regarded, not only as a simple monk, but as a king's son ; and as he grew towards manhood, he found this dangerous respect increasing. Perceiving this to be a snare, he was set upon finding a remedy. His own stirring mind, and the romance of the undertaking itself, and the common practice of the age, suggested a pilgrimage. This would remove him at once from his temptations, by separating him from the land in which he was known and honoured, and the greatness to which he was heir. The idea at length settled to a purpose, and when near the age of twenty he broke it to the abbot. Egbald was at first unwilling, but gave at length his consent ; and Willibald left the convent to persuade his father and brother not only to agree to it, but to accompany him to Palestine.

To our every day notions the very idea of a pilgrimage is so strange, and the proposal so wild, that something must be said by way of comment and explanation. Reasons must be given to shew why it would not appear then what it appears now, puerile, or unscriptural, or dangerous or useless. It is strange and new, and we do not see what it has to do with religion to go to the Holy Land. In those days it was the very reverse of this ; it was not new, but very usual, as much as it is with us to talk of going to Church ; Christians had made pilgrimages, time out of mind ; their fathers had done so, martyrs and saints had done so. No one thought it more strange to go to holy places at a distance, than we should to a church a long way off, or in the rain. Moreover there is reason for saying that such had been the custom from very early times. Theodorus Studites, a

ve writer of the 9th century says, that the Holy Land is so regarded that even a pebble of it was honoured.² A century before the time of which the present history speaks, "multitudes out of all nations," says Ammannus, "met at Jerusalem."³ St. Augustine speaks of Tribunitius having a little earth of the Holy Land by his bedside as a treasure, brought by a friend.⁴ Earlier still St. Jerome, who himself was a dweller in

Holy Land,⁵ speaks of being interrupted in his writing by the crowds of 'hospites,' or pilgrims, he had to entertain. Itineraries⁶ were composed as early as 333, from the routes of former travellers, and for the benefit of future ones. With the visit and searches of St. Helena, mother of Constantine, most are familiar.⁷ No visits of bishops of Cappadocia are recorded,⁸ Julian and Alexander, the last to fulfil a vow; Eusebius says, that sacred spots were shewn;⁹ and to complete the whole, the very fact that heathen images were placed to desecrate the places of our Lord's memorials, and that Hadrian walled in Calvary, shews that before that time they were consecrated and resorted to by Christians.

There is then more than enough to shew that such a thing was then no novelty. And this itself goes far to prove the next point, that it was a natural growth of religion, not a thing inserted or forced into it, because from

² Theodor. in dogm. de imag. apud Gretser. lib. i. c. 3.

³ Adamn. de Locis Sanctis.

⁴ S. Aug. lib. xxii. De Civ. Dei, c. 8.

⁵ S. Hieron. Præf. I. 7. in Ezek.

⁶ Itinerarium Burdigalense.

⁷ Euseb. τὴν ἀξιάγαστον ἀνιστορήσουσα γῆν.

⁸ See Gretserus de S. Peregr. lib. i. c. 4.

⁹ Orig. lib. i. cont. Celsum, δείκνυνται τὸ σπήλαιον.

the first centuries it had been a habit with Christian people. An habitual product of any plant or tree is called its fruit, and this may be called a fruit of Christianity, not that it must necessarily ensue from it as an obligation, but may be the natural growth of the feelings it inspires.

The idea of "leaving the world," if taken in a literal sense may easily develope into such an habitual view. Abraham left home and kindred to sojourn, or to be a pilgrim; the patriarchs were pilgrims. Our Lord left His heavenly home, and afterwards His home on earth, to be a pilgrim in the Holy Land. The Anglo-Saxons, a simple race, and very devout, accepted the literal command. No country ever sent forth greater crowds of wanderers or more illustrious.¹ Some came down from a throne, or left newly-made conquests in Britain. Some went out to teach the ignorant, or to convert the heathen, and some to find a home in the desert and cave of the anchorite.

There may have been particular reasons for persuading St. Richard to listen to his son. His hereditary kingdom had been much disturbed by incursions, and his father slain in battle, and thus it would be for the peace of his people that he should leave them. Accordingly, the arguments of Willibald prevailed, and not only with him, but his brother Winibald, and a number of other noble young Saxons, probably their intimates, seven of whom afterwards accompanied Willibald to Palestine. His power of attaching and influencing others appears to have been great, as is usually the case with decided characters.

The history of their departure and travel to Lucca,

¹ Gretserus de Sacr. Per. lib. ii. c. 12.

the father died, is told in the life of St. Richard. In the two brothers had laid the remains of their father in repose, they passed on in their toilsome way. It was in the autumn of the year 721. If we could gain something into the numbers, resources, or costume of the company, it would be very interesting, but there is little in the narrative to give information. They are spoken of as a little camp, which implies a considerable number. A number of about² thirty was not unusual, or more so; in after times nobles of France went with what might be called armies; but there seems no reason to think that the company described was very large in number, or provided with means otherwise than in the simplest way, or in any way armed against attack. The summer had been consumed in traversing the south of France, in crossing the Alps and Apennines, descending to Lucca in Italy; so that it is probable that their slow progress that they went solely on foot. Hitherto, they had been unmolested; but now there was reason to be apprehended in their route. The Lombards at that period disturbing Italy, and they heard that there were soldiers in the passes; but they escaped, and went safely through Tuscany.³ "Dear is the stranger to heaven," are the words of the poet; even heathens of old honoured the wanderer; in Christian times their persons were rendered sacred by the veneration in which they were held.⁴ We even find of robbers returning money to those they had robbed, when they knew they were pilgrims. Enactments were made to free them from tolls, and duties upon

² Fosbroke on Pilgrim. c. vi.

³ Baronius, Eccl. Ann. Gibbon, Ch. xlix.

⁴ Fosbroke on Pilgrim. c. vi.

their baggage,⁵ which was usually carried in rush bags or "sripea," from whence the "pilgrim's scrip." The assistances were provided for them by charity; especially hospitals built for their reception at Rome, Jerusalem, and elsewhere. So that even very poor people, and without resources, might venture to undertake a pilgrimage. But the severity of the vows often took upon them rendered many such assistance needless,⁶ since some bound themselves never to lie in a bed, some to lodge upon the bare ground, so fast as they went, as Marana and Cyra, who for twenty days' journey fasted going, and twenty days coming back, some to keep silence all the way.⁷

At length in November, about St. Martin's day, he entered Rome; a resting place, after tossing by sea and climbing mountains and traversing the long plain of France and Italy in pain and fear. At that time he visited the tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul, drew multitudes of pilgrims from England, and all other parts of the world. There are lists of kings and nobles who came, besides the common people. It was usual for them to hasten as soon as they arrived at the church of St. Peter, and to perform their devotions there. This act, says Baronius, was the same, as "signifying their communion with the Church Catholic."⁹ The ancient building, part of which remains, as a crypt under Michael Angelo's wonderful pile, was one of the seven basilicas of Constantine. It even then was such a temple as became the honour of the prince of Apostles. If we consider well the majesty of St. Peter's chair, before which, for hundreds of years, kings, saints and kings, bishops, martyrs, confessors, in long

⁵ Fosbroke, c. v.

⁶ Gretserus. lib. i. c. 4. ex Theod.

⁷ Ibid. e Surio.

⁸ See Gretser. lib. ii. ch. 13, 14.

⁹ Ibid. ch. 10. Gretserus e Baronio.

in train, and all the hearts of Christendom bowed, they conceive in a degree the loyal gladness, with which such men used to come to tender their submission to authority, and pay reverence to the Keeper of the Keys. The wanderers were received into a hospice, or monastery provided for pilgrims, and through the ensuing summer and spring, Willibald and Winibald spent their time in holy exercises and severe discipline, until, as the narrative expresses it, the "joyous time of Easter shed a glad sunshine through all the world." Then they knew how to rejoice, because they knew how to sorrow. Easter past, and summer came on, the dangerous time for strangers newly come from a northern clime. Both were seized with the malaria fever. Fits of shivering, and burning fever, succeeded one another with such violence that life was endangered. The sickness fell upon them alternately, one took to his bed as the other rose, and they waited upon one another week by week in turn. Here was an example of the simplicity and affection of the saintly brothers; and also, for they continued their monastic rule, and exercise, even through their sickness, with their unsubdued energy and determination of character. Whether it was this severe illness that broke Winibald's constitution, already delicate, and so made him unable of the toil of a pilgrimage to the distant shores of Palestine, is not said; perhaps, captivated with the peace and seclusion of monastic life, he gave himself up to the quiet and retirement which suited his serious cast of mind and sickly body. The high-tempered Willibald was eager for fresh toil. Accordingly, when the following summer was past, he called together his countrymen and pilgrims, and said that "with their leave and consent, and the aid of their prayers, he purposed now

to journey on to the Holy Land, and if so great mercy were granted him, to see the city Jerusalem. Seven out of his companions were willing to accompany him; two are mentioned as near friends, one of whom is called by name Diapert.

They waited until the solemnities of Easter were over, and then set forth. It is pleasing to observe how, through all their travel, sacred seasons measure the pauses, as if to a Christian time were no more, but the eternal round of joy and sweet sorrow,¹ like the circling of the stars round the pole, had already begun, and days and years were only known, and space observed, by the memorials of Christ's pain and triumph, with the saints who have suffered for his sake. Localities seem to serve the same purpose, as if the whole world were become a book telling of the same story, each spot with its associations bearing witness to Christianity, and repeating the triumph of the Cross from land to land. This will serve in a measure to explain the thoughts and feelings with which men in ancient days entered upon a travel to visit holy scenes. They went with single heart, and single eye. Totally different minds see, so to speak, different worlds, because they make totally different observations. The whole mass of facts that the one gathers, passes from the other unnoticed, and so it is no wonder that the inductions they make, and the conclusions they come to, differ so widely. According as men are themselves, so they take their views. And thus it is in the travels of a saint, the world seems changed, as in a magical illusion, and all things take a religious hue, because he looks out upon them from his own mind. This gives

¹ ἐπὶ πῆμα καὶ χαρὰ πᾶσι κυκλοῦσιν,
οἶον Ἄρκτου στροφάδες κίλευθαι.—Soph. Trach.

value to the following details of the narrative of his pilgrimage, uninteresting perhaps to the curious or scientific reader, which was written down from the saint's own mouth by the authoress, who was either St. Walburga, his sister, or one of her religious sisterhood in the convent of Heidelberg.

The eight companions set out for Rome after Easter 723, taking the route to Terracina; there they stayed two days, and from thence, passing along the shore to Gaieta, they took a boat across the bay to Naples. "Divine mercy," says the narrative, "ever deals so kindly with those that wait upon it, that it fulfils their very wishes; for at Naples they found a ship of Egypt, which in two weeks set sail taking them on board, and touching for two days at Reggio in Calabria, carried them from thence to Catana in the Isle of Sicily—there rests in peace the body of the holy virgin Agatha." After a delay of three weeks at Catana, while the ship was probably engaged in trading, they made across the Adriatic to some place on the eastern coast, called in the tale, "Manasasia of the Sclavonian land," and afterwards leaving Corinth on the left and touching at Coos and then at Samos, they disembarked at Ephesus.

It would be curious, if it could be ascertained whether this was the usual route to Palestine or not; or to sail direct to Acre, or to Grand Cairo in Egypt. The latter was a common way of access,² as was probably owing to the number of ships of Alexandria trading to different parts of the Mediterranean; and Acre was a great sea-port. Again, there was probably a line from Constantinople along the coast of Asia Minor, which would take Ephesus in its way. Perhaps this was the

² *Itinerar. Sym. Simeonis.*

earliest and then most frequented line, especially for people of the Greek Church, though the least direct for St. Willibald and his companions. Into this it seems they fell, guided, as they must have been, by the destination of the trading vessel which took them on board. It was usual to embark, as they did, from Sicily, or sometimes at Marseilles.³

Ship-masters sometimes took pilgrims on board for charity, who, as anchor was weighed, sang hymns and prayed for a safe voyage; but more often as freight for profit. Regulations were made to secure them a fair treatment, and the ship-masters were made to take oaths to fulfil their engagements to them.⁴ It was usual to bring money to pay for the voyage, raised from the sale of their worldly effects; but sometimes this was spent in port before a vessel arrived to take them. It seems that the noble Saxon wanderers had money with them to pay the passage.

After their landing at Ephesus, remembrances come crowding thickly. They are in the scene of the early romance of Christianity, when it first broke forth into the beautiful regions of Asia in miraculous power, and scattered freely upon earth the gifts and wonders of heaven; but as they draw near the chief scene of Gospel story, the feeling of simple wonder deepens into solemn and awful melancholy, while they follow the footsteps of the Saviour through the Holy Land to the awful consummation at Jerusalem; and joy is absorbed into majestic sorrow.

Their first steps on resuming now their pilgrimage by land were engaged in visiting the wonders of Ephesus. There they were shewn the Cave of the Seven Sleepers,

³ Fosbroke, c. 5.

⁴ Fosbroke, *ibid.*

in which it was then confidently believed that seven bodies of saints had lain, and having slept a vast number of years, rose again, and entered the city to confute a deadly heresy into which the Church at Ephesus had fallen. The tale was admitted not only by Christians, but even the followers of Mahomet.⁵ Now it would be hard to find faith on earth though one rose from the dead. From the cave they came to the church of St. John, passing, as it were, with natural transition of thought from the warning voice of the dead to him who forewarned the Ephesian Church, the aged and solitary seer of the Apocalypse. As they departed from Ephesus they came to a large village on the sea-side, called in the narrative "Figila," where, says the story, "they sat down by a fountain in the middle of it, and having asked for some bread, (if they had money, it probably would not be current there,) dipped it in the water and made a meal."

The mention of this little incident suggests much thought. In these days of self-indulgence, or at least of sickliness, it is hardly known how little the human frame in its true health requires for support. What these austere wanderers would count enough, would seem to us incredible privation. This will account for the easiness with which they seem to find subsistence; such little as they wanted could be easily obtained wherever they found Christian people, and in simple times and countries the mere necessities of life are counted in a manner free and common to all, and the wayfarer meets with a ready hospitality; a suspicious overwrought civilization denies the piece of bread and cup of water to the beggar.

⁵ For the evidence, see Gibbon.

However, abstinent as they were, they could not escape casualties ; thus, passing along the coast, after crossing the Lycian mountains, and wintering at Patara, in the spring they sailed over to some point on the Cilician or Pamphylian coast, where the country, it seems, had been desolated. One account speaks of a flood which had visited it, another of the desolations of war, and the poor pilgrims were reduced to the last extremity, so that they were like to have died ; but, as is piously said, “ God gave them food :” how, we are not told, but a religious mind sees in what are called common occurrences (as the ship ready for them at Naples) miraculous provisions of a protecting Providence. From thence they sailed to Paphos in the isle of Cyprus, and there spent the festival of Easter, completing the first year of their travel.

Leaving Paphos after Easter, they came to Constantia, famous for the tomb and remains of the holy Bishop Epiphanius, whose festival is the twelfth of May, about the time they came, and there they stayed until St. John Baptist’s day. Hitherto they have been in the Greek dominions and amongst Christians ; but now they sailed from Cyprus, and landing at Aradus on the Phenician coast, they entered the land of the Saracens.

It was now near a century since the followers of Mahomet had taken possession of Jerusalem.⁶ As yet they had not any bitter animosity against Christians ; “ and just at this time,” says the narrative, “ there was great peace between the Greeks and Saracens. The Christians dwelling in the Holy Land were suffered to live for the most part peaceably in the exercise of their religion. Agreements were even made at times between

⁶ Milman, *Hist. Jews*, b. xxii.

the sultan of Egypt and the emperor of Constantinople, to allow and protect pilgrims from insult and harm, and special orders to that effect were issued to the emirs; monasteries and churches were secured from violence, and even repaired.”⁷

Yet still in those days of keen perception, it cost a Christian a shudder, to pass into the land of what they would have called “Mahometan swine.”⁸ People now have no objection to the company of unbaptized heathens. Besides, the Saracens favoured and allowed the Jews, and even trusted them with the office of exacting the fines and imposts laid upon Christian travellers.⁹ The Jewish population of the country, especially in Samaria, bore such a hatred to pilgrims, and held them in such abomination, that we read even of their burning straw upon their footsteps after them, to purify the ground. Sometimes the Saracens imprisoned them to exact these fines.¹

Proceeding inland from the city Aradus, they came to a “castellum” or fortified town of the same name, “in which,” the narrative says, “they found a bishop of the Greek nation, with whom they had the Litany (or office) according to the custom of the Greek Church;” it here includes the service of the altar as well as prayers. The fact is one of much interest, as shewing the unity of heart then in Christendom, and that a difference in service does not necessarily imply, though it may form an occasion of heresy. It was not long

⁷ See, as quoted by Gretser. lib. i. c. viii., Hist. Joan. Cantacuzen. iv. 14.

⁸ Itin. Sym. Simeonis.

⁹ Milman, vol. iii. p. 270.

¹ Itin. Antonin. Placent. in Acta Sanc. t. ii. Maii. Bernhardi Monachi Itiner. in Mabillon.

after this that intercommunion between the Western and Eastern Churches ceased, the Greeks becoming Iconoclasts. Twelve miles from thence they came to the city Edessa, so famous for its King Abgarus, and early reception of the faith by the preaching of St. Thomas. There they found a spacious church built by the empress Helena, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose relics it contained.

Edessa was the residence of an emir, it may be of the khalif himself; he is called, in the rude Latin of the story,—“Mirmumnus,” a corruption from “Emir-al-Mumanin,” or “Commander of the Faithful.” Hesham son of Abd-al-Malek was khalif at that time, of the race of the Ommyyades; he succeeded his brother Yerid, January 26, 724, and died 743. Judæa and Syria were governed by emirs; the khalif usually residing at Damascus, or Grand Cairo. The government was apparently equitable and mild.

The foreign dress and striking appearance of the eight Saxons, now excited attention. It is not likely that at that early period any particular costume was adopted by all pilgrims, but they probably came in their national habits. This, however, in the Saxon, would be very similar to what became the usual pilgrim's garb in succeeding times. “The Anglo-Saxons,” says Fosbroke, “had scrips, (or rush baskets,) and they were worn slung at the side.”² The simple frock or tunic, let loose, or girt in the middle, was the chief article of dress; sometimes of leather, as Gurth the swineherd in *Ivanhoe*. The scallop shell, taken to serve all purposes, of cup, dish, and spoon, and attached to the flap of the wide-brimmed shadowing hat, was a convenience

² Fosbroke, *Costumes of Pilgrims*.

so natural and obvious, that it was probably already adopted.

Found to be strangers from a far distant land, they excited curiosity, and either real or pretended suspicion of some unknown design ; they were seized and put in prison, and being brought before an officer of justice, a rich old emir, they were charged, with the simplicity of the day, "with being *spies*." St. Willibald explained, as well as imperfect knowledge of the language allowed, from what country they came, and the religious nature of their visit. The old emir answered kindly and would have let them go, but it seems that a permission, perhaps a "Tezkirah" or passport from the khalif was required ; thus they lay in prison until their cause should be heard, and this be obtained. Here a modern tale would be full of lamentation at such a hardship and mishap, but men in ancient days were full of a gentle composure, which accompanied them to prison and to death. From captive saints earthly chains fall off as with an angel-touch, and the world that injured them comes bowing down at last, to petition to wash their wounds, and ease the pressure of their bonds.

They were content to be in prison, since it so befel them, and were thankful to God for the many indulgences and kind treatment they met with. A merchant of the city, a Christian probably, "was moved with compassion for them ; out of charity to them, and for the welfare of his soul, he offered a sum of money to redeem them, but it was refused : he then sent them daily, morning and evening, food ; every fourth day, and last day of the week, he sent his own son to lead them out to a bath" (almost a necessary in that climate), "and attend them back to prison. On the Lord's day, he obtained leave for them to come to a Christian

church ; and made little purchases of such things as pleased them, as they passed through the mart. The people of the city stared at them with much curiosity, because they were young men of such fair appearance, and singular dress."

After some time had elapsed, a Spaniard chanced to come among the number of those who from curiosity or compassion visited them in prison, and having inquired their story, was interested with it. He was probably, also, a Christian merchant ; but he had influence through his brother, who was an officer in waiting in the court of the khalif, and so obtained leave for them of an audience. The old emir attended, and the sailor who had conveyed them from Cyprus gave evidence to the story ; and the khalif having heard their narrative, and that they came from the distant west land, where the sun sinks into the sea, beyond which are only waters, exclaimed, "Wherefore should we treat the men roughly ? they have done no wrong against us. Give them freedom and let them go." They were accordingly set free ; the usual prison fine was forgiven them, and they received a full permission, probably a Tezkirah, or written passport, to travel in the country where they pleased.

This important point being gained, they passed on from Edessa to Damascus, a journey of nearly a hundred miles ; the country they traversed contained so many Christians, that it was divided into twelve episcopal sees of the Greek Church. At Damascus they stayed a week ; "there sleeps the body of the holy Ananias." Two miles out of the city, on the road towards Jerusalem, the spot was pointed out of the *manifestation* of our Lord to St. Paul. Here a church *was* built, into which they entered and prayed ; and

ing thus by the Church of the Conversion, a fit
sion to the Holy Land, and praying as they went,
took their way into Galilee.

ntinuing devout in prayer, they followed the road
zareth, under the borders of Lebanon, and among
ills and valleys of the land of Nephtholim; making
us approach, in a meet frame of mind, to the home
Saviour's childhood. The country about Naza-
s rich and fertile to this day. The city is built
hill, overlooking the great vale of Esdraelon;
of this extensive plain, through which the river
on flows, run amongst the neighbouring hills of
e Hermon and Tabor, and the ranges of Nazareth,
ved by little streams and fountains. "The soil
is plain," says a late traveller, speaking of the
7 which runs up towards Nazareth, "and also of
radual northern slope, is exceedingly fertile, and
elds in many parts were still covered with a rich
of wheat, ready and waiting for the sickle."³ The
runs under the Mount of Precipitation (from which
men of the city intended to throw our Lord down),
swells out into a basin under the ridges of Naza-

In the time of St. Willibald, tradition shewed
pot where the Annunciation was made to Mary, as
eturned from drawing water at the Fountain of the
in.⁴ The church, dedicated to the Archangel
iel, was built over the very source. "That
sh," says the narrative, "has often been redeemed
sum of money from the violence of the neighbour-
opulace, who have desired to destroy it; as though

or the fertility of the Holy Land, See Dr. Robinson, *Bibl.*
reches, vol. iii. sect. xiv. p. 168.

hocas. ap. Bolland. Maii, tom. ii. sec. x.

heathen hate were ever hemming in, and pressing hard, in fiendish malice upon Christian love. It is interesting, if not more than that, to learn, that after a lapse of eleven hundred years, the fountain still flows with a feeble stream, and a church stands over it source.⁵

Here, having commended themselves to the Saviour's care, they walked on to Cana of Galilee, where our Lord, at the marriage-feast, made the water wine. Cana stands upon a ridge, connected with the range of Nazareth, with a broad, beautiful and fertile plain, extending to the south. A large church was then there, in which stood six water jars composing the altar. These contained wine, and it was customary for pilgrims to communicate from this wine, thus commemorating the first beginning of the miracles of our Lord, and perpetuating it in a mystery as profound, the Church's everlasting miracle. Thus they pursued the theme of joy, begun with the glorious angelic salutation of Mary, drinking with gladness the new wine of the heavenly kingdom, and from thence, having stayed a day, they descended into the plain of Tabor, wandering on as in a dream, to the Mount of the Transfiguration. Here they ascended, and found three monastic houses, one dedicated to the Apostles, Peter and James and John, one to Moses, and the other to Elias.⁶ The mount itself is called 'Agemons,' or Holy Mount, and is a beautiful conical, or rather a semicircular hill, commanding from the platform on the top a fair view of the adjacent country.⁷ It is still thus described: "It rose for the first time upon our view, a fine round mountain, presenting (from the S. W. side) the appearance of the

⁵ Dr. Robinson, *Bibl. Researches*, vol. iii. sect. xiv. p. 188.

⁶ See *Adrichomii Terra Sancta*, page 143.

⁷ *Phocas. Bolland. Maii*, tom. ii. sec. xi.

nt of a sphere ; sprinkled with old oaks to its summit, and realizing in its graceful form and y, all that I had been led to anticipate respecting seen from the N. W. the form inclines more to a ated cone. "The view," says the same traveller, i Tabor is very extensive and beautiful."⁹ To est the heights of Carmel are visible, and a glimpse

Mediterranean ; to the north, beyond the plain . sweeps round the foot of Tabor from the vale draelon, rise the mountains of Safed, overtopped e snow-capped heads of Lebanon ; below, towards ast and southwards, the whole outline of the basin e lake of Tiberias can be traced, though only a spot of the lake itself is visible, and the valley of ordan is seen, winding away towards the distant in which slumber the waters of the Dead Sea.

re then, most solemn thought, the Lord looked upon the beautiful land, which He of old Him- ad in wisdom framed. Here He was wrapt in sy.

ubtless, deep and devout were the meditations of aint, as he stood with his companions on this fa- ed hill ; nor would the charm be broken, as con- ng in prayer they descended from it, and went down e shore of that sea, on which the Lord walked, and Peter come to Him on the waters. A sublime and llerful thought, exceeding all that the wildest ro- e ever dreamed of in fairy-land ! Man, through , became what he fain would be by *power*, the er of the elements, and only through want of faith g capable of being harmed by them. Man now,

⁸ Dr. Robinson, vol. iii. sect. xiv. p. 180.

⁹ *Ib.* p. 215.

like a great magician, by a mighty struggle gains the mastery. Every step costs a sacrifice;¹ every advance some heart-string is snapped asunder; but what will not man give for the pride of power? Meanwhile, field after field of matter is subdued by intellect, which onward goes like a vast engine on the move, crushing and controlling all things at its will. The elemental essence of the material world, one by one, obey the master's command; they labour for him to save him pain and toil; they succour him in sickness, and bid him defy disease; they transport him to and fro at pleasure upon the earth and through the air; they teach him dark and mysterious things, even the secrets of minds and hearts, and how to influence them; until the miserable creature of clay, by these his arts apes God upon the earth, and impiously imitates the Almighty greatness: yet simple faith can do more marvellous things than art and science in their fullest strength and pride. Faith has her own wings to fly with over the waters, and to traverse space; faith does not fear torment, and can keep unharmed from the power of elements; faith can teach greater mysteries, for it works through Him from whom the elements themselves come forth, and from whom all knowledge springs.

They entered Tiberias; in the early times of Christianity a city of great note, adorned with a multitude of churches, and having a bishop's chair. In the days of Herod it was the capital of Galilee, and was his favourite residence.² After the destruction of Jerusalem it became the chief refuge of the Jews, and Josephus speaks of a vast 'proseucha' there, or place of

¹ Curse of Kichama, Southey.

² Milman, Hist. Jews, vol. iii. p. 238. (Fam. Lib.)

per.³ Even now, great ruins lie around it; vestiges of foundations and columns of granite are scattered along the shore.⁴ In the time of St. Willibald the same ruins are described; they found, says the narrative, "many churches and a great synagogue;" and though much of the population was Jewish, "the festival of the Lord's day was kept in the city with much honour and reverence." There they stayed several days, and afterwards proceeded along the shore of the sea of Galilee to Magdala. The waters of the lake of Tiberias are very limpid and clear; they lie sleeping in a deep hollow-basin, "from which," says the traveller already quoted, "the shores rise steeply for the most part, and continuously all around, except where a ravine, or sometimes a 'wady' or valley, interrupts them at intervals."⁵ The surrounding hills are rounded, and little marked in their outline; and rhododendrons are said to bloom upon them. Magdala was then called the birth-place of Lazarus and his sisters;⁶ a curious confirmation by tradition then, of the arguments which have been held to prove that St. Mary Magdalene and Mary, sister of Lazarus and Martha, are the same person.⁷ From Magdala, they came through Bethsaida to Capernaum. Their pilgrimage lay along the sea-strand, where, as was pointed out by tradition, the Lord, after he was risen, appeared to His disciples as they were fishing, the closing scene of the Gospel of St. John; and of those touching, and awfully sublime visits which, like the wandering wind, coming and going—with them

³ Joseph. Vita, B. J. ii. 20. 6.

⁴ Dr. Robinson, vol. iii. sect. xv. p. 256.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ V. S. Willibaldi, ex auctore perantiquo, apud Bolland.

⁷ Williams on the Passion, p. 406.

and yet again away,—the Lord made to the twelve ere He ascended, as if to accustom them little by little to His absence; when he made the mystic meal with them upon the shore, and talked to them of things which were to come. A lonely walk by the side of beautiful waters, thus hallowed by His appearance there, well befitted a train of such wild and wondrous thought.

At Capernaum, which lies situate on the northern extremity of the lake, St. Peter's house was shewn, where Christ raised with His touch Peter's wife's mother from a fever. From Capernaum they came to Bethsaida close by, where a church stood over the home of St. Andrew and Peter. From thence they passed round the head of the lake to Chorazaim, or Chorazim, on the eastern side of the sea of Galilee, and looking down along the shore they viewed⁸ the steepes of Gergasa, where over the precipices the herd of three thousand swine rushed headlong into the waters below. A single human heart could give room for an army; a "legion" of the host of Satan found pleasure there, and exercise of their devilish will. All that headlong blindness, that perverse obstinacy and waywardness, that sufficed to hurry such a multitude of creatures to their own destruction, and choke them in the sea, had been concentrated in one man. Such is the abyss of the heart, with its dark unfathomable profound of evil, in which a hiding-place, and haunts of revelry can be given to foul spirits innumerable, and into which they will gather like night birds, clustering in a cave, or crows and vultures flocking to a carrion carcase.⁹

⁸ *Itin. Ant. Mart. in Reland. Palestine*, p. 682, et ex Arculfo.

⁹ "*Corvorum exercitus ingens.*"—Virgil.

Following upwards the course of the Jordan, from the northern shore of the lake of Tiberias, they came to the sources of that mystic river—the river of Death. The two fountain heads from which it springs rise beneath the roots of Lebanon, and join their waters at Cæsarea Philippi, the ancient Dan. They are called in the narrative, as in other ancient itineraries, Yôr and Ban;¹ when mingled, at once a river of life and a river of death; of death, into which our Lord at His baptism descended, and of life henceforth, when purified through Him as a healing baptismal stream.

Here, between these sacred sources, among the mountains of Lebanon they were lodged and entertained by the shepherds of the country, with whom they passed the night, and who gave them to drink sour buttermilk whey. "There," continues the simply told story, are cattle, marvellous to behold, for the length of their necks, the shortness of their legs, and the mighty growth of their horns; they are all of one colour, and at a deep red.² There are pools of great size there, to which they go down in the heat of summer, and bathe all their body, with nothing to be seen but their heads above water." The pools spoken of are probably the marshes of the "waters of Merom," the first lake which the Jordan forms. A great philosopher observes,³ that it is a characteristic of a right and happy mind, to be open to all the little satisfactions of life; and this is especially true of observation of little beauties, or curious things in nature. Children are full of such observation, which is a proof of what he remarks. Thus it seems, as if the minds of the saintly wanderers

¹ See Adrichomii Terra Sanct. page 109. ² Coloris "oestrel."

³ Bishop Butler's Sermons, Sermon. xi.

dwelt naturally, and with much meaning on the coloured cattle going down to bathe. They had been through a succession of excited, and almost ecstatic feeling, and their happiness and tenderness seeks to express itself in a refreshing pastoral scene. The deep and mysterious parts of Scripture ever seem to seek the same images, because words cannot tell high feelings, and darkly veiled semblances best convey solemn and sweet thoughts, which may be understood, but cannot be expressed.

Leaving the pleasant land of Zabulon and Naphtali, and the lake and mountains where the Lord loved to be during His earlier life and ministry, they descended, following the course of the Jordan, towards the more awful and melancholy scenery of the Holy Land, where that river flows down into the gloomy sea, which rolls its dead waters over the old valley of Siddim. The character of the region around the Dead Sea is in the highest degree stern and impressive. "It lies," says the modern traveller, "in its deep caldron, surrounded by lofty cliffs of naked limestone rock, exposed for eight months to the unclouded beams of a burning sun."⁴ Towards this scene the travellers now descend. The transition is not unreal or strange; pain and pleasure, suffering and happiness, are deeply connected, and in the nature of things melancholy is intertwined with joy. Their passage down the vale of the Jordan is not described, and the river is little known, for few travellers have explored its course. Not far from its entrance into the lake of Death, the place of our Saviour's baptism is pointed out. The night before they visited it, they spent at the monastery of St. John

⁴ Dr. Robinson, vol. ii. sect. x.

Baptist, about a mile from the spot. There lived a society of twenty monks, whose lonely and sad retreat made a fit preparation for the thoughts, and represented all the austere character of the dweller in the wilderness—the preacher of repentance; with them the wanderer might prepare himself by penitence and meditation, before he followed in the footsteps of the Lord, and entering the river of Death, sought to be baptized in His baptism. On the morrow St. Willibald went down and plunged in the holy stream. The feeling is always a solemn one when the waters close over the head, shutting out the world, and filling the senses with a heavy weight and sound; but it must awake deeper emotions to descend into them, where the Lord descended, rising from them the reproach of the deluge, and foreboding His yet more fearful descent into the profound hell. The Jordan near St. John's is a swift stream of whitish coloured clayey water, between five and six feet deep, and the channel in one part narrows to fifty feet wide.⁵ In St. Willibald's time, a church stood on pillars in the stream, and a rope was stretched across the river, and fixed on either side, by which, on the day of the Epiphany, sick and impotent people held and bathed, and obtained miraculous cures.

From the river and ford of Jordan, the place where the children of Israel crossed (as Scripture says, "over against Jericho"), St. Willibald and his companions went to Gilgal. Here lay twelve stones, in memory of that passage, and in figure of the twelve stones which the Lord chose, and laid for the foundation of His church, when after ascending from the water He chose the twelve Apostles. Seven miles from Jordan they

⁵ *Dr. Robinson, vol. ii. sect. x. p. 261.*

came to Jericho, lying in a vast, and for the most part desert plain, once "the city of Palms." There they visited the fountain of Elisha, which bursts forth from the foot of the mountain Quarentana, on which the Lord fasted forty days.⁶ "Whatever that fountain waters," says St. Willibald, "grows healthily, and flourishes, because of the blessing of the Prophet Elisha." The modern traveller bears the same witness: "The fountain pours forth a large stream of sweet and pleasant water, which is scattered in rivulets over a wide extent. By these abundant waters fertility and verdure are spread over the plain. Where the water does not flow the plain produces nothing."⁷ The miracle, therefore, still remains; it is the well of life in an accursed land.

The ascent from Jericho to Jerusalem continues the solemn train of melancholy thought. It is the city of the curse of old, which clings to it still. Its sons were wicked mockers. Thieves infested its roads.⁸ Elisha was jeered by children as he went up thence to Bethel; and to complete the mystery, it was there, in the way going up to Jerusalem, that the Lord "went before the disciples, and as they followed they were afraid." There was something about His look and demeanour so very awful and significant, that they fell back from Him like men "amazed," who can hardly bear some vision of horror; then He called them on, and told them of all that men should do to Him. And He said, "and they shall mock Him."⁹

Through Jericho, then, the pilgrims passed on to the city where the Lord was crucified. Resting at the mon-

⁶ Adrichomii Terra S. in Benjamin, page 17.

⁷ Dr. Robinson, vol. ii. sect. x. p. 286.

⁸ "They are still thieves." See Dr. Robinson, Ib.

⁹ S. Mark x. 32. 46.

astery of St. Eustochius in the way, they reached at length the object of their long and painful travel, the city Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, the favoured place of God; where in the day of its visitation, God manifest in the flesh exhibited to cruel unfeeling man all long-suffering and patience, and in return for the agonies which man inflicted, streamed forth to him from His wounds forgiveness and love. The first place they sought was Calvary, and the spot where the holy cross was found, and the garden and sepulchre near, in which the Lord was laid.

Modern visitors have been led to doubt the true site of Calvary, because they find it "within the walls."¹ They argue, that the place of our Lord's crucifixion, as we are expressly informed, was without the gate of the ancient city.² The words of St. Willibald are important, as giving an answer to this objection. "Formerly," he says, "this church stood outside of Jerusalem. But the blessed Helena, when she found the cross, enclosed the place within the walls of Jerusalem."

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built by St. Helena, and described by Eusebius, had been burned more than a century past by the Persians, under Chosroes, when Jerusalem was taken in 614. The structure of the impress was very magnificent, enclosing under one roof the place of the crucifixion, of the invention of the cross, and of the sepulchre. These had lain concealed, partly by the ruins of time and desolations of Jerusalem, and partly through the rage of heathen malice, which seeks to obliterate Christ's memorial, until she discovered their site, and restored the sepulchre. In the

¹ *Journal of a Tour in Palestine, by a Lady.*

² *Dr. Robinson, vol. ii. sect. viii.*

narrative of St. Willibald, it is thus described: "Three crosses of wood stand on the east side of the church by the wall, in memory of the Lord's holy cross, and the others who were crucified with Him. They are not in the church, but stand forth under a roof without the church. Hard by is the garden, wherein was the sepulchre of our Saviour; and the sepulchre is hewn in a piece of rock, which, from a broad base below, runs up to a narrow point above, on the summit of which a cross stands. A church of marvellous beauty is built over it. On the east side of the rock, in which the sepulchre is hewn is a door, by which they enter who would go in to pray. And on the northern side, upon the right hand as they enter to make their orisons, is a bier, whereon the holy body of Christ lay. On the bier are fifteen bowls of gold filled with oil, which keep lights that burn continually day and night. At the door of the sepulchre is a large square stone, to figure that stone which the angel removed from the mouth of the sepulchre."

We are commonly ready to allow the deep effect upon the heart, which tokens and memorials of a sufferer work. We all know the power they have of bringing home to us, and realizing the verity of what he has undergone. All our compassion is awakened by a little token from a friend we have lost,³ for the eyes are more faithful witnesses than the ears; and at the sight of Cæsar's bloody robe, Antony's hearers burst forth into tears and groans.⁴ Thus we feel this sympathy with earthly friends, or with Cæsar's wounds, but we profess to be at a loss to comprehend how faithful men

³ "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis."—Horace.

⁴ Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, ii. 8.

in former days could so learn to suffer with Christ. Not so the great-hearted Willibald. These touching memorials, and that most holy place, filled his soul full of sweet sorrow, as the bowls of oil upon the bier. He lay prostrate in prayer upon Calvary, crucified to the world. Like Mary Magdalene of old, he kissed the footsteps of the Lord, and washed them with his tears. And at last, after visiting the holy sepulchre, whether from previous fatigue and exhaustion, from travel or other pre-disposition, or from strong emotion affecting him, on beholding the place where the wounded body of the Saviour lay, he fell very ill. Men now-a-days, sensual or worldly, whose hearts are as the nether millstone, will look upon such effects as the symptoms of a hypochondriac, and call it mere raving and weakness, if they do not pronounce it hypocrisy. For so the world, judging from itself, thinks of God's saints; what does not affect it, cannot really affect others, so it presumes; as if they could not be true-hearted, because it is so faithless and cruel: but neither would be moved to sorrow, though the awful scene of Calvary were again acted visibly before them.

It was the end of autumn when St. Willibald fell sick, about St. Martin's Day in the second year of his pilgrimage; and he continued very weak and ill for six weeks; yet feeble as he was, he continued his visits of devotion, and contrived to crawl to the churches and holy places of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem at that time, as to the present day, stood upon a site something altered from that of the ancient city. The line of walls was nearly the same as Adrian's, when he rebuilt it and called it *Ælia Capitolina*.⁵

⁵ Dr. Robinson, vol. i. sect. vii.

Sion itself became a ploughed field, and the whole city has moved to the north-west, and towards Mount Calvary. Arculfus, who visited it in the seventh century, speaks of the south wall as excluding Sion.⁶ Part, however, of it in the city of David, as well as the area of the temple, or Mount Moriah, was included. The walls had been probably repaired by the Mahometans after their capture of it. Still it stands on its lofty position upon its hills, which gives it a beautiful appearance, and a cool and salubrious air.

St. Willibald sought, first after the sepulchre, the church of Sion, or of the Cœnaculum, the holy chamber of the Last Supper. How vividly the picture of that solemn scene would now rise upon his mind with all its thrilling interest, sensitive as he was through bodily weakness, and full of the blessed Saviour's sufferings! How would he imagine to himself the look, with which He gave to those He loved His last precious gift, even Himself—that henceforth they might “take and eat;” and distribute to multitudes, ever giving again the bread of life to thousands, yet themselves remaining twelve baskets full! The church of the Cœnaculum is at Sion gate on Sion hill, and was built by St. Helena. From thence he went down through the city to the pool of Bethesda, one of the tanks or cisterns by which the city was anciently supplied with water; at which the sick were cured when the angel came down upon the pool. In the time of St. Willibald it still was a “Piscina;” but now for two centuries it has been dry.⁷ Thence he went down to the Gate of the Valley, to visit the church and sepulchre of St. Mary, in the valley of Jehosha-

⁶ Adamnanus ex Arculfo.

⁷ Dr. Robinson, vol. i. sect. vii.

phat.⁸ It is a deep and narrow vale on the east side of the city, separating Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, and the brook or torrent Cedron runs at the bottom of the hollow. "Just without the gate stands," says St. Willibald, "a great pillar, and on the top of the pillar a cross, for a sign and memorial of the place where the Jews would fain have taken away the body of holy Mary; for as the eleven Apostles"⁹ (St. Thomas was said to be away), "taking holy Mary's body, carried it out of Jerusalem, when they came to the city gate the Jews would have laid hold upon it; and upon this, those men who put forth their arms towards the bier to take her away, remained as if glued, with their arms caught upon the bier, and could not move, until, by the grace of God, and the Apostles' prayers, they were freed, and then they let them go on. Holy Mary passed from this life in the place in the middle of Jerusalem, which is called sacred Sion. From thence, as has been told, the Apostles carried her; and afterward the angels came and carried her to paradise."¹

Thus from the cross of Calvary, St. Willibald, after the example of St. John, who lived in the same home with Mary, sought Mary's church and shrine. The same sword which pierced her heart, had wounded his, —sympathy with our Lord's sufferings. The church of Mary lies in the valley of Jehoshaphat, over the brook Cedron, and in it is her sepulchre, "not that," says the narrative, "her body is there, but in memorial of it, that there it lay." After making his orisons there, the saint ascended the Mount of Olives, the eastern side of the steep ravine. There is the garden of Geth-

⁸ Adrichom. in Jerusalem, page 172.

⁹ Baronius, anno 48.

¹ De Assumpt. Virg. Mariæ. Vid. Baron. Eccl. Ann. anno 48.

semane, the second paradise, until Judas, like a second Satan, broke in upon its hallowed bounds to betray. Still some ancient olive trees are standing,² and at that time a church marked the spot of our Lord's lonely watch for the coming of the thief by night, and His awful agony at the thought, more bitter than man can fathom, of being forsaken of the Father.

Out of this he passed to the height of the Mount of the Ascension, from the depth of the Lord's humiliation, to the height of His glorification. On the very summit of mount Olivet stood the church, over the spot where the Lord left His last footsteps upon earth: "a little light is kept burning there, under a glass lamp-light, and the lanthorn of glass covers it all around, that it may burn both in sunshine and in rain; for that church is open above, and has no roof over;" that with the men of Galilee the Christians might look up into heaven, and in heart thither ascend. And thus, from the early home of Nazareth, through the land of Galilee and the waters of Jordan, to Jerusalem and Calvary, St. Willibald had followed the Lord's footmarks, and now stood on the confines of earth and heaven, gazing upon His last track of glory, and desiring with all saints to be drawn up after Him.

The winter of the year 725 was now over, and the second year of their travel completed. In the third year of his pilgrimage St. Willibald, with his seven companions, left Jerusalem to visit the cave of Bethlehem, which, next to mount Calvary and Olivet, was the great resort of pilgrims to the Holy Land; so that the gate of Jerusalem, which leads to Bethlehem, is still called the Pilgrims' Gate³. The country about Beth-

² *Journal of a Tour in Palestine by a Lady.*

³ *Dr. Robinson, vol. i. sect. vii., vol. ii. sect. x. p. 167.*

lehem is still some of the richest in Palestine ; " The whole tract before us," says the Modern Traveller, speaking of the route thither, " was full of olive groves, especially in Wâdy Ahmed, and on the slopes of Beit Yâla, and also in the valleys on the east of the low swell or water-shed ; while towards Bethlehem, were likewise many orchards of fig-trees. Moreover, it abounded formerly in vines, and produced the richest wines in all Judæa." The name itself signifies the ' house of bread.'⁴ There are fertile fields and pasture lands near, watered by a running stream, in which flocks of sheep and goats feed together. In these pasture grounds the angelic host announced the Nativity to the shepherds : the village stands upon a rocky ridge, seven miles from Jerusalem. The stable for cattle, the place of our blessed Lord's Nativity, was an excavation in the rock, hollowed out for that purpose. Afterwards, the surrounding earth was moved away, and a large church built over the whole by St. Helena, containing the cave or grotto as the inner shrine or crypt. " There," says St. Willibald, " over the place where the Lord was born, stands a high altar, and another lesser altar is made for this, that when they will celebrate the mass within the cave, they may carry this little altar within, to celebrate the mass there, and then again may carry it forth again without, and elevate it. The church, which stands over where the Lord was born, is built in the figure of a cross, an exceeding beautiful house."⁵ Here, with the shepherds and the three eastern kings, the magi, they bowed in lowly adoration, humbling all their pride, as did those holy men of old, when they fell down and bowed before a little child. From

⁴ *Adrichomii T. Sancta in Juda.*

⁵ " *Gloriosa domus.*"

Bethlehem they went two miles to Thecua or Tekoa, the place of the murder of the Holy Innocents ; it is a rich pasture-land, and watered, as if to figure the pleasant pasture and waters of comfort, where there is no more crying nor tears, in which feed the suffering little ones of Christ.⁶

From Tekoa they travelled to the vale in which is the laura or monastery of the Monks of St. Sabas. Communities of Anchorites dwelling in separate cells were called "lauræ," that is, "streets" or villages. St. Sabas was a great founder of these, a holy man of the sixth century : one was near Tekoa, another in the " Monks' Vale," as it is still called by the Arabs, situated in the continuation of the valley of Jehoshaphat, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea.⁷ Already other monasteries have been mentioned, on Tabor and St. John's near Jordan ; so that it seems there were considerable numbers then existing in the Holy Land. In the fourth century, in the time of St. Jerome, who was a monk of the convent of Bethlehem, Palestine was filled with monks and hermits, as well as the neighbouring deserts of Sinai : St Jerome speaks of the "great multitude of brethren and bodies of monks, who dwelt in and around Jerusalem ;"⁸ but it is probable, at the visit of St. Willibald, their numbers were much diminished from what they had been, as the Saracens had destroyed many monasteries, and slain the monks during the wars ; and not long after this time the monastery of St. Sabas was pillaged, and the Anchorites massacred, in a civil war that raged in Palestine. The greater monastery of St. Sabas is thus described by Willibald :

⁶ Adrichomii T. Sancta in Juda. ⁷ Dr. Robinson, vol. i. sect. vii.

⁸ Ep. xxxviii. ad Pammach.

is a large convent, and the abbot, and sacristan, many monks live in the convent, and many others live round the valley in the steep rock of the tain; and they have little chambers cut out here and there in the stony side of the mountain. The tain runs like an amphitheatre round the hollow, and the hollow the convent is built. There sleeps only Sabas."

Leaving now the land of Judah, they went down by road towards Egypt to the coast of the Philistines, through the region of Dan. There a church stood in the way by the side of a fountain, marking the place where Philip baptized the eunuch. There the Ethiopian changed his skin, and becoming new and clean in waters of Baptism, put away the dark curse of the father of Ham. From thence they came down to Gaza, where they went to pray in the church of St. Matthias. And a remarkable event occurred in the history of the saint: "It was the Lord's Day," says the narrative, "great glory is in that church," (probably miracle-manifestation is meant,) "and after the solemn sacrifice of the mass, while St. Willibald stood looking at the mysteries, he lost the sight of his eyes, and was blind for two months." There is something very mysterious in this history of the saint. It was at Gaza that the warrior of the tribe of Dan lost his eyes, when he had declared the mystery of the seven locks. The veils of faith may not be exposed; it is dangerous to look into them too far: when the intellect of man, with an eagle eye, gazed upon deep things of faith, height and depth are opened, and it soars into the boundless expanse which has neither fathom nor bound; with keen examination, it has pursued and brought to light what it were, into clear delineation, the delicate tracery

of the awful truths of Christianity, as a mathematician pursues the windings of a curve; then what, if it falls, blasted with excessive light, and goes down through presumption to perdition! St. Matthias succeeded Judas, and Judas had seen the Word of Life, full of "all beauty and truth," yet he felt it not, and fell like Lucifer. Awful thought! especially in these times when so many are taught to pry and examine, and leave nothing unexplored, so few are taught to feel! when reason is enlarged, encouraged, expanded until it is full blown, the heart is left unsubdued, undisciplined, unhumbled; what must be the issue of such terrible philosophy? St. Willibald had been gazing upon the Sun of glory in His strength, from His dawning at Nazareth to His departing splendour on Calvary and Olivet, and now he was taught how to be secure against the danger. Bethlehem had taught him to bow down his reason and become as a weaned child. The Holy Innocents had taught him to suffer with Christ; that thus, the dark Ethiopian hue of sinful man might be done away; and his mind be renewed, which otherwise would utterly fall away. Two months of darkness gave him time to meditate on the lesson of humility, while he was led by the hand, first to Hebron, the burial place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and from thence to Jerusalem. Again, as in his infant days, the salutary sign of the cross was his cure. He entered the church of the Invention of Holy Cross, and immediately his eyes were opened, and he recovered his sight. This is the security against pride, and a bridle upon enquiry, an anchor in the sea of mystery, and when reason is bewildered and lost, an illumination.

After a pause at Jerusalem, spent in thankfulness and devotion at this miraculous recovery, he went forth again,

as it were in a different guise, in the panoply of faith, with the cross upon his breast, like a Christian conqueror in triumph, having gained the victory over pride, the great destroyer of souls. First, he visited the church of St. George at Lydda, the martyred saint of Cappadocia, who for some noble feat in the fight of Faith, in which probably he met to the face the leviathan principle of anti-Christian pride, is ever said in the allegorical language of the prophet "to have wounded the dragon," and is styled a captain of the soldiers of the cross. From Lydda he went along the sea to Joppa, Tyre, and Sidon, cities emblematic of pride and luxury:—Tyre, the purple-clad harlot and sorceress, Sidon, the scene of Herod's blasphemous presumption, where he was smitten by the wrath of God, the type of Antichrist, and the man of sin. After passing through these, he went up mount Libanus by the valley of St. George, and over to Damascus, the City of Blood:—all images of horror, which indeed gather round the path of the Christian through the world, like the horrible fantastic figures conjured up round the hero of some old story of romance. Again he came to Jerusalem to spend the winter, for in the rainy season it is necessary to seek shelter in Palestine; and finally to Ptolemais, or Acre, and there kept Lent, completing the third year of wandering, since he left Rome.

The plague was now raging over the whole of Syria, and St. Willibald was seized with it at Acre, and could proceed no further. It is no small trial to be taken with a dreadful disorder in a foreign land, where no comforts or alleviations are to be obtained to ease one's sufferings; and this was now probably the condition of the Saxon prince. However, men of God *do not suffer in such distresses that anguish of mind*

which tortures common men. They do not feel that anxiety to escape out from the country attacked by pestilence, because it is ridiculous to think of fleeing out of God's hand. Still they know that under His feathers they are safe, and that He is their buckler and shield. Such thoughts spread a composure round their sick bed. Every tie which had bound St. Willibald's party to an earthly home had long been broken; they were palmers and not pilgrims;—for a palmer and a pilgrim, according to some, differ in this; a pilgrim has a home to which he returns when his vow is performed, a palmer has none; a pilgrim goes to a certain place in particular, a palmer goes to all; a pilgrim renounces his profession after a time, a palmer does never until he has won the heavenly palm of victory over the world.⁹ St. Willibald, then, and his companions were palmers, for they had broken all the bands which tied them to England, left all what are called prospects in life, and renounced their home for ever. To die, to them was gain, because death is the avenue to the better land where the weary cease from wandering.

St. Willibald lay sick through Lent until Easter. Meanwhile he sent some of his companions to return to Edessa, and obtain a passport from the khalif for re-passing the frontiers, and returning to Europe. He was anxious for their sakes, though not for his own. It was necessary to obtain a second passport, because though they had leave to pass into the country, they had none to leave it, and the guard might have become more strict because of the plague. When the messengers arrived at Edessa, they found the khalif had left the country, having fled from the pestilence which was spread over

⁹ Fosbroke on Pilgrim. ch. viii.

all that region, and they returned again disappointed to Ptolemais. Then waiting until St. Willibald was able to accompany them, they set out again for Edessa to petition the wealthy old sheik, or emir, who had first put them in prison, to give them letters. It seems he had the power, and perhaps he had a kindness for the noble Willibald, for he seems at his request to have given them readily, and even to have given them letters two by two for greater convenience of travelling, and obtaining food, for there was a famine, as well as a plague.

Once more, therefore, they returned for the fourth time to Jerusalem, to bid farewell to the Holy City; as though they could not be satisfied with viewing the sweet spots of the Saviour's sufferings, and seeking the repose of the Holy Sepulchre. After lingering there a while, they took a final leave of Jerusalem, and proceeded towards the coast, taking their route through Samaria. The city was then called Sebaste, and the church contained remains of St. John the Baptist. There, too, formerly lay the bones of the prophet Elisha, which by their touch raised the dead, and by that once surpassing miracle foreshewed those wonders which the Gospel should afterwards work through the bodies of Christ's saints. Near Samaria stood a castellum, the ancient Sychar, and there was Jacob's well, where the Lord asked drink of the woman of Samaria. A church was then built over it, fulfilling the words of the Lord, that there should be a Church throughout all the world, supplying everywhere a spiritual worship, and living wells at which he who drinks doth thirst no more. The well of Jacob is now dry, and the church which stood over it is destroyed, and its columns lie broken by it.¹

¹ Dr. Robinson, vol. iii. § xiv. 109.

Then they came to a large village, at the extreme territory of Samaria, and now looked down upon the vast plain of Esdraelon, which lies between the mountains of Gilboa and Carmel, the ancient valley of Jezreel. The plain was planted with groves of olive trees. An African joined himself to their company with two camels and a mule, conducting a lady; probably for the sake of their protection and company in crossing the plain, in which there were lions. There are no lions in Palestine now, but Phocas² speaks of them in the twelfth century as lurking in the caves round the banks of Jordan. As they travelled through a woody part, a monstrous lion made towards them. By the advice of the African, they kept steadily on, and the beast, cowed by their courageous self-possession, turned aside from the party, and made off. Afterwards they learned that the ravenous creature fell upon some olive-gatherers, and killed them. Christianity, by restoring innocence, restores the dignity and fallen majesty of man, before which the hungry beasts of the amphitheatre fell back in dismay.³

Thus they came down the coast to a strong castle on the sea, upon a promontory of Lebanon, probably now Kulat or Shamaa.⁴ Here their passports were demanded, and without them they would have been imprisoned. From thence they came to Tyre, to take their departure from the Holy Land; and at Tyre they were seized and rigorously searched, lest they should carry away any forbidden goods with them. Even at this time the profession of Christianity was abused by traders, who carried on a smuggling by means of pretended

² Ioan. Phocas de T. S. ap. Boll. Maii, t. ii.

³ Ignatii Epist.

⁴ See Dr. Robinson, Map.

lgrimages.⁵ Their provision-bags were filled with
les, which they thus exported free of duty or custom,
om which pilgrims were usually made exempt by
ws.

St. Willibald was no trader, but he had with him a
tle phial of balsam, which he bought at Jerusalem,
id wished to carry away as a relic of the Holy Land.
ie balsam has medicinal virtues, and was a salve for
ounds. The opobalsam, a very precious drug, grew
rmerly in the valleys of Engaddi, and the tree from
ich it exuded was called the vine of Engaddi. The
unt is said to have been transferred to Egypt by
eopatra into the gardens of Heliopolis. There it
urished, and is thus described by a traveller in the
ddle ages:⁶ "The vine itself," he says, "is a tree small
d low, its stem is short, and small in compass, com-
nly about a foot high, from which straight sprigs shoot
ery year. The former ones being pruned off, these run
the length of two or three feet, and bear no fruit; but
ar their extremities Christian men employed by the
epers of the vine open the rind with a lancet of sharp
ne,⁷ with a slit like a cross, and straightway they drop
lsam in bright distilling drops; for it drops more freely
en opened by Christian hands than when cut by filthy
racens. It is sweet-smelling, light and small, much
e the hazel-tree, with leaves very like the water-cress.
is diligently guarded, for it is a source of great
asure to the sultan." From this it seems to have
en very precious; and now it is no longer known
exist. However, the Myro-Balanum, according to
recent traveller,⁸ still grows in the neighbour-

Fosbroke, c. 5.

See Tacit. Hist. b. v.

⁶ Itin. Sym. Simeonis, p. 49.

⁸ Dr. Robinson, vol. ii. § x. p. 291.

hood of Jericho : it bears a green nut which produces oil, as the olives, and this oil is called balsam. It is highly prized by the Arabs and pilgrims as a remedy for wounds and bruises. The pilgrims call it Zaccheus' oil. It would seem to have been a phial of this latter kind that St. Willibald wished to take away as a religious memorial. He concealed it, says the narrative, in the following manner : " The phial was of cane, and into it he fitted a smaller cane cut even at the top and neatly fitted at the edge, and so put on the lid : " the smaller phial he filled above with a strong-scented oil called " *Petræ oleum*." This the searching officers smelt and let it pass. What the need of this ingenuity and concealment was, is not said. He ran some risk, for it is said, if it had been found, he might have been killed. Doubtless he had a religious reason for the value he set upon it.⁹

At length, upon St. Andrew's day, they set sail from Palestine, in the fourth year since they left Rome, and the whole winter they were at sea. No doubt they went through much misery, in so tedious a voyage, which, though only from Palestine to Constantinople, took them in winter months, nearly as long as it now does to sail to the Antipodes: the danger was greater, and in discomfort and want of accommodation there would be no comparison. They landed at Constantinople just before Easter. Here St. Willibald stayed two years. " In the church," says the narrative, " rest the bodies of the Holy Andrew and Timothy, and Luke the Evangelist in one altar; and the great John, he of the golden speech, sleeps before the altar, beneath the place where the priest stands to

⁹ " Costly oil of balsam was used in early times for feeding the lights upon the altar." Buddæi. *Parerga*, p. 81. Brett on the *Liturgies*, p. 349.

reform mass." So great was St. Willibald's veneration and love for these great saints, that he and his companions had cells or chambers within the church, from which they could continually turn their eyes to the altar where they reposed. It is remarkable to see with what cordiality a Latin monk was then received at the central place of the Greek Church, and how perfectly he could then conform to it; but this happy state of Christendom did not continue long after that time.

It is a refreshment in a weary time and unquiet days, to turn back the aching sight from a world full of stir and dissensions, and tossings to and fro, and forget it for a while in contemplating the peacefulness of men of former days. Follow them where we will, the same vision of peace meets us resting on the head of these intently travellers. Everywhere they find quiet resting-places, because everywhere the Church is their home. They find no difficulty in staying, no reluctance in going. They have no prospects in life to wake thoughts for the morrow: like birds of the air, or flowers of the field, they have neither toil nor spinning—they wander not as happiness-hunters of modern times, from land to land like unquiet ghosts, seeking rest and finding none; it be where they may, there is peace without, and peace unimaginable within.

Some time, during these two years, St. Willibald made a pilgrimage specially to Nicæa in Bithynia, to visit the church and the place of the great council gathered by Constantine. There were images or pictures of all the bishops present at it, three hundred and eighteen. It is difficult to understand why people do not love such beautiful spectacles, unless it is because they are ashamed or afraid. Doubtless St. Willibald looked upon the solemn figures of those majestic bishops

in their conclave with glad and happy eyes, and it brought to his mind a picture of the glory of the Church, "beautiful as the moon, terrible as an army with banners" in her saints' array. Having seen this church, he returned to Constantinople, and remained until the sixth year of his pilgrimage was over.

In the spring of the seventh year the Pope's nuncio and the legate of the Emperor were sailing to Italy, and gave our pilgrims an opportunity to return. At this very time differences were begun, and Gregory had written his letters of remonstrance to the disobedient Cæsar, Leo the Isaurian. Probably St. Willibald was one of the last of those who enjoyed the inter-communion of the eastern and western Churches before the schism which then followed. They set sail for Sicily, and arrived at Syracuse; from thence touching at Catana, they came to Reggio in Calabria, and from Reggio they sailed to see Volcano, one of the Lipari isles, at that time in a state of eruption. St. Willibald wished to ascend to obtain a view of the boiling crater, called then "the infernum of Theodoric;" but they could not climb the mountain from the depth of the ashes and scoria. So they contented themselves with a view of the flames as they rose with a roaring like thunder, and the vast column of smoke ascending from the pit. Modern geologists examine these phenomena with a cool unconcern, and lecture upon the lava; they draw no solemn thoughts from the awful spectacles of nature; that well is too deep for their superficial minds to draw from: saints have deeper feelings and less idle curiosity. Such images supply to them the terrible analogies in the moral world, which faith makes visible through the shadows of the world of matter. Starting from thence, they touched at St. Bartholomew's, on the shore of

Italy near Beneventum, and landed at Naples. The archbishop of Naples received the party there with much state and dignity, owing indeed to their coming in company with dignitaries, the nuncio and legate; but such reception well became the noble and saintly pilgrims. He entertained them for some time; and being sent on from him to Capua and Teanum, they were hospitably received by the bishops of each place, whose duty it is, as then was practised, to entertain strangers, until they came to the Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino, so famous at that time and afterwards. There they were received as brethren, and took up their abode.

The abbot of Monte Casino was Petronax of happy memory, who had restored that monastery from the ruined and desolate state to which it had been brought by the spoliations of the Lombards, and had revived in it the strict Benedictine rule, so that it became celebrated for its great order and regularity, and the number of its monks.¹ At that time they were scanty in numbers, and the abbot welcomed them gladly. It was now the close of the seventh year of his pilgrimage, when the wanderer came to Monte Casino. St. Willibald was in the prime of life, near thirty years of age, and with his constitution unimpaired by the hardships and sufferings he had undergone. And now, strange contrast! after seven years on the move, he remained ten years in this quiet retreat, together with his friend Diapert, his faithful companion. During these ten years he exhibited the model of a monk's character. He had taken up the tissue of his life, begun at Waltham, as if it were but yesterday. For the first year he served as

¹ Baronius, An. 716.

sacristan of the church ; the second year he filled the office of dean of the monastery ; and the eight following years was porter, first of the convent on Monte Casino, which stands on a lofty hill, and afterwards of the convent lying beneath by the river in a lower situation. Thus in those days of meek faith, a king's son did not refuse to become a humble doorkeeper to a poor brotherhood, for they counted it an honour and a pleasure then to wait upon others. True courtesy levels all ranks ; it makes poor men into princes, and serving-men of kings. In that same monastery, not long after, king Carlomann became a menial for three years in disguise. It may seem strange, that after being dean of that monastery, the saint should become porter ; but the rule of St. Benedict requires, that at the gate be placed a brother of staid character and advanced years, that he may always be in his place when wanted. The saint's maturity of mind would make up for his want of age, for in the moral world, the well-regulated mind of youth is fuller of years than old age undisciplined.² Now it seemed that he had fallen into the channel of his former life ; and that like a soldier, his warfare over, or a seaman who has tossed upon the waves, he had retired into a calm repose. There, with the companions of his travels, he could recall the scenes they had gone through, and meditate on the sufferings and patience of the Lord. Such ease and indulgence of our heart may be vain when things of the world are concerned ; but the retirement of saints is a preparation for toil. Divine providence was preparing a fresh call for St. Willibald to come forth into a life of action. He had had his time for improvement of self, he was to have his time of labouring for others ;

Οὐχ ὁ χρόνος, ἀλλ' ὁ τρόπος κρίνεται.—Clemens Rom.

and his former life of wild travel and eager penance had been a suitable introduction to the toils which were to follow. He was to be the missionary of the Germans under St. Boniface, who was now at Rome.

The great Apostle of Germany returned to his labours in 738. The next year a Spanish priest came on a visit for a while to the Benedictine convent on Monte Casino. He wished naturally to see Rome; and asking the leave of the Abbot Petronax, begged at the same time the company of St. Willibald, whom he had probably become attached to during his visit, and whose previous knowledge of Rome ten years ago, and long travel, made him a desirable companion and guide to the threshold of the Apostles. The place of his retirement had become endeared to St. Willibald; but he assented with that ready willingness to oblige, and obedience to the wishes of others, which characterise men whose wills have been subdued by Christianity, so he went with the priest of Spain, and they came to the Basilica of St. Peter's together.

Gregory III. heard that the brother of Monte Casino was come to Rome, and desired to see him. St. Willibald when brought into his presence made obeisance to the ground with great reverence. Gregory prayed him to recount the story of his pilgrimage, and drew from him his adventures by repeated questions; the long hardships of the travel, their imprisonment, the bathing in the river Jordan, and the scenes of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The beautiful old narrative says that many shed tears at hearing these things recounted, because there stood a living man who had done so much for the sake of our blessed Saviour, and they themselves had done so little in return for His great love.

The Greek poet says there is pleasure in tears; much

more than in such tears as these. After he had delighted himself a long time with such conversation, the Apostolical Pontiff suddenly told him of the request of the great Boniface, that his nephew, Willibald, should be sent for from the convent of Monte Casino to help him in his great work of teaching the nation of the Franks ; and accordingly that it was his own wish and entreaty that he would go. Willibald, while expressing his willingness to obey, made request that he might ask permission from his superior, the Benedictine abbot according to the monastic rule by which he was bound. Upon which the Pontiff commanded him to go ; saying, "it was enough for him to receive the order from himself, since his superior was equally bound to obey at any moment such commands as he should give him. Upon this the saint submitted ; freely shewing her as throughout his life, the same simplicity of obedience without reserve, which marks his character.

Diapert, his friend, was left behind at Monte Casino. At Easter he departed from Rome, in the year 744 and went towards Germany. He came to Lucca : there he and his brother had buried the body of his father St. Richard, nearly twenty years before. Much doubtless did St. Willibald long to come to that same repose quieter even than his late retreat. But life with its toils and anxieties was beginning for him now and with forty more years of labour in his Lord's service. Thus in his instance was reversed the order of the perfecting of saints. He began with the contemplative life for forty years ; occupied in chanting psalms when child ; in a pilgrim's meditations and devotions all his youth, and hermit-like in his retreat in manhood : he then commenced anew the active life ; untiring like the eagle on wing, which gazes on the sun, and whe

upon wheel rises ever vigorous towards the fountain of light.

Leaving Lucca, he came through Lombardy, where Luitprand, the Lombard, was preparing to disturb the peace of Italy, and so to Odilo, Duke of Bavaria, who received and entertained him for a week. From him he came to Count Suiger of Hirsberg, with whom he stayed another week, and then the count accompanied him to Linthrat, to Archbishop Boniface. The great Winfred—for so his name sounds more sweetly to our ears, though changed for euphony to Boniface,—was now marking out into episcopal sees the wild region he had brought to Christianity. Count Suiger had bestowed upon the Church the country of Aichstadt, then a waste forest land overspread with oaks, for the sake of charity and for the redemption of his soul. St. Boniface sent Willibald to look at it, as he had marked this for his future bishopric. It was a woody district, with scattered rude population, bearing, perhaps, some similitude to our wild colonial regions, with one small church in the whole dedicated to St. Mary; yet to a missionary it offered in one point a very different field for exertion—fresh though rugged tempers of German foresters, instead of an exhausted soil of seared and blighted hearts. Suiger and Willibald searched through the country for a suitable spot for fixing a residence and establishing a conventual body of clergy. It is pleasing for a moment to dwell on the method of conducting a mission in such ancient times. The reality of Christianity when brought newly to a heathen land has nothing about it that can be called absurd or ridiculous; nothing but what is solemn and great:—if it prevails it does so in beauty, and if it suffers it suffers in majestic pain.

Both of these apostolic men, Winfred and Willibald, were remarkable for their fair bodily proportions as well as saintliness; and such angelic messengers well befitted the good tidings of the holy Evangele. Wise counsel was shewn in building religious houses in a fitting manner, with attention to their place on some beautiful and healthy site, and generally if possible near some running water. Thus the dignity of religion was not compromised, and its stateliness, far surpassing the natural dignity of man, awed the savage mind which, as may be observed in children too, is keenly alive to notions of grandeur and sublimity, and quick in detecting what is laughable or mean. After staying some time to explore, and having chosen a site, they returned to St. Boniface, at Frisinga,³ and afterwards he in person came with them to Aichstadt, and there he ordained Willibald priest, on St. Mary Magdalen's day, July, 740; and he entered upon his duties as priest of St. Mary's of Aichstadt.

The archbishop had written letters to Gregory III., praying his sanction to make four new bishoprics, and his design had been approved. In this year Gregory died, and Zacharias succeeded. The archbishop prayed him to confirm, by seal and letters patent, the four sees. Zacharias signified his consent; only he requested that no very small or insignificant place might be honoured with so great a dignity, lest the name of bishop become too common and be despised. It seems that in consequence of this Erfordt, which was designed for one, was left out; but Wirtzberg and Burburg were dignified with a bishop's chair.⁴

³ Ann. Eccl. German. lib. 4. lxxii.

⁴ Ann. Eccl. German. lib. 4. lxxxvii.

In the autumn of the year 741, about Martinmass, St. Boniface sent for Willibald to come to him to Salzburg, in Thuringia. Accordingly he repaired thither. In the way he was lodged hospitably by his brother Winibald, who received him in his monastery. It was now many years since he had seen him, and the meeting must have been very interesting, for each had much to tell. Probably it was eighteen years since they had seen one another; and the one had been to Palestine—the other had been back to England. That they might have met if they pleased is certain, for at one time St. Winibald was at Rome while his brother was at Monte Cassino, and they had for the last year been not far from one another in Germany. Could these two brothers, it will be asked, have loved one another? what indifference is here?—so the world will say: but the world, like children, judges only by tokens and signs—it looks for exhibition and display of feeling, whereas true affection is deep and still, and often has the appearance of coldness. The two brothers, though they had not sought the meeting, truly rejoiced together when they met; not as if they were estranged by long absence from each other, but as if they had parted yesterday. As soon as Willibald arrived at Salzburg, the archbishop, together with his two newly created Bishops of Wirtzburg and Burburg, Burchard and Wizo, laid their hands upon him and consecrated him Bishop of Aichstadt. Having paused a week, he returned to the place of residence which had been appointed to him.

He was now in his forty-first year; and he began with untiring vigour to bring his wild diocese into order. The plan he pursued was to establish in all parts of the wide spread region religious houses. He penetrated into the depths of the woodlands for this

purpose: Monte Casino and St. Benedict was his model. Three of his countrymen and fellow pilgrims either accompanied him from thence or joined him, and these he established with himself at Aichstadt.

The next year, in May, the archbishop called a council, which is nearly the last incident on record in St. Willibald's life. St. Boniface had long had it at heart, and petitioned the leave of Carlomann, the most powerful of the sons of Charles Martel, and obtained the sanction of Zacharias, the pontiff. Carlomann attended with his barons, and St. Boniface sat with about twelve bishops. St. Willibald was his chancellor and chief adviser. The canons passed at this synod are interesting, since they give us an insight into difficulties the Church had to struggle with in subduing the wild people of Germany.

There is a canon among them to forbid ordained priests and monks from wearing arms and going to war, and from going hunting and hawking; things to which from ancient times the inhabitants were used, for a German was by nature from his birth a warrior and a forester. There is a canon for the garb of priests and deacons; that they wear the chasuble and not a common mantle; and very severe statutes against immoralities in the clergy are enacted; for any instance in a priest, scourging until the flesh of the body was laid open, and imprisonment for two years with fasting on bread and water.⁵ But especially there are curious canons against heathen superstitions, with a list subjoined of some of the most remarkable. For instance, burning the dead is forbidden; and offering dead-men's meats, which were probably little pieces of meat and cups of beer left at

⁵ See *Annales Eccl. Ger.* lib. 4. cxxiii.

the graves or tumuli. A feast called "Hornung," or the drinking bout, is forbidden. Meeting in churches to revel and keep wassail; for, strange and shocking as it seems, yet it is not to be wondered that wild untamed dwellers in the woods should easily transfigure the joy of Christianity into their own merry-meetings, and so introduce, as it seems they did, a wild licence into the churches in which they assembled; feasting and drinking went on, and even drawing lots or gaming and alternate choruses were sung instead of the Church's antiphons. Besides this they adored forest trees:—nine heads⁶ of slaughtered animals were hung in a row upon the boughs. They did sacrifice and placed lights at high stones and rocking stones. They did sacrifice to Christian saints as to gods, wore amulets, made incantations, auguries, and divinations, and took signs from dogs, hares, crows, and cuckoos. Reverenced places which they called "unsteten," where the fairies pinched them, that is where they received a hurt they could not account for, and such other vulgar superstitions as still linger among common people. They kept festivals of the god of war and of thunder; and at the waning of the moon or eclipse they used to howl aloud, as they said, to give help to it. All these things, and such as these, are forbidden. Under sentence of death it is forbidden that any should burn an old woman for a witch, acting under a deception of the devil and from heathen notions. So untrue is it that Christianity, though it avails itself of what is innocent and good in the practices of those it brings under its power, does countenance or allow of idle superstition. On the contrary, departure from the Church has led back many

* See *Life of St. Germanus*, and Fouqué's *Sintram*.

miserable people, under the delusion of the devil, into these very superstitions.

Of St. Willibald's life few facts remain, beyond the general statements of his discharge of duties as a bishop. He encouraged agriculture and brought under the plough much of the uncleared and waste land of that region ; to which the religious houses much contributed by introducing and teaching the arts of husbandry. Such was the wisdom and eloquence with which he was gifted, that St. Boniface often sent for him to Mayence. In the councils he was placed at the archbishop's right hand, and was his chancellor and prolocutor in all business, being made chief in honour of all the suffragan bishops : in particular he received a vestment called the rationale, an emblem of great wisdom and perfection, and which is one of the chief pontiff's robes.

He himself is thus pictured by Philip, afterwards Bishop of Aichstadt :—His alms were great ; his watchings often ; his prayers frequent ; he was perfect in charity and gentleness ; his conversation was very holy ; the openness of his heart was glassed in the placidity of his face, and its affectionate kindness in the sweetness of his speech ; and all that pertained to life eternal he exemplified in deed as he preached in word. His countenance portrayed the beauty of his soul, and the rest of his figure bore the character of sanctity. His look was majestic, and terrible to gainsayers ; awfully severe, yet adorably kind. His step was stately and grave : when he reprov'd by authority, humility tempered the rebuke, and while the frown gathered on his brow to threaten the guilty, the kindness of his heart was pleading for them within. So towards those that did well he appeared a Peter ; towards *those who did evil* a very Paul ; and these graces were

so in him united—the mercy of the former and the severity of the latter—that though his presence was awful his absence was painful. How little he sought his own ease, and how he had subdued his own will, how earnest he was in toil and patient in affliction, contempt, and poverty, while he fled from riches and honour, is seen in his life. His abstinence was very great; for from contemplation of our Saviour's sufferings in his pilgrimage and retirement, his heart was so wounded, that tears were his food day and night. Much character is shewn in the life which he wrote, and which remains, of the great Boniface. The preface shews his humility and the diffidence he felt in undertaking such a work.

In the year 761, Willibald buried his brother Wini, bald, sixteen years afterwards his sister Walburga, for he outlived them both. They died as their father, in the sweetness of holiness, and most happily; and the three were gone before him,—the last, but if we may compare the deeds of saints, the greatest of the family—to wait for him in paradise. He began his energetic life of holiness the first and ended it the last. His service was at length over, and he died, above eighty years old. The supposed date is the year 786.

St. Willibald was buried in the crypt of his own church of St. Mary of Aichstadt; afterwards he was canonized by Leo VII., in the tenth century, and his relics carried from the crypt and laid beneath—first, the altar of St. Vitus, then in St. Mary's choir, and afterwards in the part of the cathedral of Aichstadt called St. Willibald's choir. The translation from the crypt was made by Bishop Henry, of Aichstadt, in the year 1256; and it is related, that on opening the *sarcophagus* a sweet fragrance issued from the bones.

LIFE OF
St. Walburga,

VIRGIN, ABBESS OF HEIDENHEIM, DIED 777.

It is one of the wonderful things of wonder-working Christianity, that it seizes on all tempers and dispositions of mankind, and moulds them to its holy purposes, and thus it brings all their infinite variety into its own perfect unity ; like some vast Gothic Minster, which, while it is building, refuses not to take into its composition rude and fretted stones, as well as squared and smooth, and when complete blends them all into a beautiful harmonious whole, deriving not the least part of its grand effect from those jutting cornices and irregular friezes, which in their detail are so grotesque and strange. Christianity rejects none ; if only there is a willing heart, surrendering itself such as it is, worthless, or weak, or care-eaten and cankered, of such it can still make use in furthering its great design.

It would seem at first sight impossible, that weak children, and delicate women, whom the world has never, so to speak, cauterized into hardness, could have strength enough to embrace the pains of the cross ; they will surely turn away from the first taste of bitterness in the cup it offers, or faint at the sight of the fearful

shadows which fall upon its path. Yet the All-Merciful teaches the shorn lamb to abide the blast; and this very weakness when supported by Divine love becomes most strong. Christianity knows no difference of sex; in it there is "neither male nor female;" because there is but one character to which all must conform, one likeness which all must imitate; and from it man must learn all the gentleness and tenderness of woman, and woman must learn all the strength and severity of man. Many holy saints have persevered to the end, who have brought an innocent light-hearted gaiety, and weakness like the bending reed, to learn its sorrows. They find it hard, like St. Thomas, to believe its awful realities, and scarcely guess beforehand the pain they must go through; yet when it is understood, they receive it readily and with all their heart.

St. Walburga was the daughter of Richard, the Saxon king and Saint of the eighth century, and sister of the two holy brothers Winibald and Willibald. She lived as a child in the wealthy house of the king her father, and was probably his youngest child. When she was yet little, her father and brothers went away from England on pilgrimage to Italy and the Holy Land, and she was left behind. It is of her probably that her father speaks when he complained of leaving "children not yet grown up," and pleaded this with his son as a reason for not deserting his home. However, this objection was overruled, and they departed. The story does not say whether the mother was left with the orphan child; but Queen Winna the mother of Winibald and Willibald was dead, and if St. Walburga had a mother living, she was the daughter of a second wife, which the narrative seems to suppose.

She was taken to Wimburn Minster in Dorsetshire. It had been built only two or three years before Cuthberga, sister of King Ina, in the year 718. it she herself retired with her sister Queenberga, there, together with other noble young ladies, among whom were St. Lioba and Thecla, they formed a convent of holy nuns under the Abbess Tetta. The two princesses were Walburga's relatives; and Lioba and Tetta were cousins, or at least connexions, for Winna was a relative of King Ina. But there is no need to see earthly ties to shew how the orphan girl would find in a convent a home; Christianity makes new fathers, mothers and friends and relatives to all its destitute children, and the Church is a home into which those who flee find a refuge for ever. There, as in a charmed palace of enchantment, the storms which in the world without, and scatter its unhappy children like driven leaves, blow no more, the rain and sharp sleet of earthly sorrowing and care descend no more, and they repose in the arms of an everlasting embrace from which they shall never be torn.

St. Walburga stayed at Wimburn amongst these and saintly Saxon maidens for many peaceful years. Here she was instructed in the learning of those which consisted chiefly of knowledge of the Latin language, the speech of the Church through all the world, which she afterwards wrote the lives of her brothers and of the ladies' work of those days, spinning and weaving clothes and vestments, which then were simple without embroidery; in such tasks she was a laborious work-woman. But the chief employment of the sisterhood was singing praise to God and prayer. Education was the object of education, not mere knowledge independent of it; and purity and innocence of

were the ornaments with which she sought to be adorned. To this heavenly school St. Walburga brought a gracious disposition. The temper she inherited from her Saxon father was that of a free and noble maiden, with a full and affectionate heart overflowing with all sympathy and kindness, and bright and sunny like clear waters of a running stream. Such characters need to be taken out of the world, lest it spoil them: they excite a trembling interest while exposed to it, for fear that its rough breath touch them while they seem like a floating bubble quivering, and expanding, and ready every moment to burst and melt away. They have their peculiar dangers; they meet with much indulgence, and they are apt to become fond of it; they are unconscious of evil, and therefore likely to fall into it unawares. Their goodness of heart has prevented their needing much control; and hence they are apt to become wilful; and not being accustomed to reproof, they become impatient of rebuke, and are afflicted at the little crosses and disappointments of life. She brought also with her the bold and ready temper which characterized her brother Willibald, and which often accompanies women, and those who are inexperienced in evil: such persons are forward to encounter peril, when the more circum-spect draw back; like St. Thomas when he cried, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

A convent life supplied all the requisites for the judicious management of such a character, and giving it strength and consistency. The regularity it enjoins, the privations it puts upon the self-indulgent, and continual superintendence, are means calculated to bring about the patient resignation and habitual self-control which is needed to form a well-regulated mind. She continued subject to its discipline twenty-eight years, like a

prolonged happy childhood, until she was called forth to new duties in a distant land. This long schooling was preparing her for missionary labours. "Grown people," says the great philosopher, "ought to be schooled." It is a mistake to think that our education is completed when we have come to a stated period of life; the bands of discipline draw tighter round us as we advance in years, and moral schooling can never cease, until the will is subdued. So false is the modern theory, which would burst the bands in sunder before a single passion has been curbed, and proposes as a serious problem, "how soon it would be advantageous for the youthful mind to cast away the trammels of teaching and control, and launch forth on its own judgment, and with unshackled will to seek for truth, and become free."

Her father died at Lucca before the first year of his pilgrimage was over. Her brother Willibald went on to Palestine, and, after wandering seven years, came back to Italy, and stayed at the monastery of Monte Casino, but never returned to England. Winibald came back again, after a lapse of years, to visit his home. He was of a feeble and sickly constitution, and could not accompany his brother to the Holy Land, so he stayed at Rome: perhaps it was partly to breathe again the fresh air of England that he came home. It was natural that Walburga should become most attached to him, because she had seen most of him; he alone of that beloved company whom she could remember leaving her behind in childhood had returned again, and his sickliness made him more dear to her; and thus, through after-life, while she admired her brother Willibald, she clung with affectionate fondness to Winibald.

Their uncle Winfrid was meanwhile engaged in his great work of evangelizing Germany. He found no

companions in labour suit him so well as his Anglo-Saxon countrymen ; and many of these flocked to him, stirred by the fame of the great things he was doing, like soldiers who gather to the standard of some great adventurous general. In those days men felt a deep thrilling interest, a sublime romance, in going out to rescue from the captivity of Satan a nation that sat under his dark control, because then the reality of their deliverance into light out of darkness, was a thing more vividly felt ; the effects of holiness and faith were more visible, and by consequence the effects of unholiness and unbelief more deplorably evident. In order to be interested in religion men must really understand what a deliverance it is, and that to recover captives out of the great enemy's hand is a more glorious and heart-stirring crusade than was ever undertaken against infidels or Saracens to recover the Holy Land. Illuminated men feel the privileges of Christianity, and to them the evil influence of Satanic power is horribly discernible, like the Egyptian darkness which could be felt ; and the only way to express their keen perception of it is to say, that they see upon the countenance of the slaves of sin, the marks, and lineaments, and stamp of the evil one ; and they smell with their nostrils the horrible fumes that arise from their vices and uncleansed heart, driving good angels from them in dismay and attracting and delighting devils. It is said of the holy Sturme, a disciple and companion of Winfrid,⁷ that in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in a stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them, that he nearly fainted away. And no doubt such preternatural dis-

⁷ Vit. S. Sturmii, ap. Mabillon. an. 779.

cernments are sometimes given to saints, that may understand how exceedingly offensive a sinful man is to God's sight. Men with their eyes thus opened, stood the inexpressible gift and value of Holy Baptism. They looked upon it as like the "milk-white rock" which Ulysses bore in hand by the gift of heavenly Mercury to the cave of the sorceress Circe, and was thus shielded from the arts of hell, and restored from the shapes of filthy swine, his enchanted companion.

The great Winfrid or Boniface kept up correspondence with England; he wrote to the Primate, giving an account of his proceedings, and he wrote to the good Bishop Daniel of Winchester, his friend and instructor, who received advice from him as to the best means of converting the heathen. He now wrote to the Abbess of Barking to send him some of her maidens to establish convents in Germany. Winibald had gone to him after he returned home, and no doubt had told him much of the labours of his sisters of Wimburn and their life of sanctity. He then well understood, that in order to influence the minds of men, not things but persons are required: it is piety, character and holiness that alone is able to bend the wills and draw after it the affections of others. Such men throng and follow, like superior spirits descended upon earth; for it is stronger and more influential characters that always influence the weaker, and the tone to the age and people among whom they live is true as well of bold and daring spirits who inspire mankind for evil; but there is this vast difference: good men attract others by admiration of superior goodness, bad men by the admiration of superior power. For this reason St. Boniface wished to have as many as he could of his countrymen and countrywomen, as being already instructed in the ways of religion; for England was

"the Isle of Saints." These he made a nucleus of ecclesiastical bodies through the newly converted and imperfectly taught heathen land; these penetrated into the wildernesses and fastnesses of the forests, everywhere establishing central bodies round which whatever was good might gather, and ramify again; the churches of these little colleges of monks were called "minsters," or monasteries, and hence the term which is properly applied to central churches of districts having collegiate bodies attached to them.

The letters of St. Boniface came to Wimburn in the year 748, requesting by name Walburga, as well as Thecla and Lioba, to come to him and her brother in Germany. Walburga, on hearing the message, went to her oratory to pray. She was filled with emotion at the thought of leaving the peaceful Wimburn in which she had lived since her childhood nearly thirty years. Affectionate persons cling to places and people they have been used to, and a home they have loved, like a limpet to its accustomed rock; it is like parting with life to be taken away: but again, she would go to meet her brothers, and especially the meek and sickly Winibald; and the request came from her uncle, so much honoured and revered, that it would seem a crime not to comply with his desire. However, she simply prayed that the Divine will might be done concerning her, not that her own will either to stay or go should be done. And she received an answer to her prayers, for God revealed to her, that all had happened by appointment, and that she must not doubt to accept the invitation. Upon this she joyously and readily made preparations for departure. The convent, which was very large, had means for supplying the expenses of the travel. Part of the lands and wealth of Walburga's father had been no doubt

given to it when he left his principality; and King Ina's endowments of Abingdon and Glastonbury shew that he would not be less generous to the abbey in which his sisters lived retired from the world. Thirty companions undertook to accompany her, a number which seems large for a convent to send away, but there were five hundred maids at Wimburn. Perhaps among these, and it is probable it was so, were Lioba and Thecla; and if so, the parting from Wimburn must have been made much easier to Walburga; for she took away with her the greatest treasure of the convent in these once her cousins, now her dear sisters. Lioba especially, from her sweetness of temper and perpetual joyousness, would be to her a delightful companion.

Having bid farewell to happy Wimburn, they set sail from England in a ship which had been procured. It sounds now like the act of very adventurous maidens to set forth thus in travel to a land far away; but the thing was then so usual that it would hardly have excited remark; and in Christian land, and not long before the days of Charlemagne, they would meet every where with chivalrous attention and respect. It is not however to be denied, that owing to the great number of young persons who then streamed abroad from England in pilgrimages to Italy, and elsewhere, as was to be expected in impulses which carry great multitudes, grievous scandals did occur. At first their voyage was calm; but when they got out to sea, a storm arose. The distress of these simple maids, who had lived so long in entire repose, may be well imagined. The sinking of the heart as the long interminable swell of the sea rises and falls; the roll and shiver of the vessel as it swims giddily over each successive wave *and down again with a drunken reel into the deep trough*

which seems to swallow it : the distracted look of the tossing yards and flapping sails and ropes, which whistle to the wind like a madman's streaming hair ; the hungry look of the pitiless waters as they fling themselves up with the greedy spring of a lion at his prey ; these to the inexperienced landsman form a scene and give sensations of misery and despair that overwhelm and overpower all energy of body and mind. The violence of the tempest increased, until the sailors themselves thought all was lost, and began to throw overboard the tackling, to lighten the vessel. But no created thing can shake the confidence of the soul that has faith in God the maker of them all, and the floods cannot drown love. Walburga prayed to God her Saviour, and rising from prayer full of holy power bade the elements be still. The winds and waters heard the voice of God speaking in his servant, and obeyed, and there succeeded a miraculous calm, as if the peace and gentleness that dwelt in her bosom had spread itself like oil over the sea. Shortly they came to land, and put into port overjoyed, giving thanks to God, and regarding Walburga with veneration.

She and her companions travelled on to Germany, where they arrived without further adventure ; though it took them a long time, and without doubt to such tender wanderers cost vast fatigue. They found the Archbishop Boniface and his suffragan bishop Willibald, Walburga's brother, at Mayence. These received her with much joy, and listened with pleasure to the narrative, how Divine revelation had confirmed their call to her to leave Wimburn, and come abroad to them, and how Providence had protected them safe through the dangers of the way.

Her brother Winibald, she was told, was in the

ringia, with seven churches, or rather seven monastic houses, under his superintendence. To him she desired to go, and establish her convent near him, and under his rule. It was then common for separate bodies of monks and nuns to be under one head. There were monks at Wimburn, besides her maidens, under the Abbess Tetta. The Benedictine rule was at that time very universally followed; and St. Boniface, Willibald, and Winibald were all Benedictines.⁸ Having obtained leave, she went to Winibald, and was received by him, and settled for a time in a convent beside him there. Thecla and Lioba were sent to other parts of Germany, then called Allemaine, to be abbesses, and establish separate sisterhoods.

It strikes us with astonishment to contemplate the vast ecclesiastical force, as it may be called, which was in this manner brought into play. The whole country was thrown under an organized system, which was perpetually diverging, like rays of light, further and further into the recesses of the land, yet centralized in abbots and bishops of districts, and finally in the vigorous archbishop himself, at Mayence, who had planned the scheme and brought it to bear. The state of the people demanded energetic exertions. Christianity had spread rapidly among them, and therefore imperfectly. The vast idea cannot be caught in a moment, and requires, like some great shadow or outline teaching and development to realize it to individuals; the eye which has been accustomed to prison darkness must be allowed gradually and slowly to dilate, before it can bear the day and distinguish objects. Much therefore was to be supplied or corrected, and

⁸ For the controversy on this subject, vid. Alban Butler on *March 21, Life of St. Benedict.*

there were great chasms to be filled. The wild superstitions of that imaginative people clung still to them, which had grown up into a thousand fanciful shapes, engendered among the deep and gloomy forests with which the land from ancient times had been overspread. Besides all this, there were grievous heresies to be combated, which had already sprung up, in which the German brain has since been so fruitful.

The Abbot Winibald, by exhortation and rebuke and unwearied patience, had brought his district of seven churches into a great state of order, from which they long after benefited. He also made visits into further parts, and Bavaria, notwithstanding the feebleness of his sickly frame; he continually came to Mayence to consult with Boniface and his brother Willibald, bishop of Aichstadt, and was often obliged to spend much time there.

But this life did not suit Winibald; he was past fifty, and his body enfeebled by long infirmity, and he longed for greater retirement; he was naturally studious and contemplative, and his conversation with his uncle and brother turned much on the mysteries of religion. A hermit's cell and life were the things for which he longed; his diet was already hermit's fare, for he ate but little from his infirmity, and drank no wine except for medicine. He wished therefore to flee away from the rich wine country bordering the Rhine, in which his monks were exposed to dangers from an easy and luxurious life, and seek some spot more inland, where they might live more like anchorites and have greater need of manual labour for their support. Full of these desires, he went for advice to Willibald his brother at his "mynster" of Aichstadt. This was situated, as the name signifies, amongst the forests of oak that grow

around the feeders of the Danube. By the advice of his brother he purchased a spot that lay retired among the hills for the site of his future monastery.

This place of retreat was called "Heidenheim," perhaps from its secrecy, and afterwards retained the name; it was a deep vale among lofty mountains in the wilds of Sualaveldia, or Suevia, watered by gushing mountain streams, and at that time densely covered with forest trees, which stood in their primæval and untouched magnificence: the sight of this solitary and majestic scene struck a note which responded to the chords which were ringing in the heart of the contemplative Winibald. He was one of those who bear ever in their thoughts the notes of the "everlasting chime," which to those who have ears to hear falls in unison with the calm melancholy sound of hidden waters running in steep places, and the winds sweeping over the heads of the great forest trees and the bristling sides of the mountains; they realize the magic tale of the huge Æolian harp which hung from tower to tower, catching on its strings every sweet and solemn sound that wakes at the passing feet of the wandering wind. It is natural for such souls to seek for solitude, that, like the nightingale, they may sing alone.

"Here," he exclaimed, "shall be the place of my rest!" and indeed it was destined to be the place of his everlasting repose; for he had sought it, as the stricken deer seeks the thicket, to die there. Here he brought his sister Walburga, and built a church and double monastery for his monks and nuns. This was done about the year 752. Immediately they began to clear a space in the wood for cultivation; and Winibald laboured himself with axe in hand with his younger monks, like Elisha in the days of old, and toiled at

cutting away underwood, and breaking up the waste uncultivated ground. The work itself was great, and they were hindered besides by the opposition of the natives, who, though the place was purchased, probably looked with a jealous eye upon these improvements introduced into their ancient hunting-grounds, and considered the old oak-trees of the silent vale the hallowed haunt of elves and fairies, and looked upon their cutting down as a desecration. Time elapsed, and the monks and nuns of Heidenheim became settled, the natives became reconciled, and converts received into the monastery, which swelled in numbers ; the face of the country improved by the arts of cultivation which were learned from the monks' example and assistance, and the neighbouring barons gave of their lands freely to its support ; and the abbot and abbess were heads of a flourishing society, in what had been a wilderness.

Meanwhile Winibald's health daily declined, until at length he was unable to move from his bed and chamber which was made for him into a little chapel, and fitted with an altar, on which every day that he was able, he celebrated mass, until his quiet and gentle spirit parted happily in the year 761, eight or nine years since he had come to the retreat of Heidenheim. Willibald his brother came and buried him there.

Walburga mourned deeply the loss of her brother. He had been all in all to her ; and her affectionate heart had found in him an object in which all the feelings which ties of kindred awaken had centred. He had been to her the pledge of the family from which she had so early parted. His long sickness had still more endeared him to her, and his musing melancholy turn of mind, like a strain of solemn music, awakened all her tenderness. Her grief was a constant in-

mourning, like what poets call the dove's for her mate; and thus his death transfused, as it were, into her mind that deep sorrow which perhaps is necessary to be mingled with joyousness to complete the training of the human soul for future happiness. Milton errs when he sets the two at war; in truth they harmonize; the ecstasies of joy and melancholy unite as it were at their confines. She had spent a long life in unbroken smiles, and now she learned to steep her mind in tears. The rue and the thyme do not give their scent so well, until they are bruised.

Her dying brother commended to her care, not only the maidens, but the monks of Heidenheim. So that, like the holy Tetta of Wimburn, she was now abbess and mother of both. Thus her duties and cares increased with her sorrows, and these she fulfilled with all the kindness and watchfulness of a mother, except perhaps, that from her great gentleness and meekness, she brought herself sometimes into neglect from those about her, and, as we may believe of the holy Paul, into contempt. "One evening," says her history, "after vespers were over, she stayed alone to pray in the church of the monastery which her brother had built, and remained there until it was late, and the darkness closed in. She rose from her prayers to return to her cell, and asked the sexton of the church, whose name was Goumerand, to light her to it. The churlish monk refused." (Perhaps he was tired with waiting for her so long to finish her prayers, and was of a sour disagreeable temper.) "The abbess meekly retired to her cell without a light, patiently taking the affront, and the time of the evening meal having passed, remained there without having supped. In the night the sisters were roused by a bright supernatural light streaming from Walburga's

cell, and lighting up all their chambers. Startled and terrified, they watched the illumination, which continued until the stroke of the bell for matins, when they gathered to the chamber of the holy Walburga, and with wonder and fear told her what they had seen. She bursting into tears, thanked God for the heavenly visitation which had been vouchsafed to her, and ascribed it solely to the prayers and merits of her brother Winibald, through whom she said the contempt put on her had thus been turned to honour."

Another incident which is thus related, shews Walburga's great meekness and humility, and the miraculous gifts with which she was endowed ; the former of which was so great in her, that indeed, according to the judgment of St. Paul, it is more excellent, and more to be wondered at than the latter. "Late of an evening, while she yet mourned for her brother Winibald, she went out unattended and unobserved from the convent, moved by Divine impulse. She wandered to some distance to the house of a neighbouring baron, whose daughter lay dying. There she stood at the door, appearing like a wandering beggar, not venturing through meekness to pass within or present herself. The baron was a huntsman of the forest, and his wolf-hounds," which had probably been kept from the chase, "hungry and fierce, gathered round the door of the hall about Walburga. Seeing her standing there, and in danger as he supposed of being torn down by them, the rough huntsman asked angrily, who she was, and what she wanted there. The abbess replied, 'that he need not fear; the dogs would not touch Walburga; that He who had brought her safe there, would take her again safe home; and that from Him she was come to be physician to his house, if he had faith to believe in H

the Great Physician.' The baron, on hearing her name, started hastily from his seat in the hall, and, asking why so noble a lady and a servant of God stood without his door, prayed her to enter, and led her in with much respect. She said she was not come without a cause; and, having been waited on with great attention, at the time for retiring to rest she said she would pass the night in his daughter's chamber. Thither she was led; the girl lay expiring, the death-chill was already upon her, and she was sobbing convulsively in the last struggle. The father groaned and burst into tears; the heart-broken mother hung over her child in agony; and the domestics prepared to make mourning. Walburga knelt and prayed, and continued all night in prayer, and God restored the soul of the maiden, and in the morning she arose in perfect health. The parents, full of gratitude, and astonished at the miracle, tremblingly offered her rich presents, but she refusing them, returned on foot to the monastery. The more that she received these signs of heavenly favour, so much the more she humiliated and dealt hardly with herself."

Little more remains to be told of her life. She lived sixteen years after the death of Winibald, and wrote his life, as well as an account of her brother Willibald's travels in Palestine, which she wrote down from his own mouth at Heidenheim. It is disputed whether these are really her compositions, or the work of one of her nuns; but there is internal evidence to shew that the writing is hers; and a comparison of the style with the life of St. Boniface, written by Willibald, will give strong evidence that they are the productions of a brother and sister: for though from different hands, they bear strong resemblances to each other in the turn of thought and

expressions, which may be especially marked in the prefaces. The Latin of these pieces, though it would excite the classical critic's smile, yet has its own beauties; it is very expressive of feeling, and quaint and simple in descriptions; the words, so to speak, seem to try to imitate things. They would give no mean idea of her education, or of the education of those days; in fact, there is evidence that some of her companions at Wimburn were very learned and accomplished women. Latterly Walburga laboured much with her distaff; and at such tasks as spinning and weaving she has been said already to have been a great workwoman. Her chief characteristic in her declining years was the maternal kindness and tender-heartedness, into which sorrow and time tempered her formerly buoyant and happy mind, so that in some points of character she has been compared with the blessed Mary. At length, to the great grief of the sisterhood and all her children in the Faith, over whom she had exercised such gentle rule, the holy abbess died, about the year 776. Her brother Willibald came to Heidenheim, and took her sacred body, and laid it by the side of her much-loved brother Winibald.

About sixty years afterwards, when Otgar, the sixth in succession, was bishop of Aichstadt, the monastery of Heidenheim was in a decayed and neglected condition, and while some repairs were going on, the tomb of St. Walburga was trodden on and desecrated by the workpeople. In the night the saint appeared in a vision to Otgar, and asked him why he had dishonoured the sepulchre in which her body lay, expecting the Day of the Resurrection? "Be assured," said the vision, "that you shall have a sign that you have not dealt well with me, nor with the house of God." V

the morning, a monk named Renifred came hastily from Heidenheim, bringing news that the whole northern wall of the building, which was next day to have been roofed in, had fallen with a crash, in the middle of the night, flat to the ground. The bishop, seeing the threat of the vision completed, called his clergy together, visited and repaired the church, anointed it afresh with holy chrism, as having been desecrated, and after a time he went thither in solemn procession, with ringing of bells, and chantings, accompanied by the Archpriest Wilton, and Archpriest Adeling, and Omman, and Liubula, the abbess of the neighbouring convent of Monheim, and opening the grave with the chant of joy, raised the sacred relics, and carried them with tears of gladness to Aichstadt. Erchanbold, seventh in succession, succeeded Otgar. In his time, Liubula, the abbess of Monheim mentioned above, besought a portion of the relics of Walburga, consigning, on that condition, her abbey to the bishops of Aichstadt. Accordingly the tomb in which they had been laid by Otgar was opened, and the bones were found pure and clean, and moistened with a holy oil or dew, which no impurity would touch or soil. The priests lifting a portion with all reverence, carried it on a bier in holy procession to Monheim; as they approached to a town called Mulheim, which had been a residence of St. Boniface, an epileptic boy met the bier, and it was laid on him, and he recovered. "Immediately," says Wülffhard of Aichstadt, "there gushed forth in the same place, a smell so great and marvellous sweet, that the senses of those who preceded, and those who followed, and of those who bore the bier, could hardly endure to bear it." And other miracles ensued. Amongst these was the cure of the Abbess Liubula, or as it would now

be pronounced, "Lovely." She was sleeping out of the monastery for three nights, (according to the law of Suevia, which required this form in consigning property away, of which she was making over the rights to the bishop of Aichstadt,) being ill of the gout in the feet, when, as she slept, an ancient cleric with snowy hair seemed to say to her, "Liubula, why sleep you? rise and go to the church." She answered, "Why shall I go to church, when the matin bell has not yet sounded? nor can I go myself, except they come and carry me." "Arise quickly," he replied, "and go, for St. Willibald is come to see how you have laid his sister, along with a host of the heavenly company." Immediately she rose, and went quickly to the church, which she entered, perfectly restored, and gave thanks to God and the holy virgin Walburga. She is said to have been canonized by Pope Adrian II., about the year 870, after the translation by Otgar to Aichstadt, and her name received into the catalogue of saints.

A vast number of other cures are recorded before the close of the same century, and the shrine of St. Walburga became famous through all that country, and pilgrimages were made frequently to it. Special cures seem to have been wrought on those who had fallen into disease through an easy, self-indulgent course of life, into which the good-hearted merriment of Germans and English is apt to be degraded, and mercies shewn to careless, thoughtless, childish people, such as have the particular faults of a joyous and happy disposition. Over these Walburga herself had gained the victory; an innocent cheerfulness of temper, which thinks no evil, and has known little of it, is apt unconsciously to slide into great and even dangerous excesses, though such *recover more quickly from them, as it were, with-*

out effort, because of their natural goodness of heart. The dangers of such a temper are like those that beset the path of the wandering fawn among the hills, when the mists veil the precipices along whose brink it is skipping, and the evening wolf is near within the thicket. They need to be awakened to perils that surround them, and to be cured of their silly wilfulness.

A lively healthy person, of the name of Irchinbald, who had passed his life joyously, and was therefore probably in danger of becoming a sot or a glutton, was seized with such a loathing for all food, that for upwards of half a year he could swallow no nourishment except a little vegetable and yolk of egg with difficulty. When reduced from his former healthy and full habit to the last state of debility, his pulse scarcely beating, and skin scarcely covering his bones, he fell into a gentle sleep, and heard a voice bid him "go to Monheim, and ask there to drink of the consecrated wine that three nuns by the altar would give him, and he should recover through the prayers of Walburga." He obeyed, and found it as he was told, and as soon as he had drunk, his appetite returned, his stomach no longer refused food, and he asked for bread, and ate. It is no sin to supply the natural appetite; but if a harmless desire is not watched, it easily runs out into some acquired unhealthy habit, which, like some foul excrescence, distorts and disfigures the soul. The fisherman in the Arabian tale let loose a little fume from a vessel he had drawn from the sea, but it grew and grew until the smoke filled the sky, and gathered into the form of a gigantic and terrible genie.

A maid-servant of a family, named Frideride, who was a very good and obedient servant, and beloved by *her master* and mistress, was seized with craving appe-

tite which nothing could satisfy. She increased in size until she became a burden to herself, and became gouty or dropsical in the feet. Being very miserable she consulted with her friends, and petitioned her mistress that she might be allowed to visit St. Walburga's shrine. Permission being gladly given, she went, and her feet were cured, but the craving appetite continued until having confessed herself to Sister Theodilda, and bewailed with much shame and abhorrence her unnatural longing and gluttony, by her advice she received from Father Raimund some consecrated bread ; after eating this she felt a loathing for food, which so continued, that for six weeks she received no food except the blessed Sacrament, her stomach rejecting all other food. Sister Theodilda, seeing her reduced to excessive thinness and weakness, begged her with much earnestness and reproof to drink some beer which she brought her, she complied, though unwilling, but it gushed immediately from her mouth and nostrils, and afterwards they pressed her no more ; she continued to exist, a miracle, with scarcely any nourishment for three years, always blessing the holy maid Walburga, who had freed her from her loathsome obesity and longing : thus it is that the heavenly manna, suiting all tastes, can overcome all desire of earthly food.

In like manner a story was told, and believed, of a little girl whose chief fault was overfondness for play ; how that whilst gaily amusing herself with a ball near the monastery, to her great affliction when she caught it from her companions she found it to stick to her hand as if glued. She ran in grief to pray at the shrine, and was freed from her fright by the ball loosening and coming away.

The same reproof was thrice repeated to a woman

who continued her spinning on festival days,—the distaff clung to her hand ; at last being frightened out of her wilfulness she was freed from her punishment, and cured of her disobedience at Walburga's tomb.

A person who came into the church to pray, thoughtlessly and irreverently kept his rough gauntlets or gloves upon his hands as he joined them in posture of prayer, and he felt them suddenly stript off him and gone ; he was much terrified and ashamed of his negligence, and afterwards as he recounted what had happened to him they appeared lying before him, restored by a miracle. All these have the character of a gentle mother correcting the idleness and faults of careless and thoughtless children with tenderness.

But the most remarkable and lasting miracle attesting the holy Walburga's sanctity, to which allusion has already been made, is that which reckons her among the saints who are called "Elaophori" or "unguentiferous," becoming almost in a literal sense olive-trees in the courts of God. These are they from whose bones a holy oil or dew distils. That oil of charity and gentle mercy which graced them while alive, and fed in them the flame of universal love in their death, still permeates their bodily remains. Such are said to have been holy Nicholas, Bishop of Myra ; Demetrius, Martyr of Thessalonica ; John, by surname the Merciful ; Lawrence the Martyr ; Andrew the Apostle ; and Matthew the blessed Evangelist. These all were distinguished by the attribute of mercy ; they were men of Mercy, of whom it is said that "they are blessed ;" and from their bowels flowed rivers of oil, fed by those dews which fall upon the head, and run down to the beard and skirts of the clothing, the dew of Hermon which falls upon the head of those who love the

ten.

Of this tender mercy Walburga's heart was full, even to overflowing, while she lived; and in death, like a healing stream of compassion for mankind's infirmities, it trickled from her bones. It has been already said, that when her remains were translated from Heidenheim they were beheld moist with dew and odoriferous. They were laid in an altar-tomb of marble stone at Aichstadt, and from it, year by year, at certain seasons, a fontanel distilled, flowing more freely at the time of the blessed sacrifice, which, drop by drop, fell into a silver shell placed to receive it. "You may see," says the account, "the drops sometimes larger, sometimes less, like a hazel nut, or of the size of a pea, dropping into the silver bowl from beneath the stone-slab on which they hang. If the oil when carried away any whither is handled irreverently, or in any way disrespectfully treated, it evaporates away; it is therefore kept with great reverence, and stored in a holy place. If the vessel placed to receive it is not placed under directly, so as to catch it when it falls, the oil hangs in clustered drops, as if in a bunch, like hanging grapes, or honey in a comb, and refuses to run; nor will it fall into the phial except it be perfectly clean. When the state of Aichstadt" (says Philip the Bishop) "lay under an interdict the sacred fount ceased. This sentence was passed on account of heavy wrongs done to the bishops by the neighbouring barons and estates. It was stayed until the Church regained its rights; and then the bishop, barefoot, and without his full robes, having proclaimed a fast, went up to the church, and with all the people prayed the city might not be deprived of such a benefit: and upon the celebration of the mass the oil flowed abundantly." According to the same author, it was customary twice in the year, on St.

Mark's day and on the Feast of the Translation of Walburga, for the priests and clergy in procession after the office, to taste of the holy oil as a remedy for soul and body; he himself attests to having received a bodily cure from it. Many others are recorded as being cured in an interesting one of later times, when a citizen of Aichstadt, named Müller, recovered by use of the oil of eyesight, which was nearly gone: he too was a grateful man, for knowing himself the loss, he pitied the blind, and commanded his wife and children to let no blind person be ever suffered to leave his door without an alms.

The same flow of oil or dew is related of the Catharine, of St. Elizabeth Landgravine of Hesse, of Euphemia of Byzantium, of St. Agnes of Thessalonica, and of many other women whose souls, like that of Walburga, were filled with true compassion; whose bosom, like hers, by divine love, was filled with the milk of human kindness, and was full of sympathy with men afflicted with blindness; such is the effect of heavenly grace, that where the heart of man is naturally hard and dry, like the parched and stony rock of the arid wilderness, selfish and unfeeling, and refusing to succour others in their distress and weariness; yet when it is touched by the love of God, as Moses, that is, by the spear which opened the side of Adam, a rill of mercy flows forth in tenderness and love, and henceforth it feels as its own all the sorrows of mankind, and while joying with those that are happy it weeps with those that weep.

LIFE OF
St. Winibald,

ABBOT, DIED 761.



THE second son of King Richard the Saxon and Winna his wife was named Winibald. When his brother Willibald was sent to the monastery of Waltham to be made a monk, he was left to be educated at home, and continued in his father's house until the age of nineteen. It is remarkable in these two brothers that Willibald began life in monastic retirement, but ended it in the vigorous discharge of active duties; Winibald, on the contrary, began life in the freedom of a prince, but ended it a monk, and almost a hermit. Willibald learned his Psalter when a child of five; Winibald learned his when a man of twenty. The principles of religion sank deep into the mind of the former at an early age, and developed themselves afterwards into a life and character of active energy. The mind of the latter fixed itself upon the contemplation of these principles themselves, and seemed to find its end in searching them out and dwelling upon them; a difference likely to follow from the one coming to religion a child, the other a grown man; for thus it steals upon the first before the intellect is aware; to the second

the knowledge itself, which is not already made one with the mind, becomes an object of pursuit. Thus the peculiar character of St Winibald as a religious man seems to be a thirst after knowledge, and a desire to dwell upon the deep things of Divine love, as the hart pants after the stream.

A sickly constitution contributed much to form this turn of mind. His brother was sickly as a child, but robust in manhood; Winibald from the time of the fever with which he and his brother were both seized in Rome, seems never to have been strong, and died at the age of sixty, bedridden and quite infirm.

His separate history begins when his brother left him at Rome to go to Palestine. His health probably prevented him from being one of the pilgrims to the Holy Land; and he stayed at Rome while his brother and fellow-pilgrims went away. There he first received the tonsure, and during his illness he had learned the Psalter by heart, and given himself up to the study of Scripture, in which he became deeply versed, and excited the admiration of his companions by his learning. Already hospitia or houses of refuge for pilgrims from England had been established in Rome, and he was probably received into one of these, together with the remainder of the followers of the two princes from England. It may be argued from the eagerness with which he now plunged into the study of Divine things, that he had not been so devoutly disposed in his earlier years, until the call of his brother to leave an earthly kingdom, and the death of his sainted father at Lucca, and his sickness at Rome, had awakened a deeper sense of religion.

Seven years passed away, and at the end of that time he wished to visit England again. His chief reason

for doing so, was to preach a pilgrimage among his friends and relations at home, and exhort them to follow the course which he had found so effectual in his own case in weaning him from the world. Accordingly he departed from England, and about the very same time his brother must have returned from his long and perilous travel in the Holy Land. Perhaps St. Winibald, after so long an absence, despaired of his return, or perhaps he carried back to England an account of his safe arrival at Mount Casino; but he does not appear to have seen him.

He was received with great joy by his friends at home, and went from house to house, and town to town, preaching a pilgrimage to Rome; and again a considerable number resolved to leave their homes, and accompany him back again thither. Among these was a younger brother, probably a half-brother to him, and own brother of Walburga, then a nun at Wimburn, whom no doubt he went and saw, but she did not accompany him abroad at this time.

Thus again a number of Anglo-Saxon wanderers adventured forth to a foreign clime, seeking St. Peter's shrine. It will be said, by way of blame and ridicule, that men in those days were very fond of roving, and that if they wanted to be very religious, they might have found enough to do at home. Precise people will never look rightly at the principle which, when England was merry England, made men's hearts love the forest glade better than the crowded town, and the skylark's note better than the cries of the throng; which made men love to recount tales of King Arthur's chivalry and wild Robin Hood, and think of liberty and freedom, not with the licentious longing of a modern freethinker, but with the generous romance of a loyal

and a loving heart. The days of free foresters and knightly adventures are not only past and gone, but long have been, in all respects, condemned and frowned down in scorn by the mighty potentate, the world's opinion. Yet the Englishman's heart ought still to acknowledge the solemn religious feeling from which sprang the idea of the "Search for the Holy Sangreall," and the rude, yet honest, love of justice exhibited in the tales of "Forest Days." Something akin to these, though in a truer and higher sense, was the love of religious liberty; by which was then meant, not a disloyal desertion of the Articles of Christian Faith, but a desertion of the world with its traffic and all its ties.

Gladly, therefore, St. Winibald and his second troop of followers turned their steps to the then acknowledged centre of Christian unity and the basilica of the holy Peter; and there again, for a time, he remained buried in study and the retirement of a monastery.

After a lapse of time, St. Boniface, his mother's brother, came to Rome on his third visit there. He was then attracting the eyes of all Christendom by his wonderful conversions in Germany, and was honourably received by Pope Gregory. Many people crowded to see and hear him, and especially, as was natural, his own English countrymen. Thus he heard that his nephew Winibald was in Rome, and he sent for him to see and speak to him; and after conversation drew from him a promise to come and join himself to him in his labours in Germany. At the same time St. Boniface requested Pope Gregory to send him his other nephew Willibald, who, as he heard, after his return from the Holy Land, was a monk at Monte Casino. The Apostle of Germany then returned to his labours.

Shortly after this, St. Winibald, according to his pro-

mise, prepared to follow him. Accordingly, with the consent of his fellow-countrymen who chose to stay, and accompanied by a number who were willing to go with him he took his journey through Lombardy, then peacefully disposed, and over the Alps through Bavaria to Thuringia, and finally presented himself before the Archbishop Boniface, who received him with much honour. "They discoursed much together," says the old narrative, "in holy and wholesome conversations, and from the volumes of God's Holy Writ searched out the hidden mysteries which they contain." Such meditations always seem to have been uppermost in Winibald's thoughts.

He was now consecrated priest, receiving his orders from the hands of St. Boniface. His age was probably between thirty-eight and forty when he was admitted to priest's orders. Seven churches were committed to his care in the newly converted Thuringia. These he was to instruct more fully in the knowledge of Christianity. From his deep knowledge of Scripture, St. Winibald was well fitted for preaching and explaining. His daily meditations had brought before him the chief prophecies, and their expositions, and our Lord's life, as given in the Gospels, was every day in his memory, and on his tongue, for on this he continually dwelt and preached: and thus he became, as it were, a "living Bible" to his people, together with a commentary: far more effectually so in propagating the faith when books were few or none, than many books in times when they are abundant.

His churches thus became fully instructed in the faith; and Odilo, Duke of Bavaria, hearing of the fame of his preaching, sent to beg that he would come and visit him, and extend the benefit of his teaching to his

people. The saint complied, and was received with all the honours that became him by Duke Odilo, who, with princely liberality, bestowed upon him, for Church purposes, rich donations of money and lands. These means he used to bring the country into ecclesiastical order; no easy task, for all things had fallen into a sad state. The sacraments were neglected, the nobles had contracted unlawful marriages, or lived in profligacy; and the common people, besides following their example, had fallen back into heathen superstitions. The preacher boldly rebuked the vices, both of rich and poor alike, sparing none who deserved censure; and by his vigorous measures and fearless zeal effected a restoration of discipline. He spoke the truth to all, whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear, and in the words of the Gospel, "if the house was worthy his peace rested upon it, but if not worthy, his peace returned to him again."

After this he returned to the archbishop at Mayence, by whom he was welcomed, and treated with great veneration and respect. Yet Boniface did not use him as a counsellor and adviser, or make him one of his bishops, as he did his brother Willibald. Willibald was more fitted to cope with the world. Winibald was wrapt in his contemplations, and his place was that of a father abbot among his monks. Accordingly, it was not long before he found fault with Mayence: as a place of residence, it was too busy for him; and the abundance of Rhine wine made it a dangerous place for his monks; so he went to his brother Willibald, at Aichstadt, and by his advice retired to the secluded valley of Heidenheim, on the sources of the Danube. He purchased a spot of ground for a monastery, and afterwards the people of the country endowed it with church

lands. Thither he retired with his sister Walburga, who had now joined her brothers in Germany. And thus, each by different circumstances, the three sainted children of St. Richard were all brought together again, born in the same English home, divided from one another, in different climes, the greater part of their lives, and meeting together at last as missionaries in a wild German forest land.

It is a primitive picture which follows. St. Winibald, with his axe in hand, clearing away the forest-brake, and plucking up the brambles and thistles to form a garden around a small cluster of huts, the germ of the future monastery. After a while the church-minster and abbey of Heidenheim arose amid the woodland scene, under the monks' laborious hands. And thus the saint was settled in such a place as his soul had desired. He was an abbot in a wild.

The forest which once clothed England with broad and stately oaks, rising from the brake of hawthorn or green holly, with the warm fern beneath, are either now no more, or have only left remnants to shew what they once have been. The pine-trees around the Danube and the Rhine no longer spread themselves to a vast extent, covering whole regions in untrodden solitudes. The woods of the new world remain to tell the wanderer what our old forests were, when he ventures to break into the stillness of their deep repose. There the profound silence declares the vast extent of the woodland. Every sound is heard—the distant running of the river, and the strange voices of the woods, the notes of birds and the cries of wild creatures, some joyous and musical, others harsh and terrible, or plaintive and melancholy—all these are fitted to compose the mind to thoughtful meditation; but above all, the ancient trees

themselves, with their heavy nodding leaves and wrinkled bark, seamed with the course of many years, are so many preachers, and, like white-headed old men of former days, seem to say that an eternal repose of yesterday is gone before, and a morrow of eternal peace is yet to come. Men of narrow reasoning will smile at the supposition that the woods and wild animals can fall into the scheme of theology, and preach to the heart the all-pervading principles of religion; but they forget that God's works have a unity of design throughout, and that the Author of nature and of revealed religion is one.

Yet meditative as he was, Winibald was not solely occupied in the contemplative life. The greatest preachers against the world's wickedness have been at the same time the most retired of men. Hermitlike, and gentle as he was, when evil principles were to be rebuked, he girded himself like a warrior to the fight. The moral condition of the neighbouring inhabitants of the soil realized the melancholy analogies of the bears and wolves that roamed and ravined in the forests around; they lived in idolatry, in unlawful marriages and concubinage, and practised necromancy and used divination and devilish incantations. Against these evil practices the saint went forth, burning with zeal, like a knight to a crusade. He contradicted, rebuked, and punished; and, however painful the separation might be, divorced those unlawfully married: pulling up and rooting out the moral evils around him, as he had plucked up with his hands the briars and thistles of the wilderness. His conduct awakened the wild and savage wrath of the inhabitants, and many times they laid in wait to kill him, and plotted to burn his monastery. But wisdom and reason in the end prevailed over brute violence; their angry passions sub-

sided; and the monastery increased in number, and was endowed with possessions, and he was revered as a pastor and a father. Thus years rolled on, and the holy man still continued ever pondering on pages of holy writ, or reading and explaining, or singing praises and repeating psalms—whether he ate or drank, or whatever he did, while his body was mechanically engaged, his mind still hovered around sacred meditations, like the bee at the flower-bell.

At length, when he now was fifty-seven years old, his bodily infirmities increased much upon him. His secret severities, “known,” says the writer of his life, “only to God and to himself,” doubtless assisted much to bring on this decay; but, from the time of his sickness at Rome, he had always been afflicted with either paralysis of the limbs, or perhaps gout or rheumatism, and now for the last three years of his life he became a cripple. If he endeavoured to move from Heidenheim, he could only make small journeys, and these brought on a relapse. Once during this time he went into Franconia, to visit Megingozus, the bishop of Wirzburg, successor of Burchard, and coming to the monastery of Fulda, fell so sick, that he lay for three weeks unable to move. His uncle, the great and holy Winfrid, had now finished his course, martyred in his old age, and his body lay at Fulda. Here St. Winibald thought he should die too; but at the end of three weeks recovered, and went on to another town, where again he had a relapse, and lay for another week, unable to proceed. At last he came to Wirzburg, and conversed with Megingozus, his uncle’s friend. Having stayed three days, he returned to Heidenheim.

Weak and weary as his body was, his mind was *strong within*; and although he had found travel so

hard in his pilgrimage to Fulda and visit to Wirzburg, yet he resolved to make a longer one to St. Benedict, at Monte Casino, and end his days there. Immediately he sent a messenger thither, to ask the abbot and brotherhood for leave to come. They gladly sent answer that he would be welcome, and further prayed him to come. His desire, doubtless, was to pay a devout visit to the founder of the order before he died. His uncle was a Benedictine, as well as his brother and much-loved sister Walburga; and when he professed himself a monk at Rome, he no doubt became a Benedictine. Upon receiving the answer of his messenger, he prepared to go; but first he sent for his brother Willibald, from Aichstadt, and other friends, to tell his intention and ask their leave. When they came, and he told them his purpose, they all opposed his departure. They bade him consider his weakness and infirmities, and how utterly unfit he was for travel, and prayed him to remain in his own quiet retreat of Heidenheim, so suitable for an invalid, among his own monks and loving children in the faith, whom by his departure he would bereave of their abbot and father.

The good abbot complied, and laid aside his devoutly intended pilgrimage, which in his state was almost impracticable. Next to Christian magnanimity in death, how great is Christian magnanimity in disease! The poor feeble body, full of pain and weakness, forgets its incapacities and fleshly ills, when mighty principle carries the soul away. The triumph over sickness is a beautiful spectacle, to many men a harder trial than to descend into the battle, and look death in the face. There is so much wearing and weariness of soul in long protracted suffering; so much temptation to impatience *in feebleness and incapacity*; yet just as the Christian

saint lies meekly down to die, like an infant to his slumber, free from all the terrors which the speech of the Danish prince in the tragedy, pictures in a horrible dream; so it is amid his sick-bed sorrows; still the same calm repose attends him, and the same gentle patience; the brave spirit within is vigorous, and bears kindly up its weak and wasted companion.

And now the last scene of the servant of God drew nigh. He was unable to move from his cell; and since now he could not enter the church, he bade them bring and place an altar in the side of his cell, that thereon, when his sickness would allow, he might celebrate mass, a thing which, when his health permitted, he day by day had never ceased to do. What with constant sickness, and what with fast and vigil, his life had been a very martyrdom; and now perceiving that his end was approaching, and that God was about to take him from this valley of tears to the land of eternal recompence, he sent for his brother Willibald to come to him for the last time. When Willibald was come, which was on a Friday, in the year of our Lord 761, and when his friends and monks were gathered round him, among whom was his sister and affectionate nurse Walburga, Winibald, perceiving his death approaching, addressed them as they surrounded his bed:

“Little children, and dear brothers, be wise in time, and prudent. Make your lives and ways agreeable to the will of God. Love one another, and keep the true catholic faith always; continue to keep the duties of monastic life in all things as we have shewn and taught you, and as you have promised to God to do. From the rule of life and vow of obedience which you have made to me, and by which while I lived I held you

bound, I give you full absolution ; but from the duties you owe to God, and the rule of life you have promised to Him to keep, I give you no absolution, nor is it in my power to free you from it ; pay it duteously to God according as you are able. Take my indulgence for every word or deed in which by carelessness or forgetfulness you have failed in obedience to me ; and in whatever, in word or deed, I have chanced to cross any of you, do you all forgive me : and so may you remain in God's peace, to whose keeping I leave you, and suffer me to go on my appointed way out of this life in peace and charity, for the time of my departure is at hand, and my soul is ready to go from the prison of the body to its recompence of reward and a rest from its labours, through the merciful goodness of God our tender Father, to which may He of his mercy grant that I may come !" With these sweet and peaceful words he bade his sorrowing friends and the mourning monks farewell ; and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, " Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit ;" and sitting as he was, raised up in the bed, he gave up his beatified spirit. This took place in the evening of the Saturday after St. Willibald came, and a week before Christmas-day, in the year 761. Then they took his body and washed it, and carried it to the church ; and there they continued besides it all night long, praising God with psalms, and chantings, and hymns, until the morning of Sunday ; and then they laid him in a new stone coffin, and buried him in the church. The coffin had been hewn for many years before he died, and stood in his cell waiting for the day of his death. He himself gave prophetic warning of the day he should die, and had given all the directions

how they should lay him, clothed in his sacerdotal robes. He was sixty years of age : he came to Heidenheim in 751, and so had been abbot ten years.

The writer of St. Winibald's life transcribed it from the account which his sister wrote of him ; and of what follows she declares herself to be a witness. She was one of the nuns of the convent adjoining the abbey of Heidenheim.

For seven days after he was buried, a priest, who was his friend and favourite disciple, said masses and sang chants perpetually, relieved by another priest, day by day through the week. One day, when one of them, very early in the morning, entered the church to say mass, upon opening the door a most sweet fragrant odour breathed upon him, and the whole church was filled with warm-scented breath like thick smoke. He was much astonished, and ran out to bring some one as a witness of the miracle ; but when he had called in some other people who were standing without, it was gone to them, and none besides himself was able to perceive or smell it. Again, it often happened in that church, that a light, which was over the place where the holy confessor's body lay, burned, though not lit by the hand of man. At another time a maid of the kindred of St. Winibald, who for two years had been struck with paralysis (the affliction of the saint himself) in the right arm and hand, came to the place of his sepulture, and her withered arm was restored to its use. These were the beginning of the miracles by which God shewed how pleasing in his sight the life of the holy man had been.

Fifteen years afterwards, St. Willibald determined to rebuild the church and abbey of Heidenheim on a more magnificent scale. Probably it had been before

chiefly a wooden edifice. The miracles at his brother's tomb made him wish to lay his reliques in a fitting shrine. Accordingly, with a great number of clergy and people, he dug, and laid the foundation stones for the future building. While he and the people were thus piously occupied, the clock-bell of the church struck out of its own accord, though all the people witnessed that no man's hand had moved it, and were much astonished at the miraculous sound. The church was three years in building; at the end of two years, the chapel intended for St. Winibald's chapel and shrine was completed, but the whole church was not finished.

Into this chapel, when it was ready, his bones were to be borne, and there laid. On St. John Baptist's day, one whom Winibald resembled in austere devotion, they proceeded to open the grave. The bishop with a priest and his deacons, approached the spot, and raised the stone which lay over it, and began to dig to the coffin. The body had now lain in the grave nearly sixteen years, only three months short of that time; St. Willibald naturally did not wish to see the body of his dear brother in unsightly decay, and retired without the church; the priest and deacon were left to disinter the body, and, for fear of the effluvia, wrapt a cloth round their nostrils. It did not need, for when they penetrated the vault, and lifted the coffin lid, there the body lay comely and fair, as if he had died but yesterday. Nothing was altered; not even a hair had fallen from his head, for saints are beautiful still in death. With joy and wonder they lifted him uninjured gently from the grave.

Willibald, in doubt and distress, had been waiting the result without; but how great was his glad surprise,

when his brother, whom he thought decayed in death, came forth in freshness and beauty from the tomb! God who had raised Lazarus when four days dead from the grave, had kept the blessed Winibald uncorrupt for so many years. The bishop and clergy entered the church, Willibald himself said mass, and the whole people sung, and the chapel, which stood at the east end, and the church was dedicated to the Holy Saviour, and after the solemnity was over, the body was exposed to view, and the people poured in in crowds to gaze upon it, as it lay whole and perfect for all to touch and handle.

Then the bishop, giving thanks to God, first came, and stooping gave his brother the kiss of peace, and afterwards his sister, who survived him sixteen years, and then his dear disciples in order. They then raised the body, and carried it to the chapel, and laid it in the new made shrine; the people crowded that if possible they might at least touch some part of him. And as the procession moved, all the people, says the narrative, "cried, Kyrie eleison!" and after he was laid in the new chapel, the bishop sang mass there, and when the mass was over, and all the solemnity was over, they gave thanks to God and the blessed Saint Winibald. And all the people returned rejoicing to their homes.

On the next day, about the same hour of the day that the saint had been carried to the shrine, a woman came to the chapel, one side of whose body was paralyzed. As soon as she was seated at the shrine her dead limbs began to tingle and revive, the life-blood returned to them, and she rose restored to health. Upon her recovery she took the veil. Those particularly who suffered under the same trials that the holy man himself had so patiently endured, seem to have found mercy.

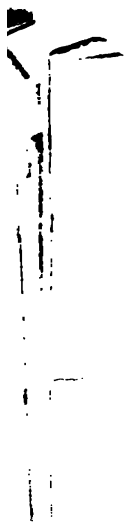
So again, at another time, one of those unhappy wan-

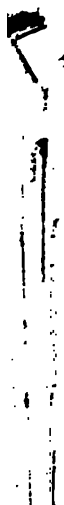
derers, who in the times of ancient Christendom to be found in penitential guise, with the mark of upon them, until they had expiated their guilt by of long sorrow and public shame, was freed from chains at St. Winibald's shrine. It was the custom the case of crimes of a deep dye, to send the man awful sin on a ceaseless pilgrimage; a chain was run on him to proclaim the child of sin; and thus, a living spectacle, he dragged his fettered limbs from shrine to shrine, declaring and confessing his guilt, and asking for forgiveness, until either death, or the merciful God, released him. It was such an one found guilty in the chapel of St. Winibald; the manacles with which both his hands were bound fell off as he was weeping and praying, and making the sign of the cross he went away rejoicing.

Many other people, who had withered or contracted limbs, were cured there, and blessing God who had been pleased thus to get Himself honour both in this and in the death of his patient and suffering servant returned full of faith and thankful from the monastery of St. Winibald.

THE END.









**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



